Liberty

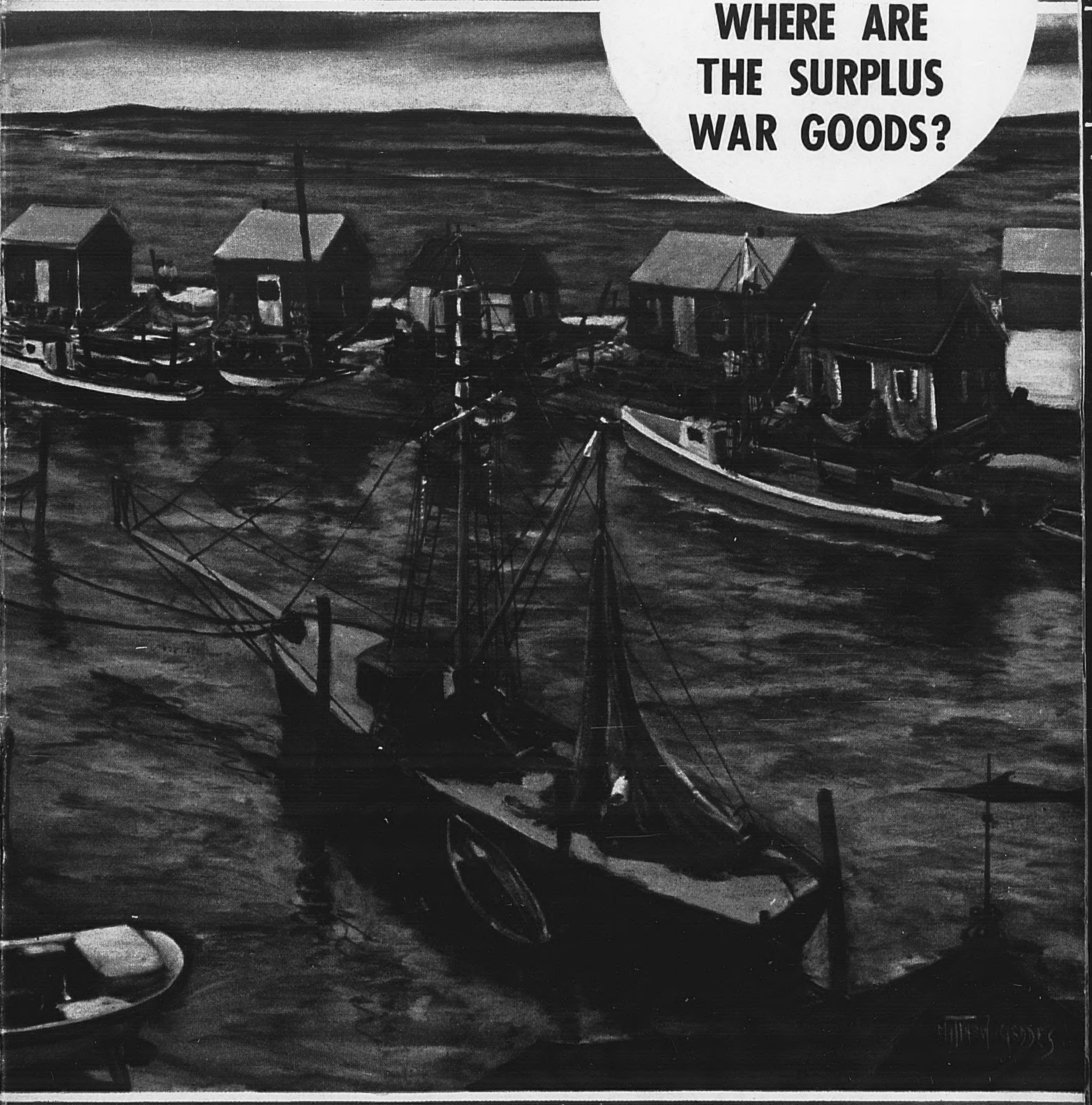
SEPT. 7, 1946 10c

Book:

CAPTAIN GRANT

The Union Hero as a Young Man in Love

WHERE ARE THE SURPLUS WAR GOODS?


MATTHEW GEDDES

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KING
Black Label
BLENDED WHISKY

KING MEANS BEST IN EVERYTHING

"End of a Hard Chukker," painted especially for the Brown-Forman Collection by Gustav Rehberger.

BROWN-FORMAN'S KING OF PRE-WAR WHISKY*

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BLENDED WHISKY

Enjoy King Whisky—from KENTUCKY! Discover why its deLIGHTful smoothness, its mellow, satisfying flavor are applauded by the most discriminating. Treat yourself and your friends to Brown-Forman's King of pre-war whisky today. Order it at your favorite club, bar or package store.

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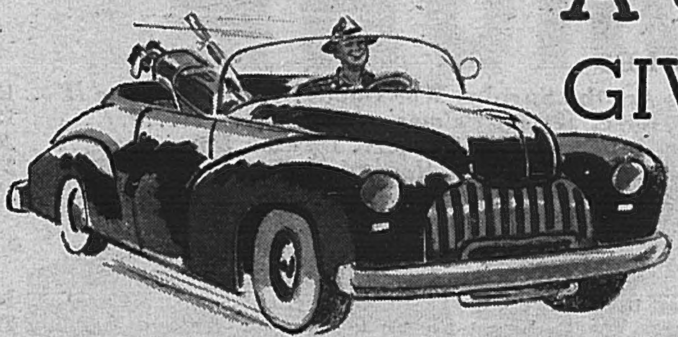

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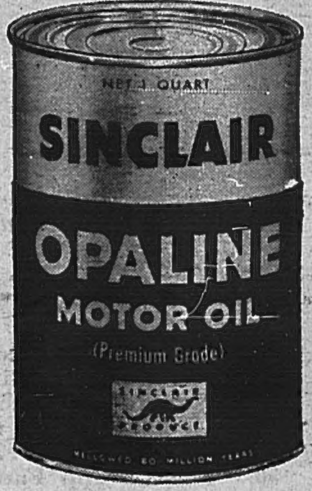
GIVES MORE MILEAGE

A clean motor not only gives more miles per gallon, it also lasts longer and has more power. New Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil cleans as it lubricates.



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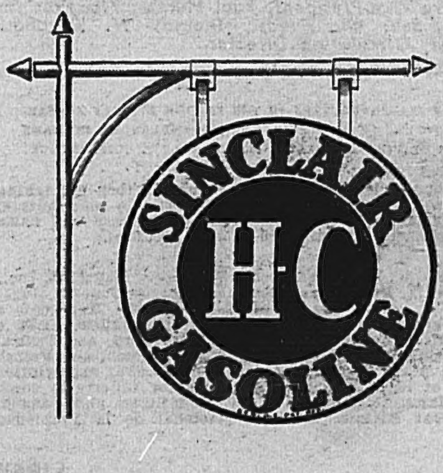

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New Premium Grade MOTOR OIL

Your line is divine... how's your '6NX-APPEAL'
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MADE BY 6NX PROCESS
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Cover: Menemsha, Martha's Vineyard
Painted by Matthew Geddes

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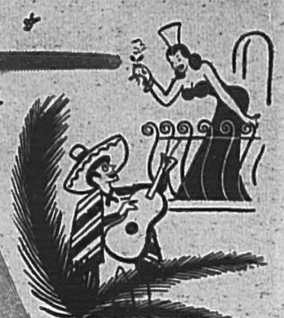
Gay as a fiesta!...romantic as a tropic moon!...rhythmic as a conga line!



M-G-M's Biggest Musical!

Holíday ín Mexíco

Dashing diplomat Walter Pidgeon makes love to sultry Ilona Massey...

To keyboard magic from Jose Iturbi and rhythmic rhumbas by Xavier Cugat...

Jane Powell (overnight star sensation) charms Roddy McDowall...

Amid Technicolor spectacle, with all the excitement of a Mexican fiesta!

in carnival TECHNICOLOR!

starring **WALTER PIDGEON** *with* **JOSE ITURBI · RODDY McDOWALL**

JANE POWELL · ILONA MASSEY · XAVIER CUGAT AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Screenplay by ISOBEL LENNART
Original Story by WILLIAM KOZLENKO
Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

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LITTLE FOOT

BOTH ENJOY THE SAME, SATISFYING CONFIDENCE WITH

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Whether driving means a day's work or a jaunt for pleasure, when your car is equipped with Grizzly brake-lining, you drive with confidence. Grizzly safety lining puts an end to driving strain and tension.

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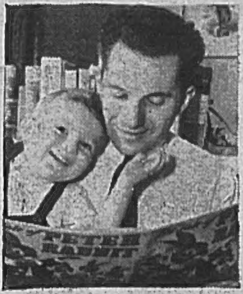
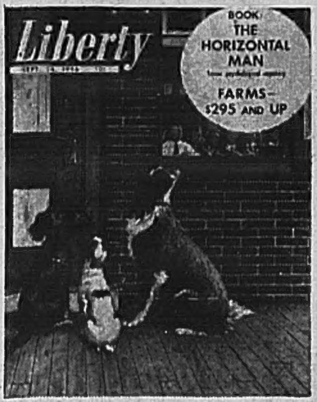
JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES



HOWARD TAUBMAN got into newspaper work while at Cornell and he's still at it. During summer vacations he worked on the New York Post and after graduating in 1929 joined the New York Times. He is now music editor of the Times. His interest is by no means limited to music, however. Readers may remember his article, Bus Ride in the South, which was published in Liberty of April 28, 1945. During the war he worked as a soldier-reporter and editor on Stars and Stripes, Mediterranean edition. He has written three books, edited three others, including Frances Perkins' The Roosevelt I Knew, soon to be published. His latest article is MUSICAL DEAD END KID, page 24.

JOE H. PALMER is a native of Kentucky, so he ought to know about horses. As a matter of fact, his erudition takes in considerably more than fillies and foals. He has a B.A. and an M. A. from the University of Kentucky and did two years' work on a Ph. D. at the University of Michigan. He is uncertain just how he passed from the academic world to the world of the turf, but he remembers that a summer job in 1934 became permanent when he joined the staff of the Blood-Horse, in Lexington, Kentucky, and stayed for ten years as associate editor and business manager. From 1944 to 1946 he was executive secretary of the American Trainers Association and then joined the New York Herald Tribune as turf editor. We think his article, DARK HORSE (page 18), is a winner.

NEXT WEEK



ZEALOUS young bureaucrats may have a grip on our government today, but Representative Howard W. Smith shows how we can restore lawmaking to Congress in a fighting article, GOVERNMENT BY GOBBLEDYGOOK. . . . The coming struggle for power between the National and All-American leagues will be a rougher scrap than most gridiron battles. SHOWDOWN IN PRO FOOTBALL, by Walter Byers, is a pregame preview of this fight. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, THE HORIZONTAL MAN, by Helen Eustis, is a most skillful psychological mystery.

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Please Accept WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS

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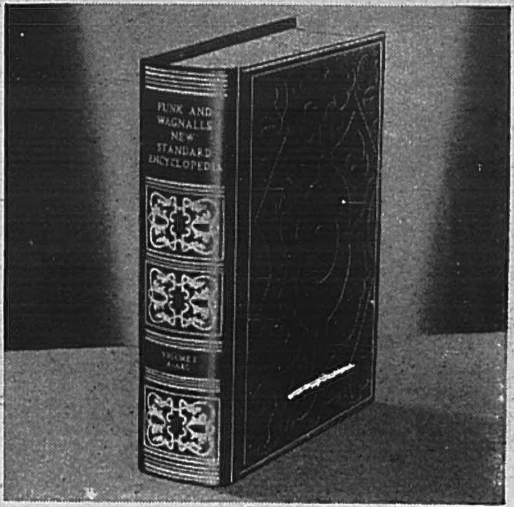
As a result we have been able to ship books to all who applied for them from this magazine—and we are glad to express our thanks by actually REPEATING THE OFFER to take care of many hundreds of readers who now want to take advantage of the extraordinary offer we made.

So HERE IT IS AGAIN—the same astonishing offer we made before! You now have the same opportunity that the others had, if you act at once.



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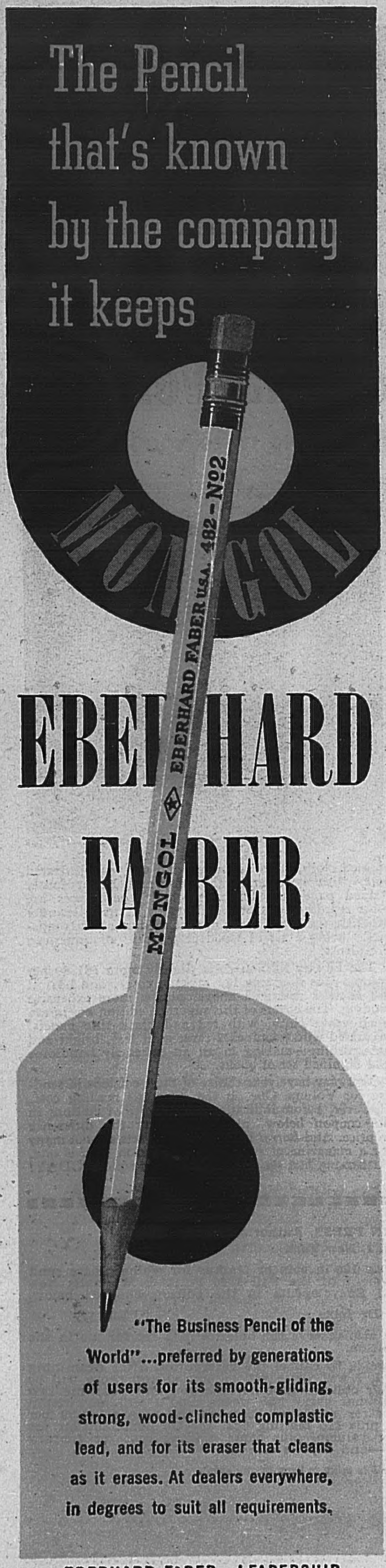

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IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

ADOBE YET

Phoenix, Ariz.—I wonder if your readers know that it is possible to solve the housing problem by the use of clay? For one fourth what it costs to build a frame house, I have built a comfortable clay home that will last fifty years. Naturally, the unions and the builders object to constructing a house out of earth, and I was forced to do most of the labor myself. But anyway I have a house, which is more than I could get by stringing along with the A.F.L. and the real-estate people.—*Gaston Trevish.*

MUD
SWEET
HOME!

LABOR BILL OF RIGHTS

Great Falls, Mont.—The G.I. Bill of Rights is probably the greatest piece of legislation since this country was founded, but it just doesn't go far enough. As a 4-F who worked at Boeing's and built the ships that bombed us to victory, I did as much to win the war as some of the desk sergeants who "sweated it out" in the Pentagon Building. But when I was discharged, I got no mustering out pay, no terminal-leave pay, no job priorities and, what is most important to me, *no free college education.* I am twenty-two. I postponed my college career until after the war, thinking I might save enough to pay my way. But with inflation on the one hand and no job on the other, I'm flat busted. Why can't Uncle Sam do something for his labor veterans? —*J. L.*

BUTTON, BUTTON

Washington, D. C.—I note in letters from readers and in editorial notes in some of your recent issues, references to a "discharge button" or "honorable discharge button."

You have apparently overlooked the fact that there is no such thing as a "discharge button" (honorable or otherwise). The government does not issue decorations for discharge.

The so-called "ruptured duck" signifies *service,* not *discharge.* It may be worn with civilian clothes by any person who *served honorably* in the armed forces during the period officially designated as World War II. One does not have to be "discharged" to qualify to wear the button. The undersigned, for instance, has never been discharged. I am retired, but I wear a "duck." —*P. S. Bond, Col., U. S. A. ret.*

ERRATUM

Chicago, Ill.—We were very much interested in your article, Stalin's Bosses, by William van Narvig (July 20). However, we wish to bring to your attention the error which was made in the short sketch on page 50. The title of Mr. van Narvig's new book is Behind the Iron Curtain. Two Worlds is the title of the latest book by Mr. William B. Ziff and is published by Harper & Brothers.—*Madeleine Johnson, Asst. Director, Book Division, Ziff-Davis Publishing Co.*

TOLEDO PLAN

Washington, D. C.—The day Liberty appeared on the newsstands with the article, Toledo Licks the Strike Problem (July 20), I read in the newspaper that a ten-day transportation strike had just ended in Toledo. Apparently the transportation workers never heard of the "Toledo Plan."—*B. E. Spence.*

WHAT SEX?

Peoria, Ill.—What do you think of a schoolteacher who wears slacks? One of my daughter's science teachers has been wearing slacks all over town all summer. Personally, I don't think such a person can be qualified to teach science or, for that matter, anything.—*Mary Roan.*

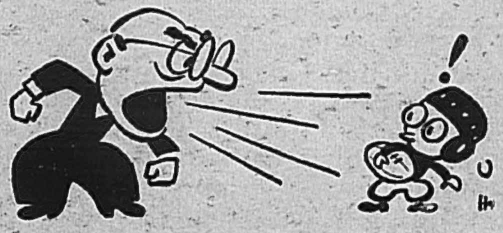
"GODDESS OF WISDOM ME-ARRRR!"
"WU-WU!"

HOUSING

Kansas City, Mo.—I have just read Middle-West Modern (July 6) in your series, Homes for Americans. Of all the beautiful homes in America, why pick this one? Its drawbacks are many. Its lines are too plain and rectilinear; the fireplace lacks a shelf and all ornamentation; the windows of the two bedrooms are too small and high (just right for a giraffe). The home has but one floor, no attic, no basement; except for the double garage, no storage space. There are no flowers or shrubs or vines, no paved walks or drives—at least none of these is mentioned or is visible in the pictures. And the price is sky-high (prewar, $8,700). The house is, in my judgment, not worth half that amount.—*Edgar Linton.*

FIENDISH FOOTBALL

FLINT, MICH.—The summer is hardly over, but my fourteen-year-old son is already throwing a football around. I think many a Vox Poppa will agree with me that this fiendish game is as outmoded and uncivilized as trial by ordeal. There is not much one parent can do to stop the game, but if we all get together and holler loud enough perhaps we can succeed in banning a game that makes gladiators of our boys.—*Tom Quinn.*



LURED IN

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.—In Ted Shane's article, Ballethoo (July 27), he says "Ballet needs further Americanization to lure little boys into ballet dancing school." Well, I'm a twelve-year-old boy who has been lured in. It has been my ambition to be a ballet dancer since I was six, and the classical ballet is the kind I like.—*Bill Searles.*

DEMOCRACY IN UNIONS

GALVESTON, TEXAS—The other evening as I read your editorial in the June 29 issue, I again realized that our thinking, of which yours is typical, has not kept pace with our technical improvements. Instead it has retrogressed. This is true from a moral standpoint as well as from an economic and political point of view. Instead of alleging a lack of democracy, you should be urging people to exercise their rights. Investigation will show that the trouble with unions is not that their procedure is undemocratic but that their members fail to exercise their rights at the ballot box.—*Leon N. Stone.*

NOTED FOR TONE

HOWARD RADIO PHONOGRAPH

with FAST, QUIET, AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER

Jeweled Feather-Light Tone Arm Floats Gently Across Records!

This distinctive new table model will give you years of thrilling radio and recorded entertainment. Like the larger Howards with *Acousticolor,* it bespeaks superb styling and enduring craftsmanship. Its automatic record changer, housed in a special acoustically treated compartment, operates at the touch of a button.

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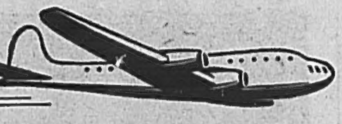


ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Now that vets' enterprises have opened the skeptical eyes of the certificated air lines, the new air cargo field is a battlefield

ONE of the biggest battles in the history of aviation is under way. It's the battle for supremacy in the new and lusty air cargo field.

Before the war not much interest was shown in flying freight. Costs were so high that the air lines never attracted much business. Only emergency shipments, or such items as films, jewelry, advertising plates, and the like, were shipped by air. More than one official of the air transport industry was pessimistic about the prospects for a large air cargo business.

After V-J Day, however, veterans with extensive experience in operating and flying transport and cargo airplanes bought up surplus equipment from the government and opened up a myriad of services of all kinds. The scheduled air lines were at first surprised. Then some of them got busy themselves.

Not all the veterans knew what they wanted to do. Many of them were essentially operating or flying men. Some invested all their capital in airplanes and had little or nothing left for selling their services. It is estimated that close to 550 transport-type airplanes were in service by new flying organizations by late spring of 1946—and this total exceeded by a sizable margin the number of aircraft flown by the scheduled air lines.

Those veterans who staked their success on carrying passengers did quite a business during the winter season, especially between New York and Florida. By spring the passenger business had fallen off substantially, partly because the demand decreased, partly because the scheduled air lines had increased their own equipment, and partly because the nonscheduled veteran services lacked organization to fly people where they wanted to go.

Then the government cracked down. The Civil Aeronautics Board pointed out that new organizations could not compete with certificated scheduled air lines unless they filed for applications and won decisions on merit. This is a long, costly process, without much prospect of success except for feeder routes. It was plain that the government didn't look favorably on the newcomers competing point-for-point with any sort of frequency with existing carriers, and it indicated no new operator could fly more than ten trips a month between any two points.

By summer many of the fledgling outfits had found that operating transport airplanes requires a lot of money and a lot of financing. Engines have a way of needing overhauls at regular intervals to meet government safety requirements. Overhauls cost money. A transport plane is a costly piece of equipment even if it is sitting idle on the ground. By midsummer the vets who had decided to fly passengers were not doing so well, although a few operations, especially to points outside the United States, were still carrying profitable loads.

BUT the vets who chose air cargo exclusively presented a different picture. A half dozen new companies, well financed, were filing applications with the CAB for all-freight routes. And the CAB had let the scheduled air lines know that if they didn't get busy and offer air cargo services, it would open up the air cargo field to newcomers.

The challenge was met by American Airlines, largest U. S. domestic carrier, when it announced the creation of a Contract Air Cargo Division with headquarters at St. Joseph, Missouri, which would offer shippers service at unprecedented rates ranging as low as 11 cents a ton mile. American was jumping in wholeheartedly. It was going to find out once and for all if air cargo actually offered a big field.

Some of the veteran organizations had already found out that a market existed at rates below 20 cents a ton mile. One of the most vigorous of the newcomers was Air Cargo Transport Corp., headed by H. Roy Penzell of New York. ACT was hauling everything from dresses to perishables across the country. It found that Los Angeles department stores liked to have dresses shipped on hangers direct from New York to the store in twenty-four hours—no packing or pressing was involved and the air shipping cost was low.

Meantime three other new companies operating some thirty-five cargo planes got together to form the Independent Airfreight Association, Inc., to work jointly in obtaining government recognition and fostering the field of air cargo. Heading the association is Robert W. Prescott of Los Angeles, president of National Skyway Freight Corp., the "Flying Tiger Line." Prescott won a high flying record and world renown in China during the war and brought some top-notch vet flyers with him into the new outfit.

Another officer of the group is Earl F. Slick, San Antonio, the twenty-five-year-old president of Slick Airways, Inc., which has been carrying a lot of tonnage around the country. Slick has ample capital and has done well.

Third in the group is Harry R. Playford of St. Petersburg, Florida. He is a World War I vet but played a big role in the Civil Air Patrol during World War II, has been a director of National Airlines, and is now a major stockholder in Alaska Airlines. His U. S. Airlines was organized last fall to fly fruit and vegetables from the south to northern cities and to fly other cargo southbound.

These three independent airfreight lines flew 2,000,000 ton miles during the month of May, comparable to the approximately 2,100,000 ton miles of express and freight flown by all of the scheduled air lines during April. It was not a record to be overlooked.

(Continued on page 67)

AIR
SERVICE

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

Battlefield between stockyards? Here's a cargo plane taking calves on board, to be flown from New Jersey to Bogota, Colombia, with stops at Miami and Kingston, Jamaica.

She was branded—

[illegible]

"FOOL"...

"CHARLATAN"...

Yet the world learned to call her "Angel."

THE TRUE STORY—stranger, more stirring, more exciting than any fiction—of the world-famed nurse who sacrificed everything that most women hold dear to bring hope of happiness to others!

SEE IT FOR THE EMOTIONAL EXPERIENCE OF YOUR MOVIE-GOING CAREER!

RKO
PROUDLY
PRESENTS

ROSALIND RUSSELL · ALEXANDER KNOX

in

SISTER KENNY

with

DEAN JAGGER · PHILIP MERIVALE · BEULAH BONDI · CHARLES DINGLE

Produced and Directed by DUDLEY NICHOLS · Screenplay by Dudley Nichols, Alexander Knox and Mary McCarthy

RKO RADIO PICTURES

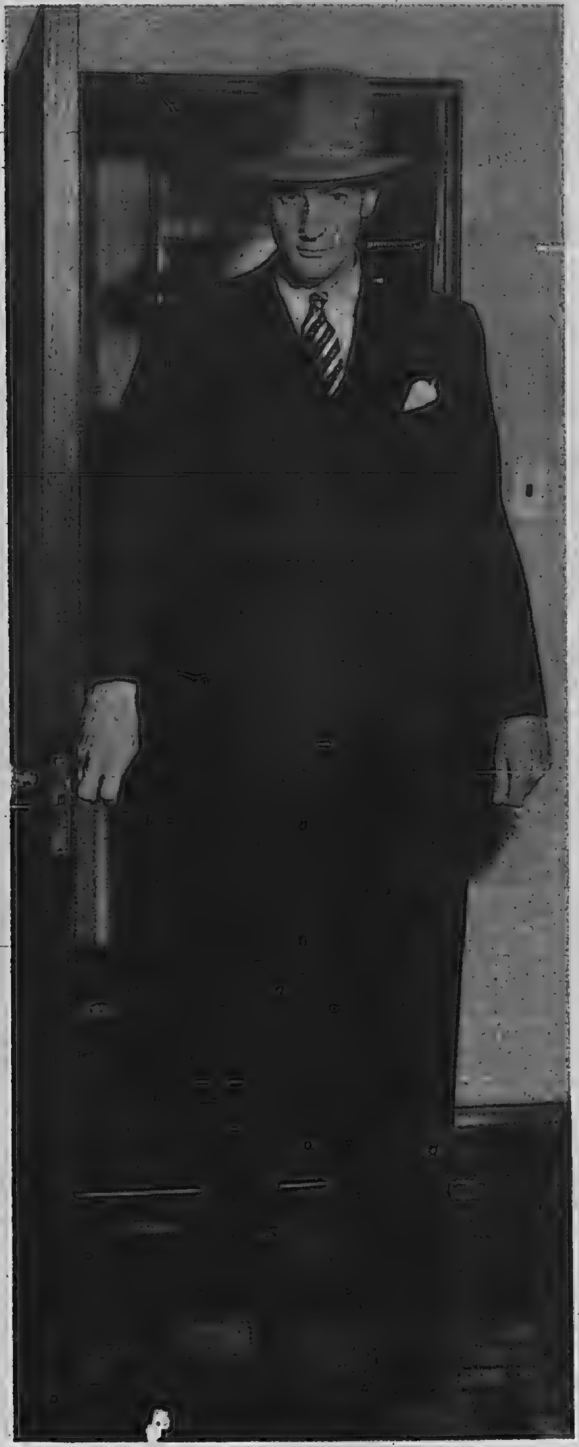
"FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS"—
Could anyone find a more pleasing prospect than this?—
Two frosty silver tumblers, fully half an hour tall . . .
Two waiting chairs, gardenias . . . and PM!
PM DE LUXE, whose mellow perfection
has become the Popular Marvel . . .
Here's liquid gold, on its merry way to the mint!

IF IT ISN'T **PM** IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York.
Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 71% Grain Neutral Spirits.

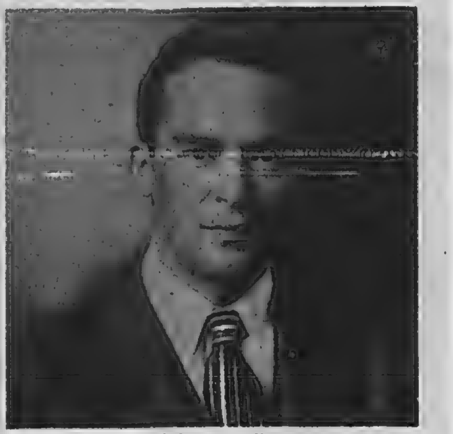
Clothes Clinic
By P. B. Juster

PATTERN SAVVY

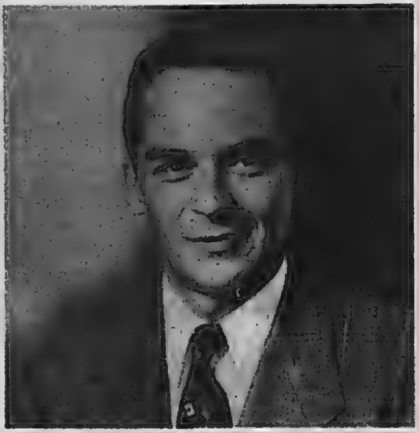


If you're tall enough to duck under doorways, you've got clothing problems all your own. Can you find three things wrong in the clothing the elongated gentleman above is wearing?

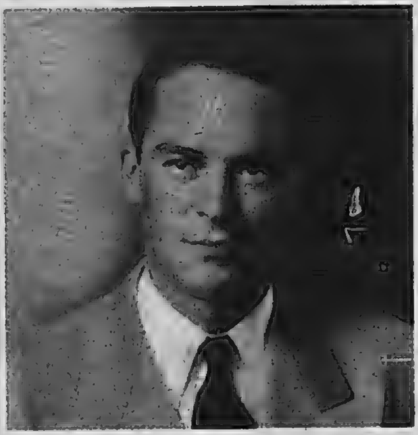
You can't wear just any tie with any suit. Can you tell which of these are right and wrong?



1. **Right** ☐ **Wrong** ☐



2. **Right** ☐ **Wrong** ☐



3. **Right** ☐ **Wrong** ☐

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

(*a*) Every vertical line adds to height. Stripes should be avoided. Plaids, plains, and diagonals are better. (*b*) This single-breasted suit jacket is much too short. Double-breasteds or the new single-breasted style with a long roll lapel is preferred. (*c*) The high crown and narrow band of the hat give an added illusion of height. A shorter crown and wider band should be worn.

How was your tie taste?

No. 1 is right because the white shirt offsets the patterns of the striped suit and tie. A diagonally striped tie would have been better, however.

No. 2 is right because the tie pattern contrasts with the suit.

No. 3 is wrong. The complete absence of any pattern makes for monotony in appearance.

What do you know about-

A Rip Van W...?

Winkle. Took one look at the underwear of his day, said *"Good Night!!"* Spent 20 years dreaming about comfortable underwear. Oh, how he hated to get up in the morning when Allen-A's were still only a dream!

An Allen-A...?

Today's name for a dream come true . . . knit underwear as comfortable as a double bed. Choice of wide-awake men . . . because it fits like only Allen-A's can fit! Remember . . .

Allen A

UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

Light-Truck owners say:

More and more small-truck owners are learning that most trucks need *truck* tires — that using passenger tires for trucking work can cost money instead of saving it.

For light-truck service, the custom-designed Goodyear Truck Airwheel you see here is sincerely recommended by the world's largest tire builder. Pioneered especially for light trucks, this heavy-duty husky has a tread that's wider and thicker than auto tires — to stand the gaff and grind of pick-up and delivery service in the city or on the farm.

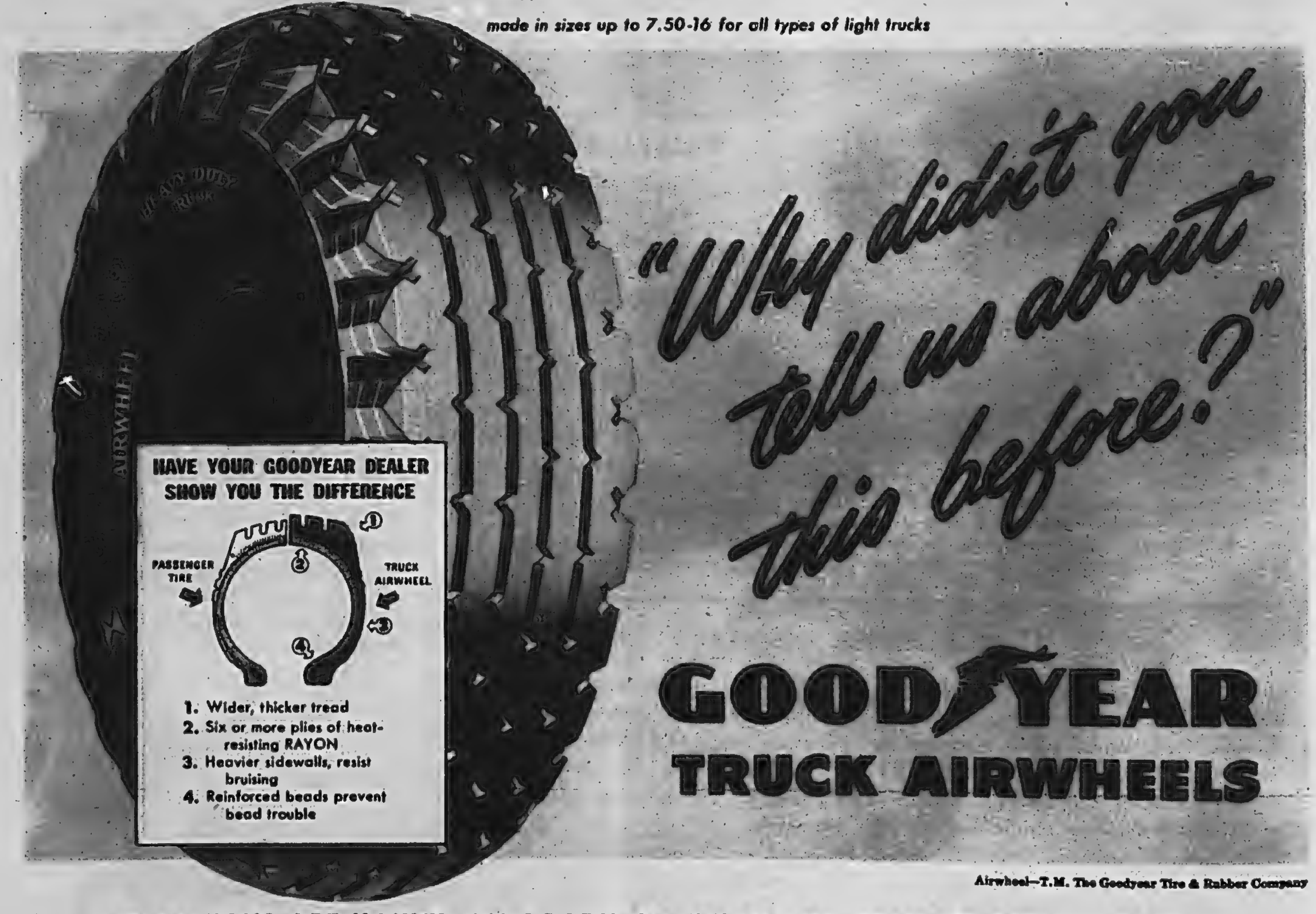
Rayon-bodied — for extra strength

What's more, it's bodied with *six* or more plies of rayon cord — a construction giving great strength and heat-resistance. It has tougher beads specially reinforced to prevent bead trouble. The result is a sturdier, far tougher tire that cushions jolts and road jars, takes heavier loads, helps lengthen truck life.

Cost? A little more in *price*, of course. But thousands of owners everywhere report Truck Airwheels have so reduced their tire costs, given so much more and safer mileage, kept trucks running trouble-free so much longer, *they are actually the lowest-cost tires to use.*

Be money ahead. Get real truck tires for *your* light trucks by buying or specifying Goodyear Truck Airwheels — *it pays!*

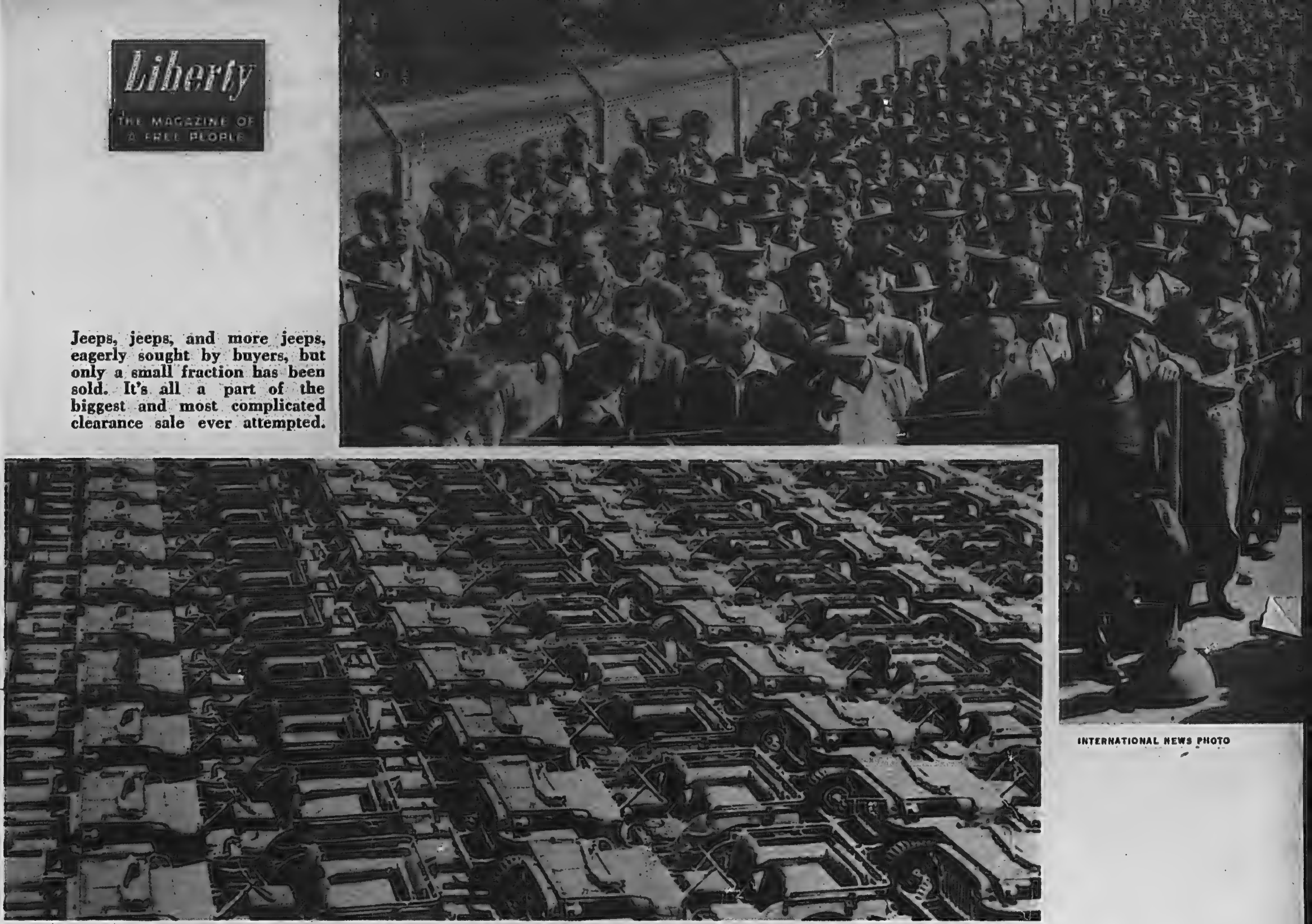
made in sizes up to 7.50-16 for all types of light trucks


HEAVY DUTY
RIB
AIRWHEEL
"Why didn't you tell us about this before?"
HAVE YOUR GOODYEAR DEALER SHOW YOU THE DIFFERENCE
PASSENGER TIRE
TRUCK AIRWHEEL
1
2
3
4
1. Wider, thicker tread
2. Six or more plies of heat-resisting RAYON
3. Heavier sidewalls, resist bruising
4. Reinforced beads prevent bead trouble
GOODYEAR
TRUCK AIRWHEELS

Airwheel—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE



Jeeps, jeeps, and more jeeps, eagerly sought by buyers, but only a small fraction has been sold. It's all a part of the biggest and most complicated clearance sale ever attempted.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Where Are the Surplus War Goods?

BY A. D. RATHBONE IV

The government's surplus-property set-up is in a mess, and huge quantities of much-needed goods that should be available aren't. Congress wants action

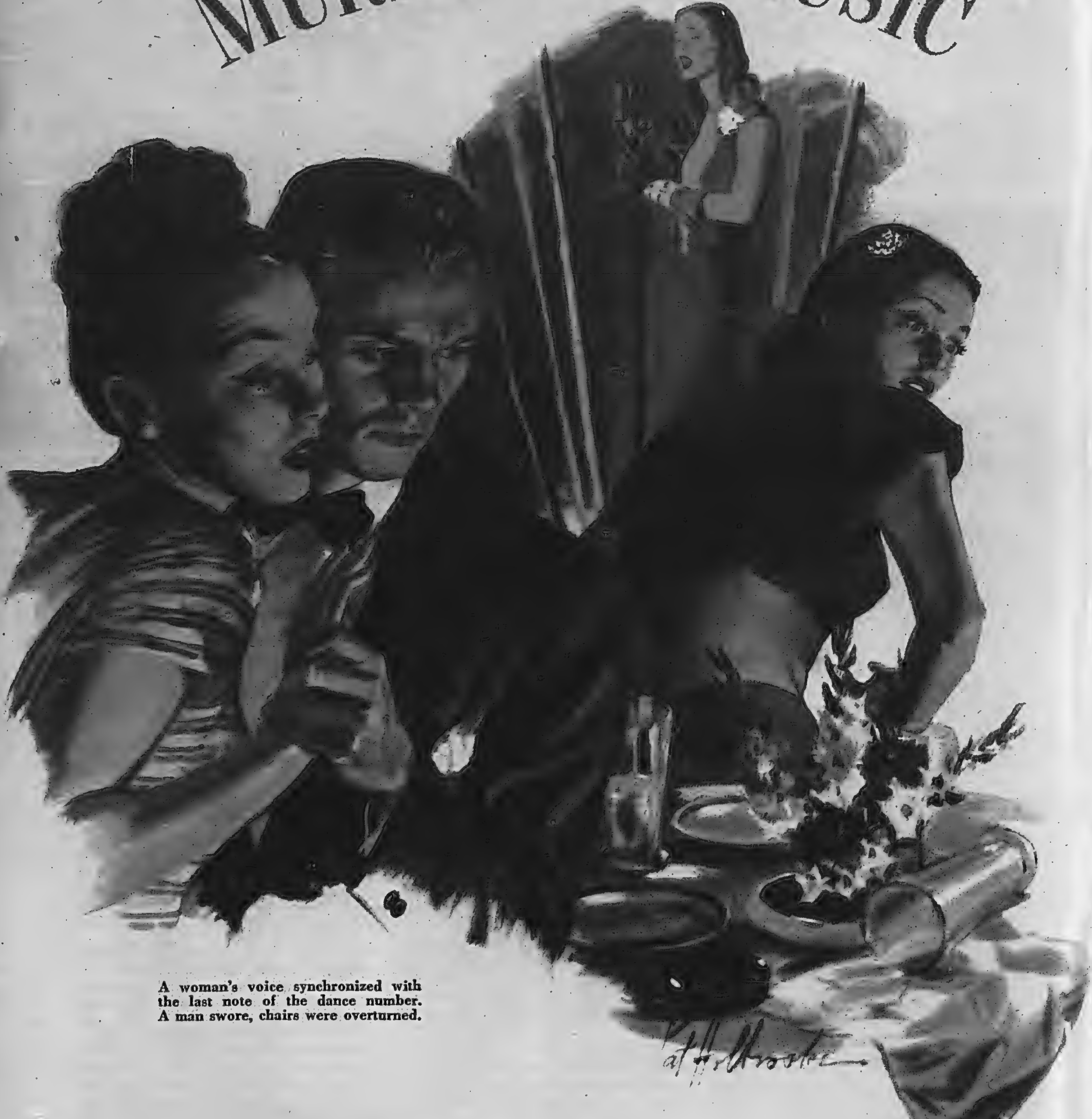
WHEN it was ten below in Schenectady last winter, there were 10,000 surplus blankets stored in a near-by depot. Farther south in New York State, when Catskill chills swept down into the valleys, there were 76,000 excess bedcoverings in Schuylkill Arsenal. With New England blizzards blowing through Massachusetts, there were 279,000 more in Springfield. In San Antonio, Chicago, Kansas City, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Louisville, Denver, and other cities the War Assets Administration had surplus blanket stocks varying from 3,000 to 471,000. The Army didn't want them and had said so as far back as December, but when winter drew to a close, the WAA still had 3,818,443 blankets.

As everybody knows, alarm clocks wore out under war's strain and new ones were unobtainable. Last mid-December there were 7,723 new ones on WAA's shelves—they were still there two months later. WAA acquired stocks of 281,863 whisk brooms, 123,863 girdles, 64,115 women's pajamas, 37,168 women's parka-type raincoats, and 917,387 heavy wool socks. The Army gave up some of those goods within a month after V-J Day. All had been marked "Surplus" not later than mid-December, but by early last February practically none had moved into channels of trade.

There were thousands of other things, worth billions of dollars at original purchase prices, stagnating in the hands of the WAA. But those particular hard-to-get items received spotlighted attention from a Senate investigating committee. What annoyed the committee chairman, Senator James M. Mead, and his conferees, Senators James M. Tunnell, Homer Ferguson, and William F. Knowland, was ". . . why these and other scarce commodities have been resting in an Army depot for six months' time?"

(Continued on page 64)

MURDER TO MUSIC



A woman's voice synchronized with the last note of the dance number. A man swore, chairs were overturned.

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

Even when the murder is committed before your eyes, you can't be sure who committed it—as Doc Standish found out

BY GEORGE HARMON COXE

ANY homicide expert will tell you that of all the factors in the solution of a murder case, none is more important than luck. And though young Doctor Standish had learned the truth of this on more than one occasion, it was never so convincingly demonstrated to him as on that Thursday evening at the Club Lamar.

During his two years as assistant to Doc Lathrop, the city medical examiner—a period in which Standish took the part-time job not only because he needed the money but also because it gave him opportunities for research—and this last year, as acting chief, he had investigated death in nearly all its violent forms. Yet never until this night had he actually witnessed it.

It was the dinner hour at the club. Standish and Mary Hayward, his young nurse, secretary, and girl Friday, had joined the between-course dancers and at the moment Standish was watching a couple at a floor-side table.

The man was big and good-looking in a soft, well-fed way. But it was the woman who held the doctor's eye. Dark and ripely curved, she had a lush, sultry sort of beauty which Standish studied approvingly until Mary Hayward reminded him of the fact.

"Do you know her?" she said. "You're staring, Paul."

Shaking his head, Paul Standish grinned down at her young face, letting his glance linger on her tawny skin and liking the way she said his name. In office hours it was always Dr. Standish.

"The man is Sumner Gregory," he said.

"She used to be in the A.W.V.S. with me. Margaret Kimball."

"She looks," said Standish, "more like something out of a good musical show."

"She was the receptionist for a commercial photographer where her brother works," Mary said, "and Gregory saw her there and hired her away—for his secretary."

Paul Standish remembered other things. Sumner had fallen heir to a small fortune and a number of directorates, which gave him an excuse for maintaining a downtown office. As for Margaret Kimball being his secretary . . .

Standish looked again at the couple, remembering now that he had seen something in the paper about Gregory's divorce from his second wife becoming final. He wondered if this woman was to be number three, and perhaps that was why he was looking right at the table when it happened. Perhaps that was how he was able to see Sumner Gregory put down his highball glass and start to lift his fork, then drop it and grab the sides of the table.

A couple swung in front of Paul Standish then and for a moment he could not see Gregory. When he did, the man had pushed to his feet. After that, Paul Standish remembered only one thing clearly—the look on Sumner Gregory's face.

The instant he saw it he stopped dancing, hearing Margaret Kimball's voice rising above the music as the tension struck him. Stiffly, while a cold tingling ran across his shoulders, he saw the man sway and drop back on the chair, tipping it over and pitching sideways to the floor.

A WOMAN'S scream synchronized with the last note of the dance number. A man swore, chairs were overturned. Paul Standish took Mary Hayward's arm and tried to turn her toward their table. She looked at him, her face white.

"Paul!" Her voice was tight. "Paul, what is it?"

He did not remember answering. He didn't remember how he got to Gregory, but somehow he was through the press of dancers and at the man's side, driven not by the sudden collapse but by that remembered glimpse of Gregory's face.

Later, it was hard to recall details because in that first minute he was oblivious to the movement about him, the hubbub of voices. He went on one knee beside Gregory, leaning close as he felt for a pulse beat. When he smelled the faint but unmistakable odor of bitter almonds he knew what it was.

There were waiters hovering about now, and Johnny Alger, who ran the Lamar, was waving to the orchestra leader for music and shooing people back to their tables.

It was all right, Alger told them. Someone had fainted. "Get back to your dancing," he said, and then, under his breath to the waiters, "Take him in my office. Come on, snap it up! . . . Hello, doc. Will you take a look at him? This *would* happen to me."

He went off, helping two waiters with the body, and Paul Standish beckoned to Thomas, the headwaiter. He saw Mary standing with Margaret Kimball, one arm about her waist, talking quietly and leaning close. As he watched, they started in the direction of the lounge, and then Thomas was there.

"Don't let anyone touch that table," Dr. Standish said, making an inventory of the things upon it. "Get it into Johnny's office—just the way it is."

Alger came back as the table was lifted. "What's this?" he asked. "What's that for? Should I get an ambulance?"

Dr. Standish moved quickly after the table, Alger at his side. "No," he said, "it's too late for an ambulance."

"Too late?" Alger took his arm and stopped; then, conscious that he was still in view of his customers, moved on. He waited until they were in his office. "Listen, doc—"

Standish cut him off. "Gregory drank cyanide. I'll want to use this phone in here. Find another and call the police. Get Lieutenant Ballard if you can."

When he'd got rid of Johnny Alger, Dr. Standish closed the door and went to the table Gregory and Margaret Kimball had used. Aside from water glasses, silver and linen, there were some clams on the half shell and a partly eaten shrimp cocktail. There was a pack of cigarettes, matches, one highball glass, half empty, and Margaret Kimball's bag.

Dr. Standish bent over the highball and sniffed. He opened the handbag, inspected it closely, put it back. Then he stepped to the man who had been placed upon the leather divan and went through his pockets, finding in the vest a small flat bottle about two inches by one inch and containing some dark brown capsules. The label proclaimed them a vitamin preparation.

There was a wastebasket by the desk and he took out one of the capsules and separated the two parts, holding them over the basket so that the powder they contained would not spill on the floor. There was a yellowish tinge to the contents, and after he smelled it he touched the tiniest bit to his tongue.

He tried a second one and then reached for the telephone. When he had the city chemist, he told him what he wanted.

"Potassium cyanide, Les," he said. "In his drink. But there are some other things to check, too. Hurry it, will you?"

LIEUTENANT BALLARD was a solid-looking man in his middle thirties, with sandy hair and keen gray eyes. Now, in Johnny Alger's office with Dr. Standish, he said:

"There are two guys besides the dame who could have dumped cyanide in his drink. One is Gregory's lawyer, Lloyd Ingram; the other's the woman's brother—Ted Kimball."

Johnny Alger sat up. "Oh-oh," he said. "Was he here?"

Ballard narrowed his glance. "What do you mean, oh-oh?"

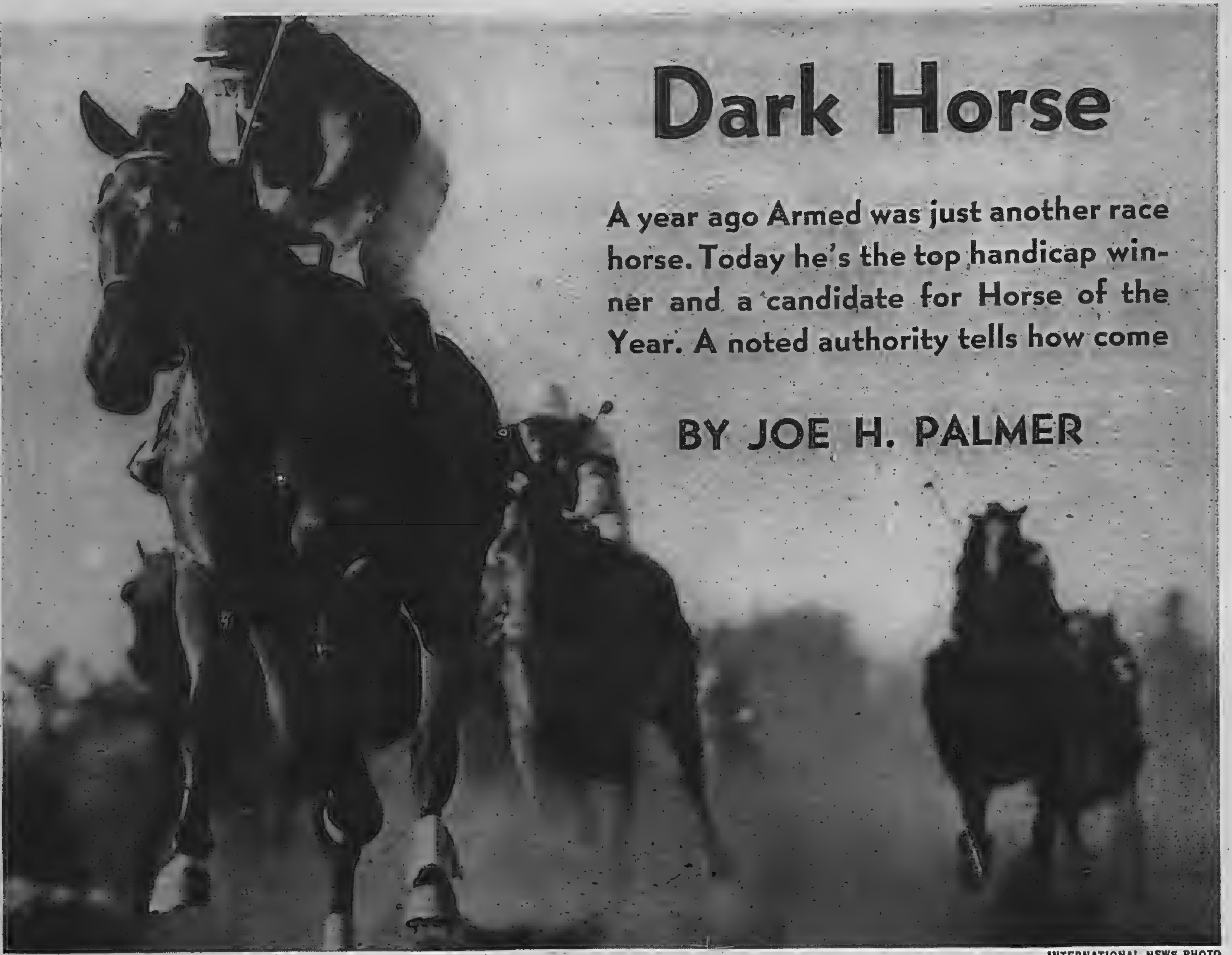
Alger shrugged. He wore a double-

(*Continued on page 54*)

Dark Horse

A year ago Armed was just another race horse. Today he's the top handicap winner and a candidate for Horse of the Year. A noted authority tells how come

BY JOE H. PALMER



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Armed flies across the finish line by five lengths to win the $50,000 Widener Handicap at Hialeah Park last March.

WHEN a race horse travels from stable pony to handicap champion of the nation, he has come a long way. That is the history of Armed, sprinter, stayer, weight carrier, and stretch runner from the white-fenced Calumet Farm of Warren Wright. It's also another manifestation of the legerdemain which has earned for Trainer Ben Jones the press-box label of "Wizard of Parnell."

As a two-year-old, Armed didn't race at all. At three, he ran seven times without setting any race tracks on fire. The first time he ran at four, he wound up back where they don't pay off. Then, one year later, as a five-year-old, Armed was top dog among the handicappers. He was definitely headed for "horse of the year" honors until Assault, the triple-crown winner, came up from Texas to dispute the issue. Which of these is the better is a nice question. They haven't met, and aren't likely to, at least until very late in the season, since Assault sticks to the three-year-old division. But in any case it's Armed and Assault on the head end, and the others nowhere.

Since his first defeat at four, in June, 1945, Armed has never stepped out under silks without bringing back some piece of the purse, and though he has been up against the best of his contemporaries, generally giving them weight, most of the time it has been the big piece.

Usually you can see horses coming. But Armed arrived in a cloud of dust. On June 1, 1945, he was what horsemen call a "useful horse"—one that could be depended on to win a race now and then. One year later he had won $270,800. He had just taken the historic Suburban Handicap from the best field of the year. Now he outranks every horse in America in every handicap he enters.

What seems to have happened is that Armed suddenly got a heart for battle. It is a rare athlete, horse or man, that goes to the very peak without a stubborn and often savage will to victory and a bitter hate for defeat. When Armed ran at Jamaica on June 2, 1945, he was just a fairly ordinary horse with a little promise. He had won three races from indifferent company, and every time he had met a good horse he had been beaten. In this particular race he ran fifth, and the whole affair bothered him a great deal. He wouldn't cool out after the race. Once he was nearly fit to be put away in his stall when another race whirled down the back stretch near the barn, and he broke out in sweat all over again.

Before this, he hadn't been, particularly, a competitor. Since then he has hated defeat, coming back from his occasional beatings moody and sullen. At such times he's hard to handle, hard to cool out, and for a few days he eats less than usual. "Oh, he gets all right," was the way Jimmy Jones, son of trainer Ben Jones, put it, "but he worries for a day or two." From a winning race he comes back tired, perhaps, but cheerful. He's not a good loser. Perhaps this is why he wins.

Armed is a good-sized, deep-chested horse with long pantherish muscles. He has the hard dense bone that the race horse needs. These advantages he shares with many horses. But it is the will to victory, the refusal to taste defeat, that has carried him past horses in the stretch of Pimlico, of Hialeah, of Belmont Park.

Armed had his beginning at Calumet Farm, near Lexington, Kentucky, on May 1, 1941. He is a son of Bull Lea, which won the Widener

Handicap of 1939 under the devil-red silks of Calumet, and did not exactly have the temper of angels himself. His dam was a mare named Armful, from the willful, stormy, headstrong race of Fair Play. So he has a generic right to his mettle.

The brown gelding was standing composedly in his stall at Belmont. "Watch him," Jimmy Jones told me; "he'll take hold of you."

Armed thrust his neck out as far as it would go, saw it wouldn't reach, and then stuck out his tongue like a rude youngster. The gesture wasn't derision; it meant that Armed was in the humor to accept a lump of sugar or a carrot. A carrot was produced, and Armed ate the peace offering, noisily and with relish. He offered to nip his trainer, but his heart wasn't really in it. He stuck the tongue out another time or two, and when nothing came of it he lost interest.

"He's funny about his stall," Jones remarked. "Out on the track, or even here in the shed, anybody can do anything with him. But he thinks the stall is his place and he ought to be boss in there. He just wants you to put his feed in and then get the hell out."

Fortunately for his trainer, Armed saves most of his high spirits for the race course. He works well and willingly. He doesn't bother about what's going on in the rest of the stable, as some horses do, and while he is not really a hearty eater, he lies down and sleeps a lot, and doesn't fret precious flesh away in idleness. "I guess," said Jimmy Jones, thinking it over carefully, "I couldn't say he has a bad habit."

ARMED has his most difficult moments in the five minutes between saddling and the time the jockey gets up. He stands still, but the long muscles in his thighs are quivering like plucked strings. Sometimes he sweats a good deal. From head to tail he is literally atremble in anticipation of the race to come. "He steadies right up as soon as he gets to moving, though," Jimmy said. A groom paused with a forkful of hay. "That's right," he said; "that hoss can hear the man tell the jock to get up."

Armed's development is generally—and properly—credited to Benjamin A. Jones, known on the tracks as "Plain Ben." A native of Parnell, Missouri, he got into national attention some ten years ago when he brought off the unheard-of feat of winning the Kentucky Derby with a horse from Kansas—Woolford Farm's Lawrin. It was at about this time that Warren Wright was building his powerful Calumet Stable, and it was not surprising that he went shopping for the best trainer he could find, or that he came up with Ben Jones. Since then the red silks with the blue bars have been flying high, borne by such horses as Whirlaway, Twilight Tear, Pensive,

(*Continued on page 78*)

ACME PHOTO

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Wright, owners of Armed, share their box with Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. Wright also owns Whirlaway, the all-time money winner of $561,161.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

Armed, by four lengths. The finish of the Pimlico Special in which he trounced a field with class that included First Fiddle, winner of more than $300,000.

Winners' circle and the combination responsible: Armed, with Jockey Dodson up, and Trainer Ben Jones (extreme left), generally credited with Armed's success.

MONKMEYER PRESS PHOTO

Pickers in orange groves wear gloves to protect the fruit. They clip the oranges carefully from the tree so that the stem end will remain intact.

Billion-

The fascinating story of how Sunkist made you an orange-juice drinker and owning a California orange grove almost the paradise you imagine

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

MANY an American dreams of the day he can retire and own an orange grove in California. Being a citrus grower can be a soft life. Believe it or not, he can have his trees sprayed, his crop picked, the fruit washed, graded, and packed, shipped to market, and get the cash for it without lifting a finger.

He can, that is, if he is lucky enough to find citrus-growing land at a reasonable price (try it sometime!) and becomes a member of the California Fruit Growers Exchange, one of the most amazing outfits of its kind.

Three fourths of all citrus growers in California and Arizona belong to the Exchange. Actually, it's just a lot of relatively little growers organized into one whopping big marketing co-operative which has the power and resources of a vast corporation. This year it will have handled citrus fruit worth $350,000,000 at retail.

Behind this impersonal statistic is a dazzling tale of human ingenuity and enterprise which boosted the average yearly consumption of oranges from 25 a person to 125, and it's still going up.

The big boost was sparked in 1915 when the Exchange, with its usual eye to benefiting its members, discovered that you could "drink an orange." It was a discovery as important to the citrus industry as the invention of the cotton gin was to the South. It was based on the simple theory that a man could "drink" three times as many oranges as he could eat.

This squeeze deal has sold at least a billion dollars' worth of fruit under the famous copyrighted name Sunkist.

The idea behind the organization was simply one of survival. It was born fifty years ago when Western citrus growers faced the prospect of starving to death beneath fruit-laden trees. Unscrupulous agents handled the crop then, and in such a way that the growers inevitably came out on the losing end.

Today, with its 14,500 member growers, the Exchange is busily engaged in making citrus growing as pleasantly free as possible from toil and care without diminishing either the size or the certainty of the financial return.

Growers do not belong directly to the marketing co-operative itself, but to the local packing-house associations. As a member of a packing-house unit the grower agrees that the Exchange may have all his crop. There are 206 such units, which belong, in turn, to some twenty-five district exchanges. The district units elect one member to serve in the top organization—the Exchange. This type of federated co-operative gives the grower help where he needs it most—on his grove.

Last year Exchange growers averaged $2.74 a box for their oranges, which made them very happy. (This is the price on the tree; the same oranges cost the consumer $7.50.) But oranges have at times gone begging for fifty cents a box, and conservative growers figure a probable average return of one dollar a box.

Good groves—and some do much better—average 500 boxes to the acre. A twenty-acre grove, the minimum recommended size, should therefore gross $10,000 a year. Irrigation, fertilization, pest control and similar incidentals bring that down to $6,600, and a further cut is taken for interest of 6 per cent on the $60,000 investment required in normal times for a producing grove of this size. This slices the grower's net to $3,000, which will be further reduced by labor costs for work he doesn't do himself. Understand, these are figures for the long pull. At today's prices a grower who bought such a grove before the

Dollar Orange Squeeze

war can readily *net* $10,000, and many larger groves are producing $40,000 to $50,000 a year net.

The prospect of any Johnny-come-lately enjoying the traditional life of ease and prosperity in the California citrus belt in the near future is, unfortunately, somewhat remote. There is almost no good citrus land left in California, and what there is costs $2,000 or more an acre, or just twice what old-timers say it is worth.

Prices for producing groves have hit $7,000 an acre and the end is not yet in sight. Marginal groves can be purchased for one third that sum, but experienced growers say most of them shouldn't be taken as a gift. Labor, which formerly was available in quantity at fifty cents an hour, is now a dollar and scarce. Nursery stock —young trees ready to set out which will begin paying for themselves in five years—is costing up to $4.50 a tree, while normally the best sold for $1.50. The trees will bear for twenty-five or thirty years, though, in good, properly cared-for soil.

Normal expenditures for cultural care now run Exchange members $168 an acre a year, but these costs can climb up to $300 an acre without much trouble. For example, last winter more than one grower burned 10,000 gallons of oil as a smudge protection from frost at four cents a gallon.

Credited with contributing mightily to the potency of the Fruit Growers Exchange is dynamic 73-year-old Charles C. Teague, who has been its president since 1920. For nearly thirty years Teague also has been president of Limoneria, the world's largest lemon ranch. His own ranch covers 3,800 acres and provides 400 homes for as many workers. The payroll runs to more than $75,000 a month and the ranch is capitalized at $2,500,000.

Soft spoken but demanding action, Teague is blessed with an insatiable, relentless curiosity. His investigations have resulted in improved orchard heaters (without which there could be no California citrus industry), methods of storage and packing which prevent fruit spoilage, and the elimination of a virulent infectious citrus plague known as poison rot. One time when he couldn't get answers fast enough, he offered a reward of $5,000 to anyone who would tell him how to build a better grove heater. Once Italy suplied 70 per cent of all U. S.-consumed lemons. Teague and other Exchange lemon growers made competition so hot that Italy was forced to withdraw from the U. S. and Canadian markets.

Although Teague is as active as ever in Exchange affairs, such leadership as there is in this democratically operated organization he shares with Paul S. Armstrong, who as general manager has responsibility for carrying out policies and decisions reached by the Exchange board in its weekly meetings. Co-operatives, Armstrong says, are the only present means by which small operators can enjoy the efficiency of a large corporation. But he adds, "They're only good when they work."

Business men like to illustrate their accounts of American enterprise with the story of how the

(*Continued on page 62*)

The house that orange juice built: the imposing headquarters of the California Fruit Growers Exchange in Los Angeles. It's owned by the exchange's 14,500 co-operating growers, and this year they will handle citrus fruit worth $350,000,000.

SALVATION ROCK

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

The general was highly critical of slipshod gravediggers. There would be four feet of earth over him, at least. He had dug two feet of it already

BY WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

ILLUSTRATED BY RAFAEL DE SOTO

IN the distance one could hear the thin spatter of rifles, then there were periods of silence. After a while the silences grew longer. The shooting may have been somewhere in the suburbs, or maybe in the hills above the Rio Cholutenango. Pérez couldn't tell.

Pérez lit one of the cigarettes Lieutenant Urraca had given him. He looked above the flame of the match with eyes half-lidded but in no wise sleepy. Pérez was young—thirty, it might be—but the lieutenant was younger. Finally Pérez said, "Understandably, this is for me a serious matter."

"Understandably, general," the lieutenant said.

"A man deplores the act of physical labor so shortly after breakfast. The sun, even at this hour, is warm."

The lieutenant agreed. The sun was warm and would be warmer.

"Digging," Pérez was saying reflectively, "is of dull occupations the dullest. But since I must dig, I should like to do it well."

This the lieutenant did not quite follow. "Please?" he said.

Pérez drew on the cigarette and expelled a hard stream of smoke. "I have, as you are doubtless aware, officiated at several ceremonies of the kind which now occupies your attention. Always reluctantly, of course. It was my duty, as this now becomes your duty. But I think I never ceased to be astonished, in those circumstances, at the slipshod manner in which the condemned dug their graves."

"Slipshod, general?"

"I use the word carefully. The graves I have seen dug have not, on average, gone below two feet. One must attribute this to sheer lack of interest. The condemned were never unduly pressed. They simply appeared not to care."

The lieutenant nodded. "Ah, yes, that's so," he said. "I hadn't thought about it, but what you say is true. Permit me to tell you: So far this morning we have shot two Cabinet ministers, Osvaldo Castillo of Finance and Tomás Jacinto Cabral y Ramos of Public Works. You knew them, of course. Then you recall how fat Castillo was— But his grave—I assure you it would hardly contain him. He dug twenty inches."

"And Tomás Jacinto Cabral y Ramos?"

"Not much deeper. I estimate two feet and two inches."

Pérez shrugged. "It confirms what I have been saying. I ask only this: Enough time to dig a proper, an adequate grave."

"How much time?"

"Listen," Pérez said. "How do I know how much time? You are going to shoot me. Your party, which has enjoyed an immoderate success in the revolution, will have several years in power—barring, of course, an unforeseen circumstance. What, then, is a little time to you? I ask time enough to dig a sufficient grave—a grave four feet deep—but I cannot estimate that time within five minutes!"

His voice lifted. "How long," he said, "did it take the late Osvaldo Castillo to dig his twenty inches?"

"About one hour."

"This was in the field beside our ancient and beautiful cathedral?"

"Certainly. Where else?"

"As you say, where else? It is the traditional, the historic place. Good. I will pose you an elementary problem. If the fat Castillo, who gluttonized shamefully and possessed a ton of stomach, could dig twenty inches in an hour, how long do you think it would take me to dig a grave four feet deep?"

The lieutenant looked at the muscular brown arms of Pérez, the broad barrel chest. "Forgive my asking: You would not tarry?"

"Tarry? In the sun? On my honor I will dig as fast as I am able."

"Then I give my word. You will be granted time to dig four feet down."

"You are kind, *señor*. I'll not forget it."

The lieutenant looked toward the door of the cell.

"Now?" Pérez said.

"Now—" the lieutenant said.

IN the corridor a squad of six men fell in behind Pérez and the lieutenant. Five of the men carried rifles on their shoulders, the sixth lugged in one hand a spade, in the other a pick. They crossed the cobblestone yard of the whitewashed *cárcel,* stood while the ponderous gate was unbolted, then went down the empty street and across a field toward the high pink-and-white cathedral.

The direct sun was like a blow on the head. Pérez grimaced. "Hot."

The lieutenant said nothing. He was listening to the spasmodic crackle of machine-gun fire somewhere in the west. It faltered, expired. The lieutenant grinned.

"Your artillery, general," he said. "Soon it will be finished."

"Perhaps," Pérez said. "In any case, you are entitled to the opinion."

North of the cathedral the open field was sere, the grass had withered for lack of rain. Pérez halted. He looked without interest at the two new heaped-up graves at the far edge of the field. "For me, where?" he said firmly.

The lieutenant shrugged. "One place is like another." He barked at the man with the pick and shovel. Pérez stripped off his khaki shirt, looked at his hands, spat upon them, rubbed them together and took hold of the pick.

HE began to dig.

The lieutenant stood stiffly aside. The men with the rifles watched Pérez. Pérez's muscles rippled easily; sweat glistened on his brown back. In half an hour he was down eighteen inches, maybe twenty. He straightened his back. "Not bad, eh?" he said.

"I find no fault."

"Thank you." Pérez, wiping his forehead with his forearm, turned his head abruptly. "Was that a cannon?"

It was a cannon. Somewhere in the west or southwest. Then the chatter of the machine guns came again.

"I must ask you to dig, general," the lieutenant said.

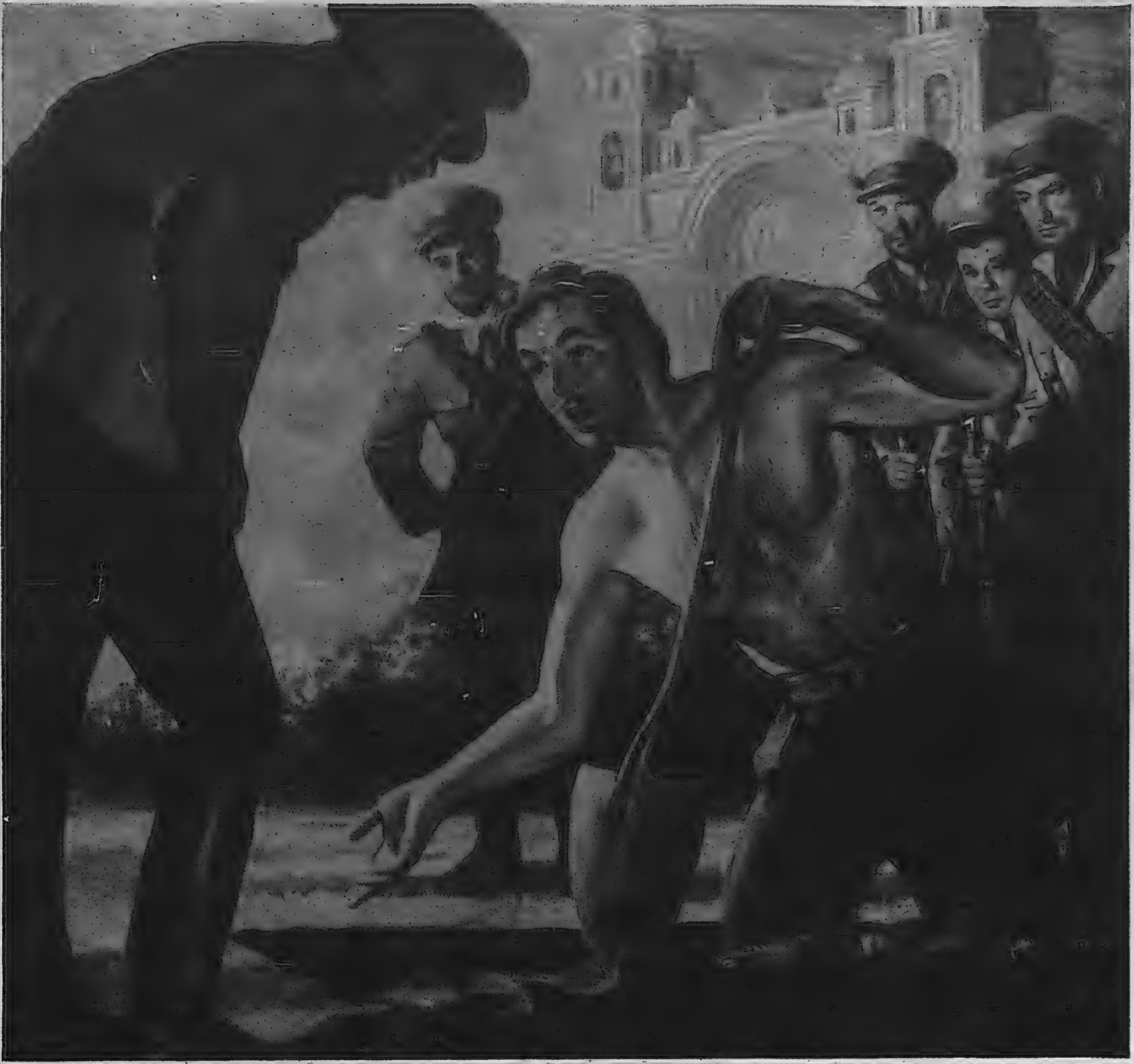
The pick rose and fell. At the end of the second half hour Pérez had dug to a good thirty inches. Then there was the sound of the pick striking rock.

"Rock," Pérez said, looking up. He was not smiling now. His eyes were hard, the sweat had cut little channels in the dirt on his cheeks. The lieutenant frowned. The men with the rifles leaned and stared. Pérez resumed the swinging of the pick. He struck furiously at the rock.

In the next half hour he went down another inch. Not more.

"This is ridiculous!" the lieutenant said sharply. "You will be all day about it!"

"All day?" Pérez cleared his



Pérez spat on the earth. "Climb in and try it yourself if you believe I exaggerate the difficulty. This is granite!"

throat and spat on the earth. "Half the night, I think. Climb in and try it yourself if you believe I exaggerate the difficulty. This is granite!"

"Dig!" the lieutenant shouted.

Pérez shrugged. For one hour by the cathedral clock he assailed the rock with his pick and scraped at it with his shovel, and in this time he descended perhaps as much as two inches. The lieutenant's head jerked sharply around at the explosion of heavier firing closer at hand.

The lieutenant took quick steps to the edge of the hole and measured it with his eye. Not quite three feet deep. A floor of solid rock, gouged by the pick. "There must be an end," he said, low. "General, stand out—"

"No!" Pérez said. "No! I have your word I will be given time to dig four feet deep."

"One could not foresee that rock—"

"I do not complain about the rock," Pérez said. "I have your word."

The lieutenant twisted to stare at a uniformed man—a corporal—pounding toward him. "What is it?" he shouted savagely.

The corporal sketched a salute. "They have taken the bridge," he said. "They are in the city. You are to report to Major Fontana—at once—"

Pérez did not pause in the digging. "I have your word, lieutenant. And you have mine. I will not tarry at the digging. I think I will be down four feet by the time you return. If you return."

In the late evening he sat on the excellent gallery of the Hotel Plaza Real. He finished his rum water and ordered another. The waiter said, "With your permission, general, congratulations. It was a thing of immense good fortune."

Pérez nodded. "Yes," he said; "and, at the same time, no."

"It is reported in the town that you actually dug down to four feet."

"Naturally. I had given my word."

"But this lieutenant—this Urraca—he was killed outside the *cárcel* when his rebels broke and ran—"

"Nevertheless," Pérez said with dignity, "I had given him my word. Also, I felt a kind of sympathy for him, for his childlike faith in me. That whole field is, you see, underlaid with a layer of rock, about three feet down, as I had observed in the past—when others were doing the digging."

He lifted his glass. "This was a useful morsel of information that I retained in the back of my head." He tilted the glass. "Health to all waiters," he said.

THE END

Musical Dead End Kid

When Oscar Levant sits down at the piano, nobody dares snicker. When Levant plays, even sharp-tongued Levant refrains from talking

BY

HOWARD TAUBMAN

PHOTO BY GEHR FROM BLACK STAR

Oscar Levant: pianist, composer, radio wit, movie actor, author, insulter of bores.

A VISITOR rang the doorbell of Oscar Levant's New York apartment and, as he waited for the door to be opened, heard two loud and conflicting sets of sounds.

Oscar Levant, his hair falling over his forehead, was practicing the piano while at the other end of the room the radio was blaring the play-by-play account of the ball game.

"How can you practice with that racket from the ball game?" the visitor asked.

"Racket?" Levant said blandly. "I like baseball. I like it better when there's a double-header. I practice more."

Most pianists would go violently temperamental if a shoe squeaked a half block away while they were practicing. But that's Oscar Levant for you—a man of endless paradoxes. He wants the friendship of people, and he has an irresistible impulse to insult them. He knows it takes a lot of hard work to be a good pianist, and yet he often fritters away his time. He wants to compose, and keeps finding excuses for not composing. At one moment his face and eyes are dark with anger; the next instant he grins as contagiously as a small boy.

Out of these urges and counter-urges has emerged a remarkable figure in American life. Oscar Levant is pianist, composer, radio wit, movie actor, and author. In each of these fields he has won considerable success, but they do not by any means completely reflect the versatility of his interests. When he was on Information, Please, he displayed a surprisingly varied store of information about sports, politics, international affairs, literature, and history.

His conversation is bewilderingly diverse. After an hour with him recently I jotted down only a few of the subjects on which he had touched: night baseball, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's horses, the playwrighting art of S. N. Behrman, movie dialogue, Russian composers, psychoanalysis, raising a family, newspapers, the Council of Foreign Ministers, living in the country, Irving Berlin, Toots Shor, George Gershwin, Frank Frisch, Arnold Schoenberg, coffee, women, Toscanini, bookies, wisecracks, night clubs, Vladimir Horowitz, Hollywood, Carnegie Hall, the Battle of the Bulge, and Fred Allen.

BUT despite the variety of his interests, Oscar is a musician first and foremost. Although he calls himself a "musical dead end kid," those who know him intimately would guess that his dearest wish would be to rank as a first-rate composer of serious music. His second choice would be to be a top-notch pianist. He is, in fact, a pretty good composer and an excellent pianist. But he is exacting in his self-criticism and occasionally drives himself frantic with his own doubts.

"You have to be a supreme egotist," he says. "Every great musician is, and I'm not."

He really isn't. His cocky voice on the radio and his surly, self-assured manner on the screen may give the impression that he is violently enamored of himself, but those who know him best tell you these are merely aspects of a defense mechanism.

If Oscar knows why he needs a defense mechanism, he doesn't say. Perhaps it is because he was the youngest of four gifted brothers. His father, Max Levant, ran a jewelry shop in Pittsburgh, and his mother insisted on giving all four of her sons a sound musical education. Benjamin, the eldest, now a distinguished Pittsburgh physician, studied the piano. He still plays jazz with subtlety and taste, and Oscar remembers hanging around listening to him by the hour as a kid. Howard, now a dentist, plays the fiddle. Harry has become one of the best-known conductors on Broadway. He led the pit band for such hits as Of Thee I Sing, As Thousands Cheer, Let 'Em Eat Cake, The Boys from Syracuse, and Too Many Girls.

PHOTO BY EMIL HERMAN

Most pianists would go berserk at the sound of a squeak, but Levant composes with the sports page propped before him and the radio blaring the account of a ball game.

Oscar started playing the piano when he was eight. His mother kept after him about practicing. Fortunately, in those days there were no broadcasts of ball games as competition. But he liked to play ball with the kids around the block and his mother had to keep after him.

"I am not a born pianist but a made pianist," he once said. "My mother wanted me to be a concert pianist and never let up on me. She always seemed to know by instinct if I cheated while she was out."

Years later, when he got married secretly, he phoned his mother after the ceremony. "Mama," he said, "I just got married."

"Never mind about that," she said. "Did you practice today?"

OSCAR attended the public schools in Pittsburgh. He hadn't quite finished at the Fifth Avenue High School when he decided, with his parents' blessing, to try his luck in New York. He had sold shoes in an East Pittsburgh shop, and it did not take him or his boss long to agree that salesmanship was not his vocation. In 1923 he landed in New York, an unknown youngster of sixteen, cocky and scared and naïve.

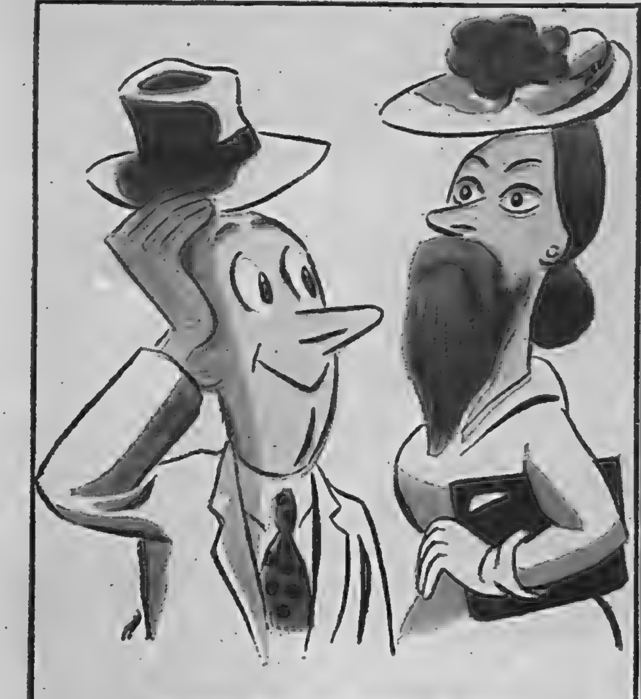
He learned about New York, music, show business, and Tin Pan Alley the hard way. His first job was pounding the piano for a girls' ballet class, receiving a dollar an hour for his services. He teamed up with a forgotten fiddler to play at banquets. On their first date at a party at the Astor, the musicians were asked to play East Side, West Side. Oscar didn't know the tune. He was booted out.

"I found out that night there was plenty I didn't know," he recalls.

(*Continued on page 80*)

PHOTO BY EMIL HERMAN

Levant's a family guy who's a soft touch for his children. Here he is with his wife, June Gale, the former movie actress, and their three daughters, Marcia, 5; Lorna, 3; Amanda, 1.



Do you like side show freaks?

Have You Got the Right Job?

Can aptitude testers tell you for sure at what you'll fail and at what you'll make good?

By BERTON BRALEY

CARTOON BY BILL O'BRIAN

Do you blush? Do you feel nobody loves you? Did you ever cry in the movies? On a trolley car, would you rather be the conductor or the motorman? Do you allow people to push ahead of you in a line? Do you like fat men better than thin men? Did you ever tell a lie? Does flattery please you? Would you rather be a "free spirit" than an Important Person? Are you usually considered to be indifferent to the opposite sex?

The answers to these apparently silly and frivolous questions can give a reliable indication of your general fitness for a certain kind of trade, business, or profession. With a small margin for error, they'll determine whether your temperament and personality make you a natural for a creative job or for the exact and scientific occupation of an engineer or pharmacist, or for a position requiring the organizing ability and business savvy of a merchant. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they will determine whether you would *fail* at a certain occupation.

The questions were all taken from nationally used aptitude tests. Aptitude tests are a scientific method of determining a person's general bent—and whether he can bend to fit it—and are not an intelligence test or a test of how much a person knows.

Though aptitude-testing, first used on a mass scale in World War I, was increasingly used by the Army, the Navy, the public schools and the colleges in the period between wars, it's only within the past five or six years that it has become big business in business. Even now, though such companies as Eastman, Du Pont, and Procter & Gamble employ the tests extensively, not more than 15 per cent of U. S. business firms utilize them on the hiring line.

Nevertheless the aptitude testers are multiplying and are expanding their facilities. The Klein Institute, for instance, which started in 1940 with a staff consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Klein, now employs seventy people, has aptitude-tested a total of 30,000 salesmen for 400 clients.

There are a dozen other aptitude-testing bureaus. Among the top ones are the Personnel Institute, Johnson O'Connor, and the Psychological Corporation. The last named, in addition to conducting thousands of tests a year for its clients, publishes a flock of different types of tests used by organizations that like their tests custom fitted to their requirements.

The method by which aptitude testing operates to discover whether a man is a round, square, or triangular peg is, in tests of would-be mechanics, for instance, one of actually having the candidate put the proper pegs in the proper holes at the proper predetermined speed. That's not all of it, but an important factor. Some of these tests seem as infantile as a baby's piling blocks, but they seem to find the right man for the job.

It's very tough to beat the system by anticipating the right answers. You can't make the testers think you are a good salesman, for instance, by answering the questions in a way you think will prove it. And that goes for a test for, say, an industrial designer, as well as for anything else. You see, you don't know the answers that really count.

Suppose you want a job selling life insurance, and you are filling in the Aptitude Index for Life Insurance Selling—perhaps the best known and one of the longest tested of aptitude tests. You're eager to be a life-insurance agent, and you want to rate high as a possibility. You look over the questions and decide you know the answers that'll qualify you. So you write 'em that way instead of putting down your honest estimate of yourself.

Obviously, "Yes" is the answer to "Are you interested in new theories of science and philosophy?"

And "Yes" to "Do you like to do your jobs carefully even when a makeshift job would do?"

And "Yes" to "Do you like to attend to details of your work?"

And "No" to "Do you often act on the spur of the moment?"

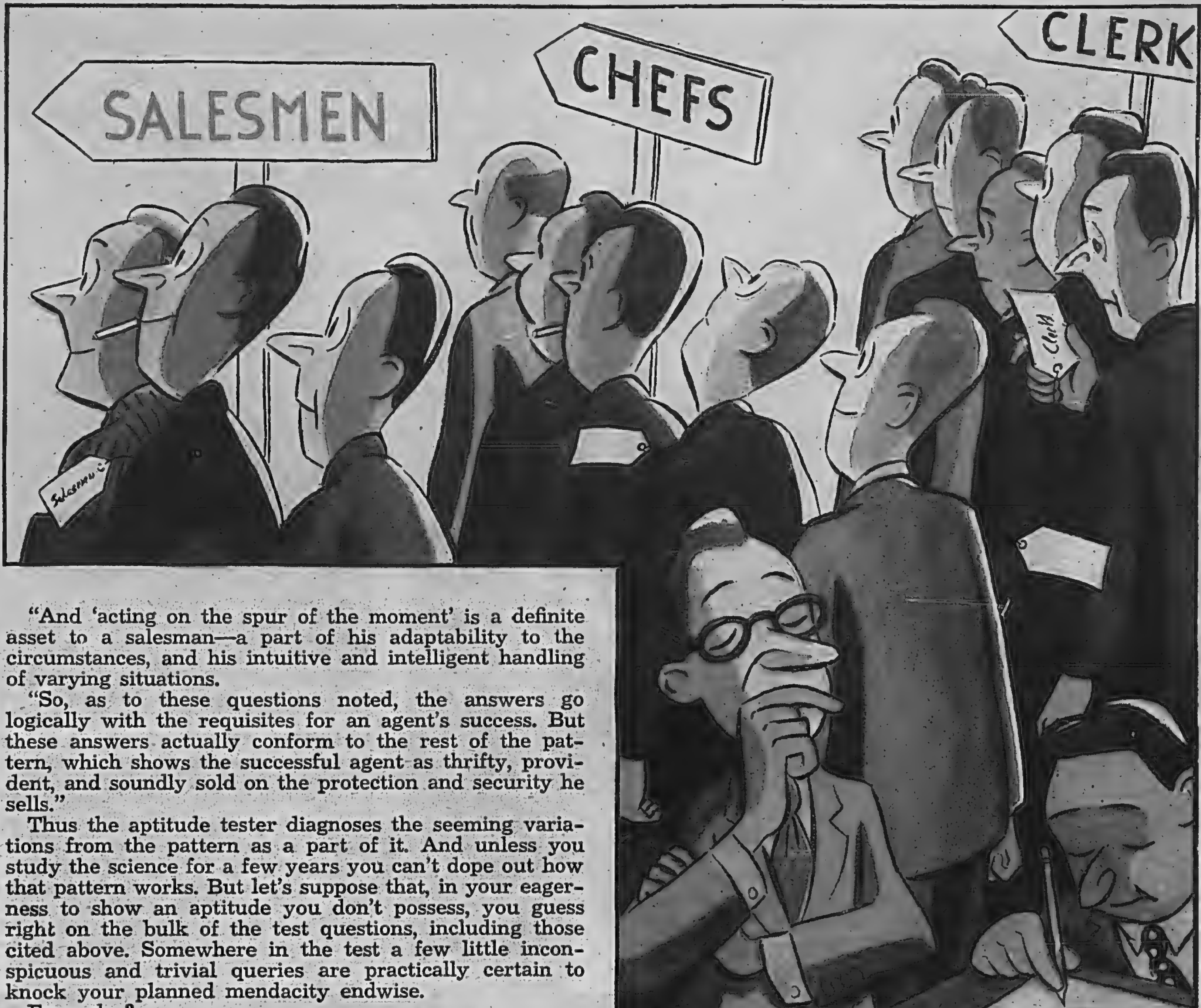
Obviously, again, a good insurance agent should be up to date on science and stuff as proving an active mind, and he should be careful of detail because he has a lot of it in his business, and he shouldn't be impulsive.

That's what *you* think. But the answers to thousands of these tests have shown—by what life-insurance people call "actuarial experience," meaning mass results—that 95 out of 100 of the guys who rate A (excellent) in these tests answer exactly opposite to the way you did. Why do they answer that way? Here's an analysis of the reasons by one of the top authorities on testing:

"Thousands of tests, and the subsequent records of thousands of high-rating candidates, show that the successful life-insurance agent is an energetic, practical-minded extrovert—with a liking for people and a bent for dealing with them pleasantly. He is also the kind of individually ambitious person who prefers the opportunity of building his own business to the certainty of a salary check.

"That type of person isn't greatly interested in abstract theories of science or philosophy, because they have no direct relation to his efficiency in his job.

"And he doesn't regard it as efficient to toil over detail, or to be painfully thorough when a quick makeshift is adequate. Anyhow, the life-insurance business is organized to take care of detail and supply thoroughness for him.



Putting the proper pegs in the proper holes may seem infantile but most aptitude tests seem to find the right man for the job.

"And 'acting on the spur of the moment' is a definite asset to a salesman—a part of his adaptability to the circumstances, and his intuitive and intelligent handling of varying situations.

"So, as to these questions noted, the answers go logically with the requisites for an agent's success. But these answers actually conform to the rest of the pattern, which shows the successful agent as thrifty, provident, and soundly sold on the protection and security he sells."

Thus the aptitude tester diagnoses the seeming variations from the pattern as a part of it. And unless you study the science for a few years you can't dope out how that pattern works. But let's suppose that, in your eagerness to show an aptitude you don't possess, you guess right on the bulk of the test questions, including those cited above. Somewhere in the test a few little inconspicuous and trivial queries are practically certain to knock your planned mendacity endwise.

Examples?

Let's look at the Vocational Interest blank for men, prepared by Professor E. K. Strong, psychologist, of Stanford University.

HERE are a few apparently trivial and insignificant questions which may set or upset the pattern of aptitude for different types of work. They are picked out of almost 40 which make up the test:

Do you like—arguments, living in the city, climbing along a precipice, looking in shop windows, acting as yell leader; or—nervous people, people with gold teeth, people who chew gum, side-show freaks?

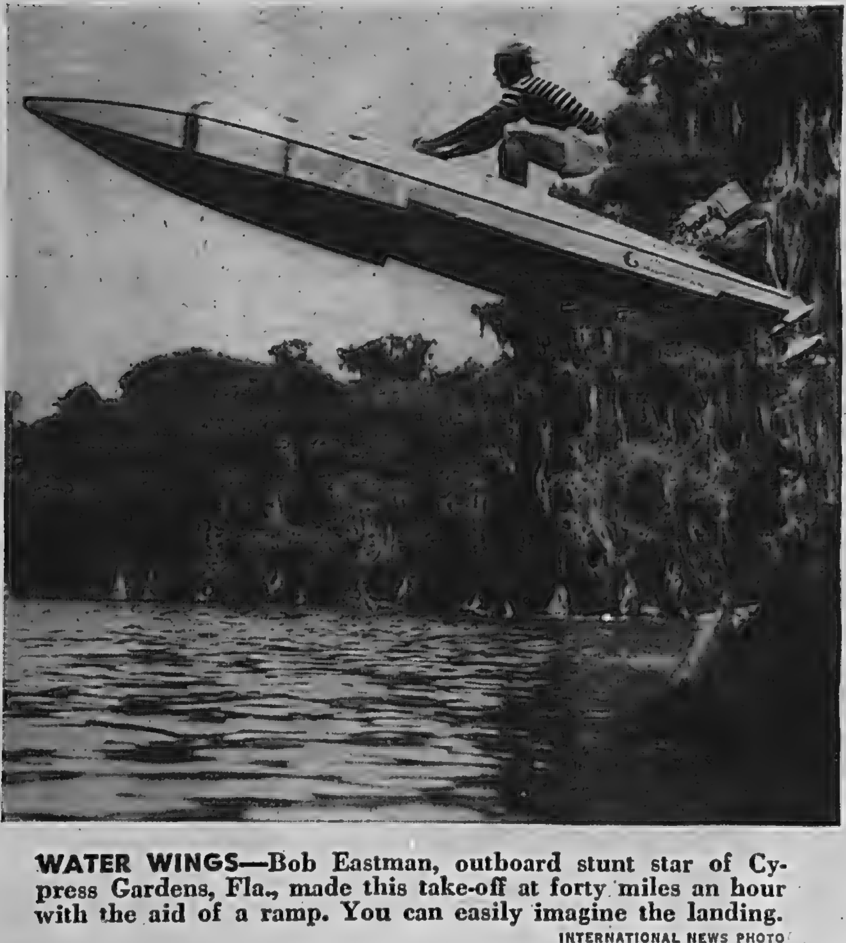
None of these questions looks important, and some of them seem ridiculous. But the way they're answered is an index to aptitudes. Suppose four candidates are being tested for aptitudes for the following jobs: salesman, civil engineer, office worker, lawyer. The candidate with a bent for selling will reveal it by the likes and dislikes he sets down opposite these queries; the would-be lawyer, civil engineer, and office worker will each express a different reaction to the questions. What line of answers each candidate should make to conform to the general pattern is a trade secret, but it's seemingly silly questions like these—taken in relation to the test as a whole—that make it practically impossible to establish an aptitude you haven't got. They're the inconspicuous booby traps you step on when you bend away from your bent.

For this test, and others that have been tried by years and numbers, are not things dreamed up by amateur psychologists, but the boiled-down synthesis of scientific

(*Continued on page 52*)

MESOZOIC REPTILE—That's what vertebrate paleologists call the dinosaur. 75,000,000 years ago these creatures roamed the earth. This startling replica is a popular Calgary landmark.
KEYSTONE PHOTO

HERO WORSHIP—Michael "Corky" Cronin, five-year-old son of Red Sox manager Joe Cronin, listens in awe as clouting Ted gives out with some trade secrets. These secrets had Williams hitting a cool .357 from last reports.
INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

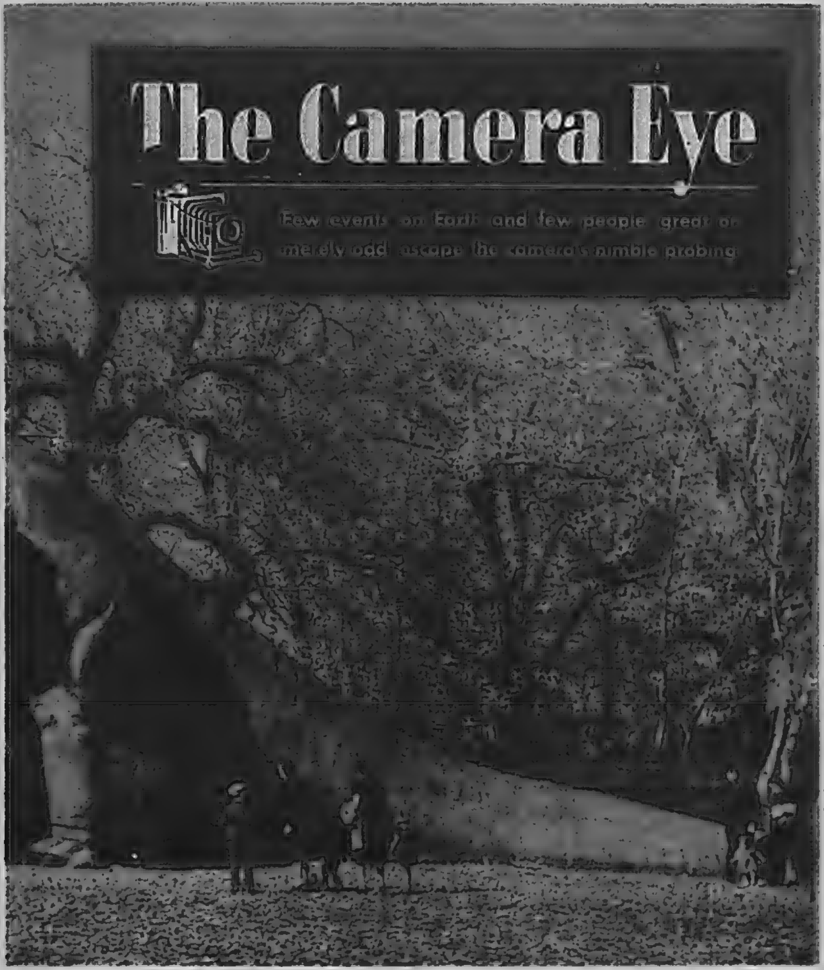


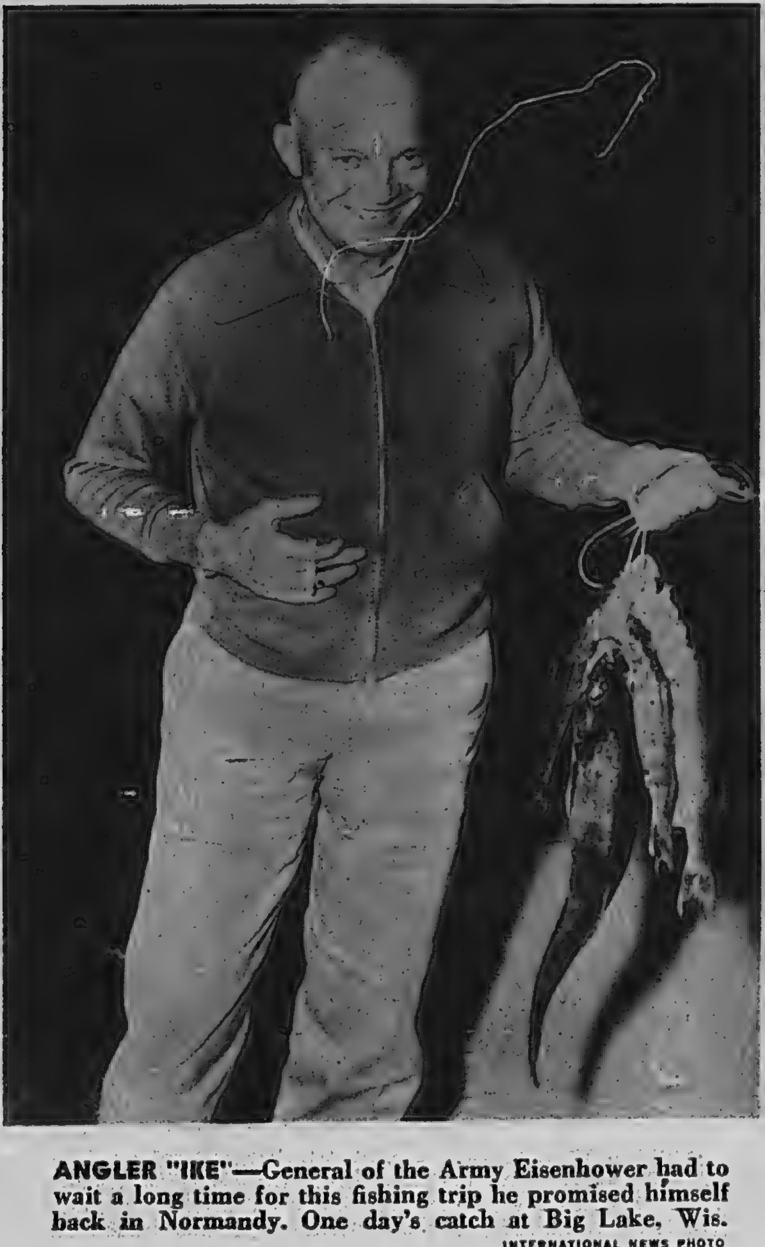
WATER WINGS—Bob Eastman, outboard stunt star of Cypress Gardens, Fla., made this take-off at forty miles an hour with the aid of a ramp. You can easily imagine the landing.
INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

TOKYO BEST SELLER—Two Japanese bootblacks share a copy of the life of General MacArthur. 800,000 copies have been sold at 15 cents. So far, nobody has asked for his money back.
INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

The Camera Eye

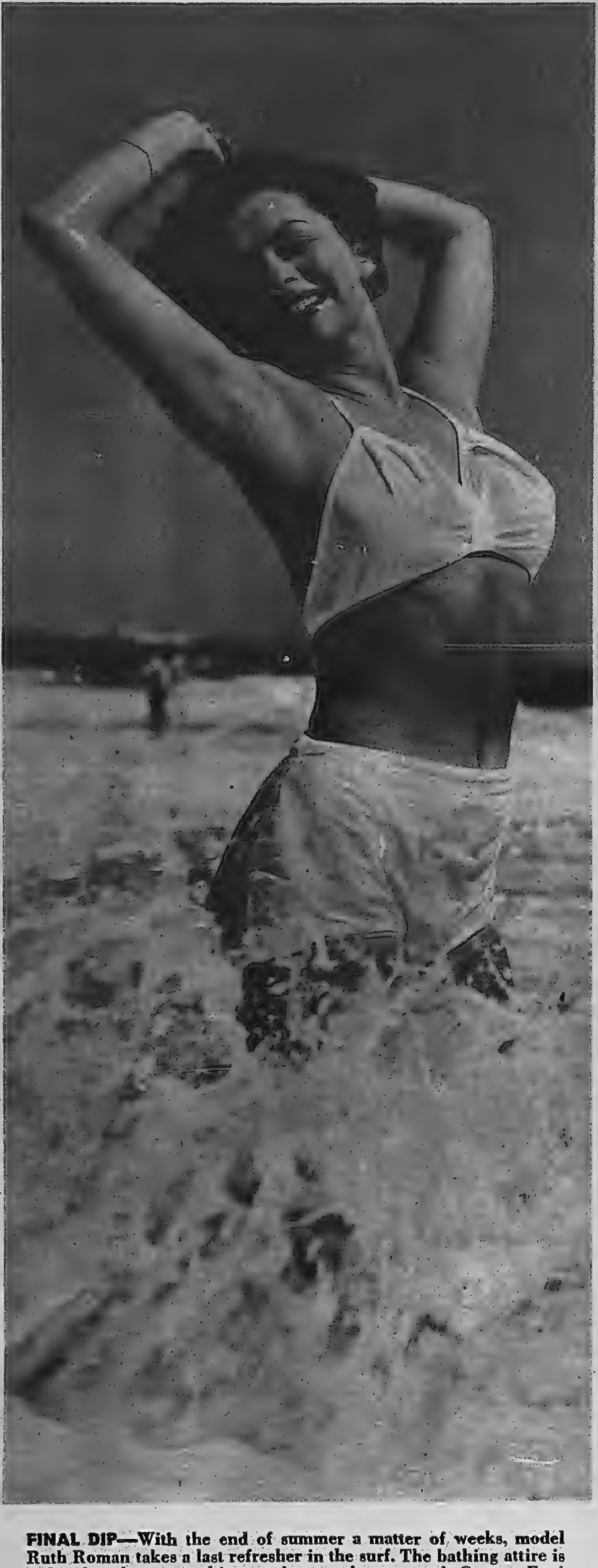
Few events on Earth and few people great or merely odd escape the camera's nimble probing





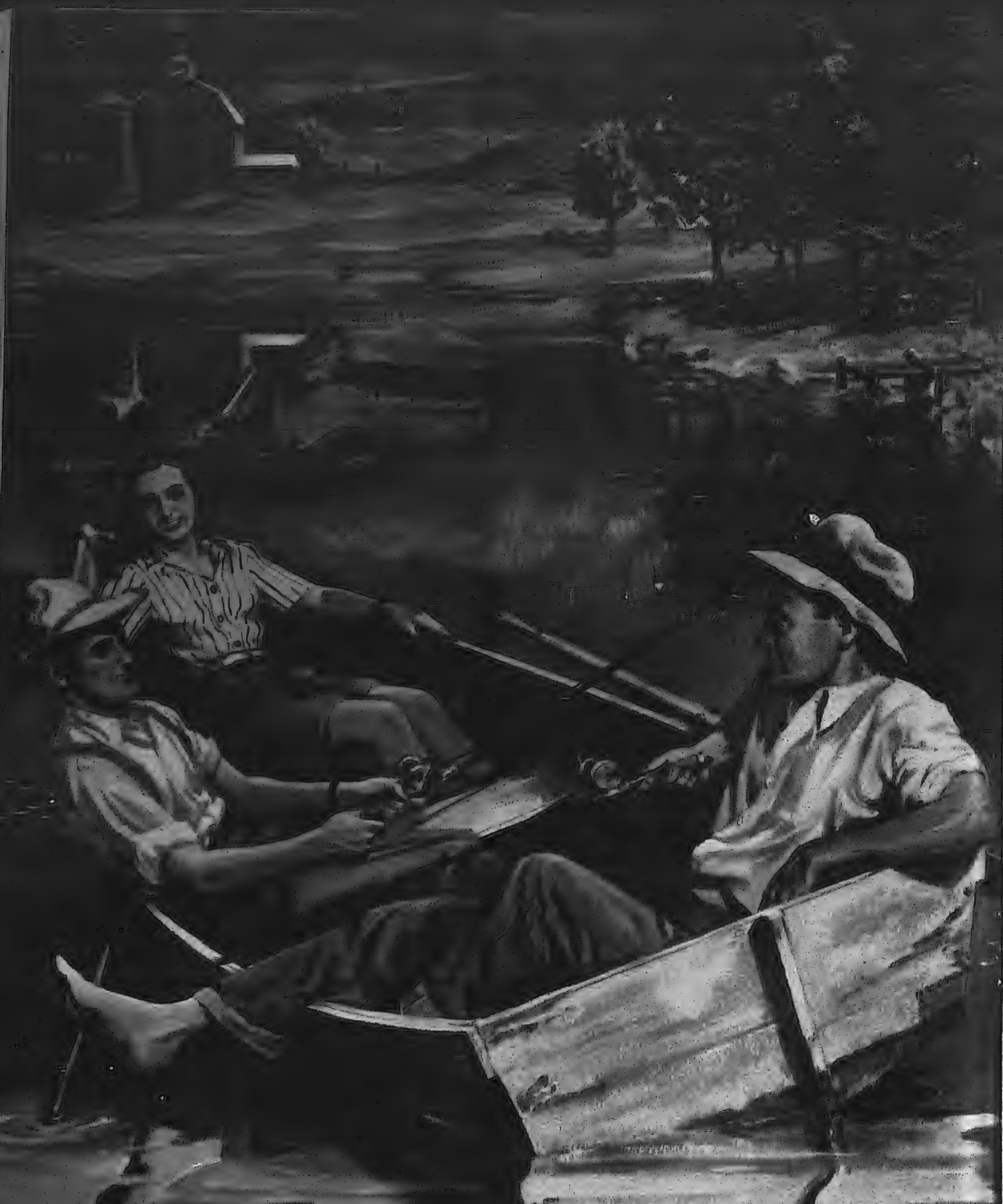
ANGLER "IKE"—General of the Army Eisenhower had to wait a long time for this fishing trip he promised himself back in Normandy. One day's catch at Big Lake, Wis.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO



FINAL DIP—With the end of summer a matter of weeks, model Ruth Roman takes a last refresher in the surf. The bathing attire is as brief as they came this year, but watch next year's Camera Eye!

PHOTO BY ANDRE DE DIENES



Every young fellow who figures his future lies in the big towns would do well to get acquainted with Steve, Mr. Stratton—and Binnie

A HAPPY MAN

BY GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR KALIN

MR. STRATTON was glad his elder and more energetic daughter was coming to see him, but he shuddered at the thought of the unknown young man Claire was bringing with her. Even in college, Claire had had the habit of turning up with the oddest gentlemen in tow, and Mr. Stratton had suffered a good deal from them.

Claire was now a lady reporter on an important newspaper in the East, and Mr. Stratton hadn't seen her in six months. She was taking ten days' vacation, and the man she was bringing home with her was one Stephen Anderson who did something remarkable on the paper.

Whether or not she was engaged to this shadowy Stephen, Mr. Stratton didn't know.

"Maybe they're just going steady," he reflected and heartily wished his younger daughter, Binnie, was about, so he could talk to her.

Binnie was a nice restful girl and appreciative of her father. She had, however, gone off on a horse and thus gotten out of meeting her sister and her sister's young man at the station.

There was a rustling sound and Mrs. Stratton appeared in the doorway, small and blonde and fluttery. She had an eternal air of being unable to cope with anything, which was most misleading.

"Time to go, George."

Mr. Stratton groaned. He noted wryly that though it was a warm day, his wife was drawing on her white gloves. Millie considered herself undressed if she went downtown with her hands bare.

Mr. Stratton unwillingly entered the hall, which shone. So did the whole house, for Millie and Ethelda, the colored maid, had labored for a week and made Mr. Stratton miserable. Why it had to be so unreasonably neat and clean for Claire and her unknown, he couldn't see.

"I hope," said Mrs. Stratton, tripping down the front steps, "that he'll like that new blue bedspread. A young man would like blue, wouldn't he?"

"Sure," Mr. Stratton mumbled.

"George! You aren't wearing that awful old hat?"

Mr. Stratton sighed, because it was a soft hat and shaded his face. He was heard to remark that he didn't see why they should make such a fuss for anyone they didn't even know.

His wife's blue eyes became brighter still. "Why, George! We want him to see that Claire comes of nice people, don't we?"

Mr. Stratton went back and got his Homburg hat. He was quite used to Millie's idea that all humanity was divided into two classes, people who were nice and people who weren't.

He then examined himself in the hall mirror and perceived a thin, rather dry gentleman with a merry brown face. He supposed he might look like nice people, but wasn't sure. He began to be very much alarmed over the prospect of Claire's important young man.

By the time they reached the station his alarm had become even more intense. For it was a very dingy little station and not the kind a remarkable young man from the East would care for. And Statesville itself, Mr. Stratton now saw, was merely a miserable small town. Claire's unknown Mr. Anderson would sniff at it. He would also sniff at the Stratton house, which was wooden and white and adorned with architectural gingerbread. And he would patronize Mr. Stratton.

Having thus seen the town, his house, and himself through the eyes of the magnificent Mr. Anderson, Mr. Stratton entered a state of fearful depression.

"George," said his wife, getting fluttery, "tell me what time it is."

Mr. Stratton fumbled dolefully for his watch, and the station agent appeared and stared up the track.

"Mornin', Miz Stratton. Hear Claire's comin' home. Bringin' some fella with her, ain't she?"

Mr. Stratton marveled at the efficacy of the local gossip grapevine. As soon as the train pulled in, everyone in town would know what Claire's new young man looked like.

There was a thin whistle to the north and Mrs. Stratton pulled out her handkerchief, straightened her hat, and dropped her bag all at once.

"George! GEORGE! I'm so excited!"

Mr. Stratton wasn't excited; he was merely scared. He stooped to pick up his wife's bag and so missed the sublime spectacle of the Daylight Special steaming in.

Mrs. Stratton waved her handkerchief. "There she is! She's got on a new grey dress. George! Don't be so stupid, George!"

Mr. Stratton, told not to be stupid, immediately became so and stared at the baggage car with his mouth wide open. As Claire did not seem to be contained in it, he followed his wife, who had begun to run.

THE porter descended from the parlor car and patronized Statesville. He languidly deposited two suitcases and a blue bag on the platform. He held out his hand and a queenly young woman tripped down the steps.

"Momma! Poppa!" called Claire in a scream.

Mr. Stratton had forgotten there was so much of his daughter, that she was so tall, that her golden hair swept up so smartly, that her eyes were so gray, that her manner was so imperious. He felt as much startled as if some goddess had come to town.

"Hi, Miss Claire," said the station agent and spat on the platform.

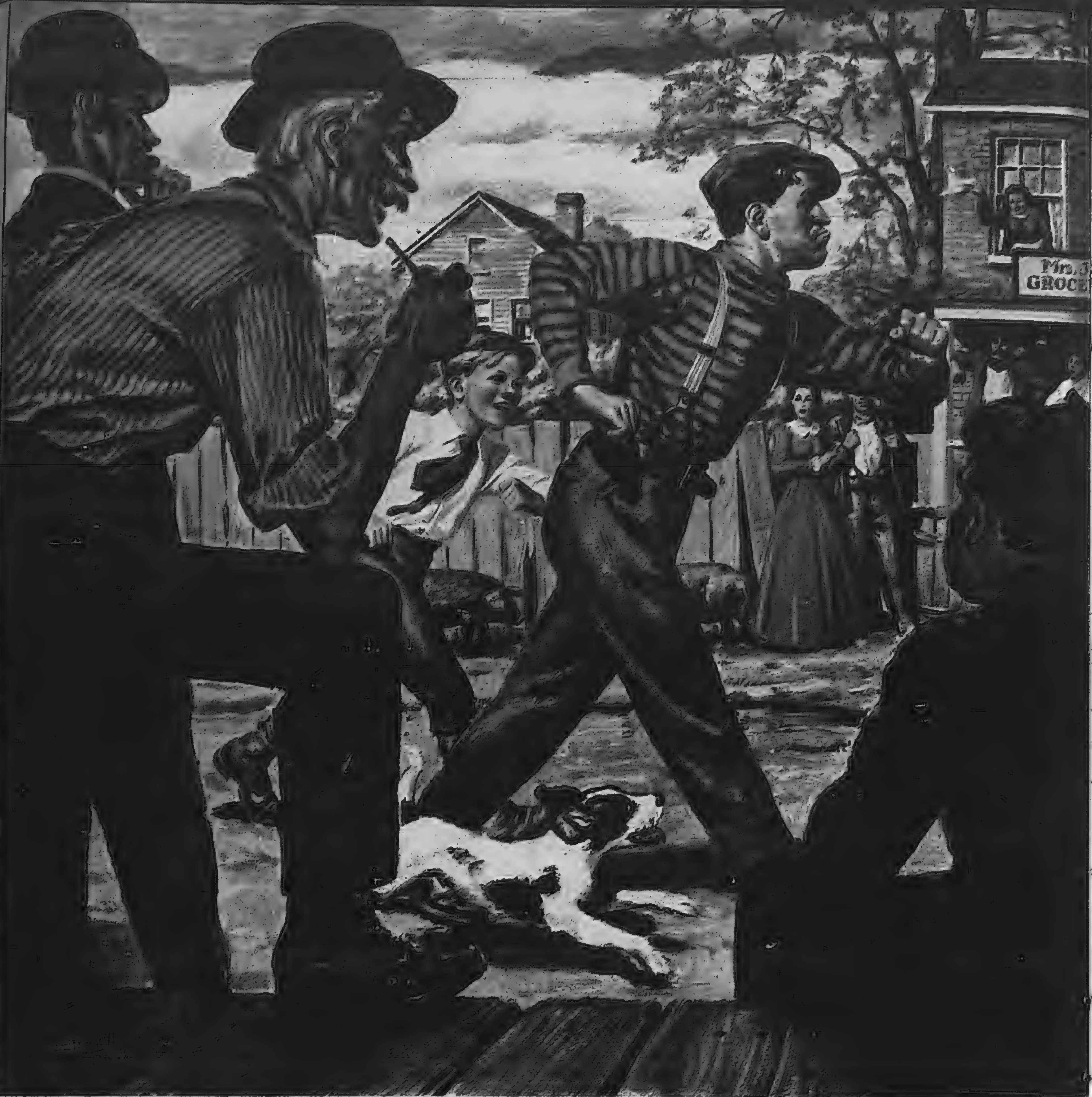
"Hi, Joe," called Claire. "Momma! Momma! Momma!" She flung her arms about Mrs. Stratton, who had now lost her bag and her gloves and was about to lose her hat.

His daughter was certainly making a magnificent entrance, Mr. Stratton thought, and then remembered there might be a young man somewhere about.

There was only one in sight and he looked as scared as Mr. Stratton. He seemed to be long and lean and not in the least magnificent. His sandy hair was quite out of order and his tan suit had suffered from the train. A few freckles danced upon his face and it was quite evident he didn't have the remotest idea what he was expected to do next.

(*Continued on page 72*)

Under the hot sun, in an old row boat on Sawyer's Pond, Mr. Stratton delightedly wiggled his toes.



Crowds gathered in front of the general store to lend him hearty encouragement and small boys imitated his style.

It is doubtful that the man lives who could
outwalk Jack Jones Quarry, the strange stone artist who
once set New Jerusalem on its heels and toes

BY HOWARD THOMAS

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

The Melancholy Walker

JACK JONES QUARRY was walking champion of New Jerusalem. That was in the horse-and-buggy days, when walking was a necessity. Jack was Welsh and Quarry was not his surname. In those days New Jerusalem was a Welsh settlement. The Welsh wasted little time in seeking original names for their children.

As a result, there might be five or six men in the village with the same names. To distinguish one man from another, the Welsh tacked on either the man's trade, the name of his house, or the locality in which he lived. Hence, when Jack Jones Quarry was mentioned, everyone knew which Jack Jones was meant.

Jack wasn't an ordinary quarryman. He was an artist in stone. His little shop stood at the entrance to grandfather's quarry. Jack was a familiar sight on a summer day, standing in front of his shop with chisel and hammer, carving out the Welsh inscriptions on the limestone slabs that give a touch of immortality to those who have passed on. Jack had his own system for decorations—crossed guns and sabers for Civil War veterans, oak wreaths for ordinary folks, lambs for little children. He carved them all with an air of reverence and often shed a tear over the little lambs.

Maybe that was because he had lost his two little boys in the creek. Jack became a drinking man from that day. It was a common sight to see him in his cups of an evening, or to hear him singing Welsh hymns at the top of his voice as he passed our house on his way home. The neighbors said Jack was a light sleeper. Even the barking of a dog would cause him to lie awake for hours.

That is how Jack Jones Quarry became the walking champion of New Jerusalem. After counting sheep vainly for an hour, he would get up, put on his clothes, and walk several miles through the countryside, "walking himself to sleep," according to his neighbors.

It was at Goshen Hall, the center of activities in New Jerusalem, that Jack heard about heel-and-toe walking. Two young fellows from Utica came up one night and gave an exhibition in the long, narrow hall that formed one wing of the inn. At first the natives howled with laughter at such antics. They were used to straightforward walking with no frills. These Utica fellows were using not only their legs but their arms and their heads. It was all too funny for words. Yet there was something contagious about it. Young farmers began to take the floor. They tried their best cross-country strides, but were soon outdistanced by the city slickers.

If there is anything a small villager hates, it is to have someone from the city outclass him in anything. Soon half the male population of New Jerusalem was out on the floor of Goshen Hall, imitating as best it could the peculiar antics of the two men from Utica.

The germ had been planted. From that night on, New Jerusalem became the heel-and-toe capital of Oneida County. Everyone walked heel and toe, from Grandpa Merriman down to the smallest boy in the village. It was a natural thing that Jack Jones Quarry, the veteran of many a nocturnal hike, should take to the new fad. It was also a foregone conclusion that he should win every contest held at Goshen Hall during the following months. The time had come to seek opposition from the surrounding countryside.

MATT FANNING was running Goshen Hall at the time. Matt was one of those men who could see beyond the ends of their noses. He sensed that the heel-and-toe craze would run its course. He wanted to capitalize on it while the griddle was hot. So he took the village by the horns one night by offering a fifty-dollar prize to the winner of an all-county heel-and-toe contest he intended to run off in his hall.

Flaming posters appeared as if by magic in New Jerusalem and the neighboring villages. Even Utica and Rome had a few, though no one expected city slickers to lower themselves by competing with country bumpkins. The posters proclaimed the time and length of the contest. One hundred miles, they said, in four nights, the first walker to complete the distance to be the winner of the fifty dollars.

Despite the ballyhoo, entries came in slowly. The reputation of Jack Jones Quarry had been carried for a radius of twenty miles, and few heel-and-toe specialists cared to match strides with the champion of New Jerusalem. Up to the day of the contest only Long Bill Hanks, the Boonville champion, had dared to enter the lists. This entry whetted the appetites of Jack's followers, for Hanks had beaten every heel-and-toe walker north as far as Watertown and had finished second to a touring expert from New York.

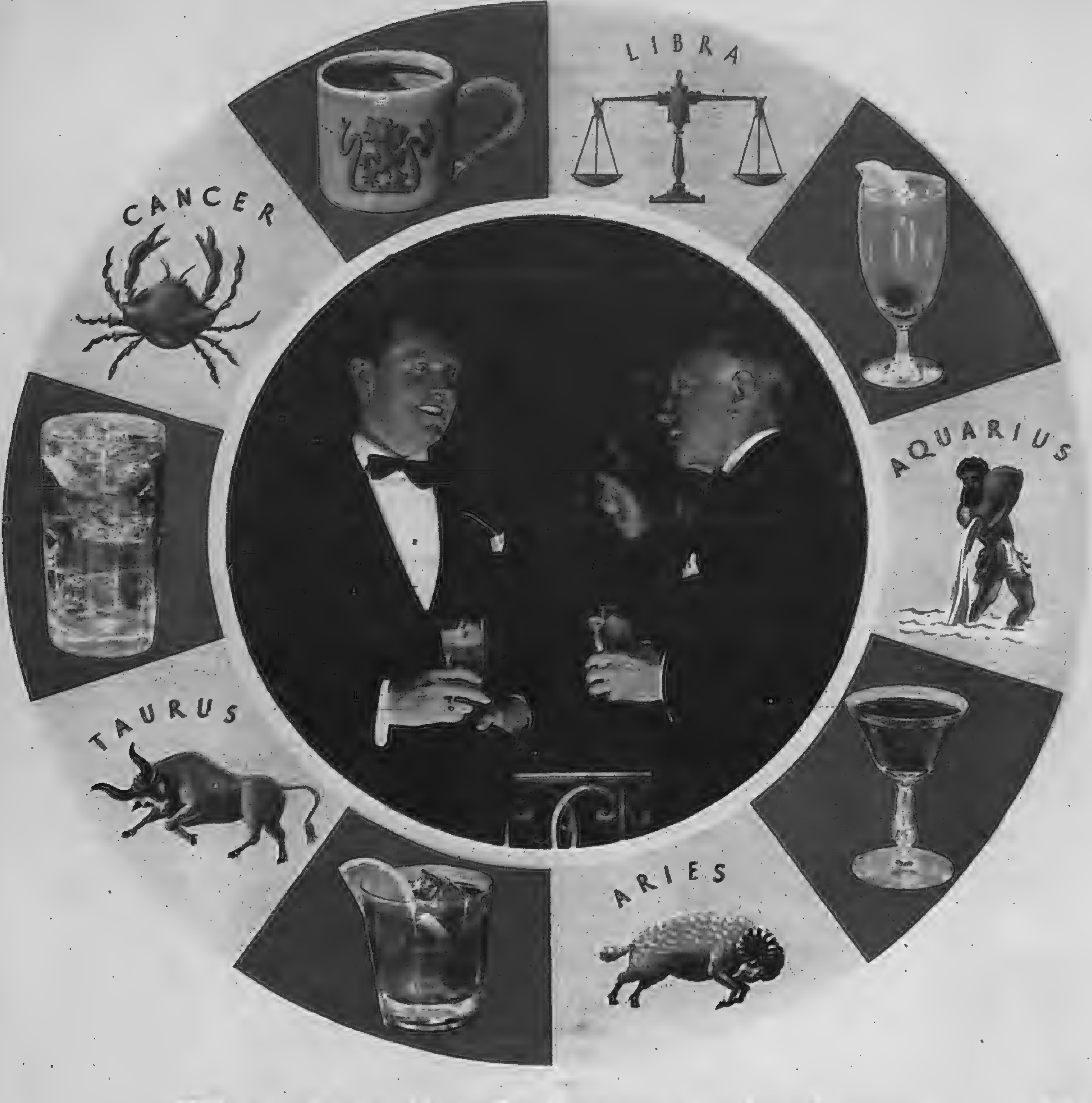
Jack trained faithfully for the contest. It was late in the fall, and the quarry was preparing to shut down for the winter, so our champion had plenty of time on his hands. I can see him now, bouncing along the road with his chin stuck out in front of him like the prow of a schooner, and his arms driving piston fashion ahead of his bandy legs. Crowds gathered in front of the general store to lend him hearty encouragement and small boys imitated his style. Strangers from Boonville watched him carefully and accepted odds on their money.

Jack also gave up drinking, for the rumor had come through that Long Bill Hanks was a teetotaler with a remarkable record for endurance. Jack had always weakened on the last few laps, but he had usually been so far ahead of his competitors that tiring on the stretch had not hurt his chance of winning. He was taking no risks this time, for he would never be able to live down a defeat at the hands of the Boonville walker.

THE day of the race dawned bright and sunny. Rigs of all description began to descend upon New Jerusalem right after noon. The afternoon train brought in heel-and-toe enthusiasts from Utica and all the intervening villages. Matt Fanning's wife had to serve the evening meal in three sittings. Matt engaged three men to satisfy the enormous thirst that congregated around his bar.

Long Bill Hanks appeared, flanked by two sports in loud checks. He was so tall he had to stoop in order to get through the door. There was an easy smile on his dark face and a confidence in his manner which

(Continued on page 68)



What does the Zodiac say about you?

If your sign is Libra (born between Sept. 23 and Oct. 23), you are a great one for sociability and congeniality. (Superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey is a "natural" for you.)

If your sign is Aquarius (Jan. 21 through Feb. 19), you have many friends. (And you'll have even *more* if you serve your guests cocktails made with delicious Kinsey.)

If your sign is Aries (March 21 through April 19), you're enthusiastic by nature. (Oh, boy! You'll reach *new heights* of enthusiasm when you enjoy Kinsey's mild, mellow flavor!)

If your sign is Taurus (April 20 through May 20), you delight in pleasure and the good things of life. (For pleasure at its finest, you *can't beat* that matchless Kinsey quality.)

If your sign is Cancer (June 22 through July 22), you know how to cater to people. (In that case, you're probably an old hand at serving drinks made with light, flavor-full Kinsey.)

Note to Leos, Capricorns, etc.: Sorry we couldn't include you all. But *whatever* your sign, in all your born days you've never tasted a finer, more satisfying blend than Kinsey Whiskey. Try Kinsey . . . *tonight!*

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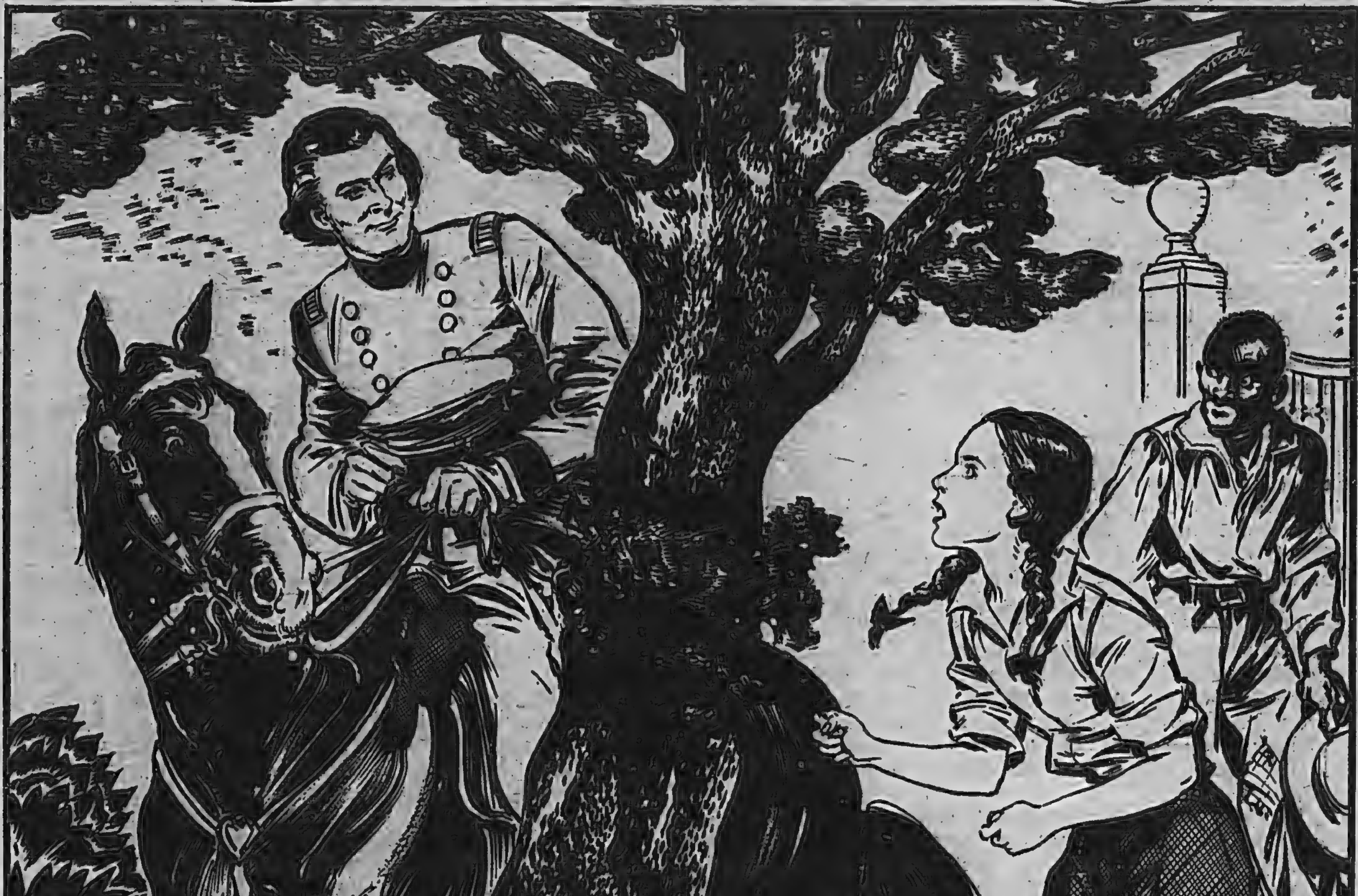
CAPTAIN GRANT

BY SHIRLEY SEIFERT

Soon after his graduation from West Point, Ulysses Grant fell in love with spirited Julia Dent. Her aristocratic father opposed the match, but Julia saw in Grant what the nation was later to see. This section from a fictionalized biography of the Union's defender tells a tender, little-known story of the great general as a shy young man.



ILLUSTRATED BY *GEORGE TETZEL*

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION · *READING TIME: ONE EVENING*

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A MOUSE couchant, the heraldry of romance would have named it, with puckered ears, beads of eyes, bristle whiskers—slightly awry—and a tail of silk wrapped about wire. It crouched on circular layers of colored worsted. It was a creature of character and whimsy. Its imperfections multiplied its charm.

"It's a penwiper," Fred Dent explained to his roommate at West Point. "Judy made it for you. She's an odd chick that way. Funny little old thingumajig—sort of crazy, don't you think?"

"No," Ulysses said, inexpressibly touched. "I think it's nice."

Thingumajig—nothing like this had ever happened to him before. He always meant to write Fred's young sister in Missouri a letter of appreciation, but all sorts of things intervened. Thingumajig—he accepted Fred's name and grew superstitiously fond of the penwiper animal. Coming in at the end of a tough day, it was something to meet Thingumajig's bright eyes sparkling at him above the whimsical whiskers.

"Up and at 'em boy!" the mouse seemed to say. "You're doing all right."

Ulysses Grant took the little beast in his hands and stood, stroking the gray velvet back with his fingers. Odd stuff, velvet. Soft and at the same time rough to the touch. This would be a scrap from some lady's fine dress. A fine lady—some one of the Dents' high connections. Nice of Fred's little sister to sew up a thing like that for a fellow she might never come to know. What was her name? Julia—pretty name.

Ulysses went back to his desk.

"I must work hard," he wrote to his father, "for I have set all my heart now on that commission in the Regiment of Dragoons."

"YEO, Sam! Yeo-o-o-o!" His friends at the Military Academy called him Sam.

A flattering cross fire of hails greeted Ulysses on his way to the stables to saddle the big red stallion, York, for the last exhibition drill. Ulysses raised his hand in greeting to all and sundry. *All* were his friends, tried and true. *Sundry* were this year's plebes—but a good crowd, at that. He had instructed a couple of sections of mathematics that last year, and had come to know some of the youngsters pretty well.

"Yeo, Sam! Yeo-o-o!"

"How is he?" Ulysses asked Private Shaughnessy, who cared for the horse, at York's stall.

"Fine—the devil!" Shaughnessy answered. "He knows it is a big night. Take no foolishness from him, boy—Mr. Grant, sir. Old Fuss and Feathers Scott will be there and other bigwigs. Show them what you can do, but don't get yourself hurt now. Go on, and good luck attend you!"

The narrow oval of the riding hall was taxed beyond capacity to accommodate visitors. Extra seats and board benches were placed wherever possible. Exposed beams were hung with nimble cadets. Other spectators were crowded under the eaves. As the doors opened and the picked troop rode into the hall behind colors borne on lances, there was a murmur like the breaking of a light surf.

Not one of those mounted, fortunate enough to have sweetheart, sister, or mother present, could have picked out his beloved in the froth of flounces and ribbons that represented the ladies, or have known his own father or brother among the men in and out of uniform; but there was one presence that nothing could obscure. That, of course, was Major General Winfield S. Scott. As the troop paraded in review before him, he stood to acknowledge the honor; and, as always, a galvanic thrill shocked Ulysses to the heart. People said the Major General was beginning to show his years, that he was growing whimsical and crochety. Ridiculous! White hairs sprinkled the leonine head; but General Scott was probably, and fittingly, immortal. If the Secretary of War was present, he was one of the dull frock coats in the General's shadow. Deferentially, in part of the shadow, also stood the General's favorite aide, Captain Robert E. Lee of the Engineers.

Ulysses' cheeks were flushed and his blue eyes were fever-bright; he held his head high. Mounted on York, he was any man's equal. At the sudden blare of trumpets, the stallion shivered and pawed the tanbark. Ulysses, sharing his restlessness, held York and himself in line.

"Good boy!" he said. "Behave yourself now."

York's behavior was perfect. So was that of all the horses. Hoofs beat a soft rhythm on the tanbark, sabers flashed, women clapped and men cheered. Once, as Ulysses dismounted, then caught York as he passed at a run, and threw himself on his back in time to take a hurdle, someone in the stands screamed. There was a crescendo of applause, followed by a broken murmuring.

"Who is he—the small cadet with the big red horse? Amazing! Born to the saddle surely!"

Ulysses rode York back with the others to the starting line. The stands rose to pay the troop tribute. The clapping and the cheering hushed, then broke out afresh as the riding master stepped out into the ring. He held up his hand.

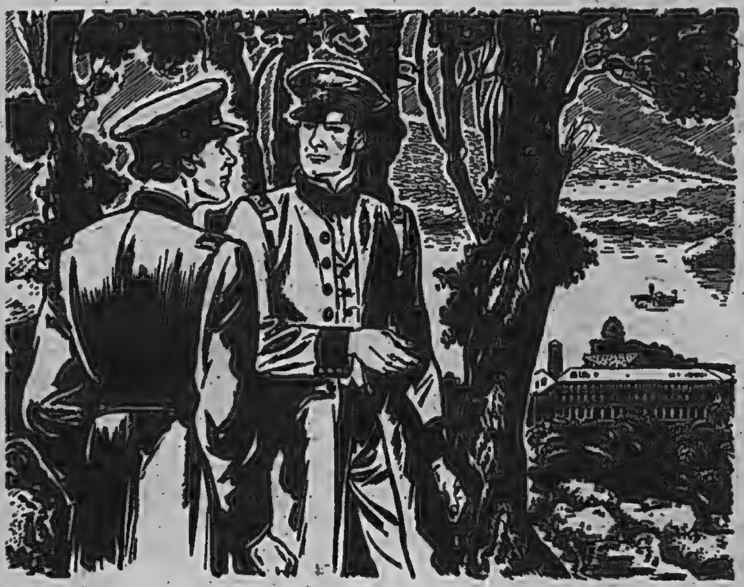
"May I ask for quiet, please?"

Ulysses put his hand on York's neck. The stallion was sweating, but breathed easily.

"Mr. Grant!" Ulysses jerked to attention and so did York, as if he knew the name. Ulysses spoke to him again and pulled him two paces ahead of the line. As they came to a stand, a subdued ripple of cheering rose.

"How young he is! That color! How cool and steady! And look . . . oh, look! Yonder, at the other end of the hall! No, don't look! He'll never make it. It isn't possible."

Shaughnessy was setting the bar for a jump, and he was setting it high. Ulysses had no idea of attempting the impossible. Instead of riding at the jump at once, he rode at a walk down the length of the ring, to read the mark for himself, to measure the distance between the hurdle and the wall. He nodded to Shaughnessy. York had done that well over and over in practice, though never for show; and the distance beyond the jump was enough, though with not a foot to spare. He headed back for his starting position. At a word and a light pull on the reins, the stallion quickened his pace. At the head of the arena he was ready to break into a full gallop for the ride back. They went thundering down the tanbark toward the jump.



From the instant of turning, Ulysses knew what the result would be. He felt the surge of speed and power, the indomitable gathering of sinews and will for the soaring leap. They cleared the bar by a good half inch. For a bit then Ulysses had his hands full, helping York to recover, easing him out of his run and back into his place in line. That done, cheers seemed to break over his head.

"Five feet, seven and a half inches, ladies and gentlemen!"

Outside in the soft night, Ulysses' companions were solemn in their praise.

"Glory, Sam, that was a dinger! Nobody will ever do better."

It was not to be expected that he should sleep much that night and he did not. At break of morning his head was still a little fuzzy. A summons to appear at Major Delafield's office was a dousing of cold water, though his friends assured him he was going to a just reward.

"It will be something fine, Sam. It's got to be."

And he himself thought it might be, even after he reached the Superintendent's office and Major Delafield received him with open hand and congratulations on his ride; but, when the Major got behind his desk as behind a rampart, Ulysses' heart sank.

"Grant, about your preference for a commission in the Dragoons. I'm sorry to have to inform you that brevets for that service are not being given this year. The War Department has decided to dismount one of the two regiments of horse, leaving only the First, with its rolls overcrowded. No place can be made for you."

One year of groping, seasoned with wretchedness, followed by three years of planning and endeavor, cancelled in less than a minute! Ulysses felt the very floor sag under his feet.

"Then . . . it is the infantry for me, sir?"

"I'm afraid so."

He had no choice. He never had had a choice. Possibly he never would have one. All his life might be like this —taking his orders, liking them or not. When the Major asked him about infantry regiments, he said something about having friends in the Fourth. That was all there was to the interview.

When he stepped outside, he had no words to tell his friends what had happened. They found out in other ways and gave him their mute sympathy, and left him to face his disappointment alone. Somehow he got through the day. By evening the bruising ache in his chest had not eased the least bit.

Dusk found him marching doggedly up a deserted wagon road that paralleled the river. He did not know where he walked or why. But he did not find solitude. In the loneliness of the road his footsteps raised echoes, which came, multiplied, to his ears: plop, plop, plop—like a platoon on the march. He shook the sound out of his ears and trudged on. But the echoes followed stubbornly.

It was quite dark when he came back to the Point. Through the trees, lights twinkled in windows.

"Good evening! A beautiful sight, isn't it?" a clear voice said; and from the darkness ahead, a tall man in army uniform appeared on the road. Ulysses came automatically to attention, recognizing promptly voice and figure. The man had turned and was looking back at the Academy.

"The most beautiful spot in this beautiful land, I think," Captain Lee said easily. "It put a spell on me fifteen years ago that still holds. . . . See here, don't I know you? To be sure, I do. You're the young man who made that marvelous jump last night. A splendid show!"

"The horse," Ulysses said stiffly, bitterness thick in his throat, "made the jump, not I."

"A good horse," the other agreed. "I know something of them myself, I fancy. Just the same, you gave him a superb ride. Well, good night, and good luck to you. In the army we shall perhaps meet again."

Ulysses saluted. Meet again? The brilliant captain of engineers, a soldier by birth and choice and fitness, the favorite of the General in Chief of the army—and the Ohio tanner's son, a brevet lieutenant of infantry, a soldier only by chance? It seemed unlikely.

HOME on furlough, Fred Dent, Ulysses' roommate, had discovered that two years' absence had made a cleavage between him and old association. All the while he had been away he had marked off the days and weeks and months, counting on his return to St. Louis and particularly to Whitehaven, his family's country home on Gravois Creek in St. Louis County; and, now that he returned, he was as restless as an unfamiliar spirit. He couldn't understand it.

At first Fred thought Whitehaven had changed, but it hadn't really. Whitehaven was the sort of place that mellowed with the flight of time. It never altered in the essentials. Twenty years before this Frederick Dent, Senior, a stranger to St. Louis, and a little oppressed by his efforts to be a successful merchant there, had seen the place one week and bought it the next because, he said, both the house and the thousand acres of land that went with it reminded him irresistibly of the home he had left behind in Maryland. Each year the owner—a Colonel now with the weight of years and prestige—had devoted less time to trade and more to planting. Each year the family closed the town house earlier in the spring and returned to it later in the fall.

The house was not new when Colonel Dent bought it. It had been built by a Virginian, who had established the broad gracious lines of the dwelling—notably a two-story veranda that extended all across the front and wide stone chimneys that stood out from the end walls and, inside, a dividing central hall with a stairway.

Then, having built a house to outlast his lifetime, the Virginian had sold the place and moved on. The contributions of the second owner were more bizarre than beautiful. This gentleman, a retired naval officer, had apparently been homesick for the sea, because he had built on at the rear of the house a room that was a facsimile of a ship's cabin.

This cabin John Dent, the first-born son, had preempted on sight, sharing it later with his brothers as they came along. To it now Fred had returned, to find it, in spite of his barracks experience, somewhat cramped. His older brothers, John and Wrenshall, were also spending their summer vacations at Whitehaven. These two had taken positions as clerks in their Cousin John O'Fallon's bank. Now Fred found them both citified young dandies. From their civilian world they looked askance at Fred in uniform and he more so at them.

Fred hardly knew then where to turn for companionship at home. Lewis, the other brother, was only a child. That left Judy, the sister two years Fred's junior. He remembered her fondly as a most satisfactory companion, especially in field and woods—as agile as any boy, a collector of butterflies and other wild things, and an excellent fisherman.

But Judy, too, had changed. She was Miss Julia now. Winters she lived with the O'Fallons in St. Louis, learning of Colonel Dent's niece, the beautiful Caroline Sheets O'Fallon, the manners of a lady, and attending, along with young Carrie O'Fallon, an expensive and exclusive young ladies' seminary.

In a mood, then, of simmering revolt, one bright July day Fred put on old jeans and, shouldering a fishing rod, set out to see whether Gravois Creek had also undergone some fearful metamorphosis. Almost immediately he heard steps behind him; and there were John and Wren with their fishing poles, followed by small Lewis and two barefooted black boys with bait cans and a minnow pail. Presently only one thing was missing.

"I wish we had thought to ask Judy," Fred said.

"We did think of it," Wren said, "but mamma thought not. Sure as anything she'd scratch her face or her hands; and, with company coming, she shouldn't."

"Well, if you ask me," Fred said, "Judy pays a heavy price for being a lady."

"I'm sure Judy thinks so, too," John agreed.

JUDY did think so. At this moment she was in the upstairs bedroom which she shared with her sister Nellie. Her head was bowed over a bit of sewing in her hands, but rebellion simmered in her heart.

Julia and Nellie were supposed to be snatching forty winks, but both were wide awake. Nellie in chemise and petticoat was sprawled across the bed, ruffling the pages of a magazine. Julia had not even taken off her dress. Feet pattered up the stairsteps and across the hall.

"Miss Julia, yore mamma say if you are sewin', you are not to take another stitch. She say they ain't no call to put yore eyes out. She'll help you tomorrow and they ain't no rush nohow."

"Bother!" Julia rubbed her eyes. "I haven't been at it more than five minutes."

The dark head, weighted by a mass of hair, brushed smoothly and arranged in braids looped and tied with scarlet ribbon, drooped again to the needlework. Nellie crowed with sudden pleasure.

"Julie, here's a picture of a soldier. In the *Lady's Book.*

It says, 'A Young Lady goes for a stroll, attended by the Military.' Julie, when you grow up, shall you marry a soldier?"

Julia did not answer. Black Kitty down in the kitchen had read her cards just lately. The cards said . . .

"Judy?" Nellie insisted.

"Not unless I'm asked," Julia said.

"Not . . . but, of course, you will be asked!"

Assailed suddenly by the bleakest of prospects—not to be sought in marriage—Nellie rolled over and sat up, hugging her knees and staring, appalled, into the future. Julia had to laugh at her.

"Well, don't worry," she said. "You will be—ten times to my one."

Julia considered Nellie much prettier than she; and, at first glance, everyone else thought the same. The younger girl had hair more brown than black, which escaped in curls around her face and from the ends of her braids when she let them fly, as she did now. Her complexion was fairer. Julia's was a smooth cream that weathered better but did not attract such instant admiration. Nellie's dark gray eyes were bright and flashing. Julia's eyes were a soft, dark brown. There was contemplation in their glance as well as interest. Behind her most impromptu words there was always a second of thought. In consequence, there was already on her small, dark face the indefinable stamp of character; and people who, even after a second look, still said Nellie was the prettier of the two girls, turned away to remember Julia.

"Sister!" Nellie poked a finger into Julia's ribs. "What will you wear this evening?"

"I think I shall wear the new St. Gall's swiss that Cousin Caroline brought me from Baltimore."

Nellie sighed with envy. Julia sighed with satisfaction. Here was a thing she had gained by submitting to transformation. She loved pretty clothes and her Cousin Caroline O'Fallon showered her with them. Caroline was the most gracious, the most generous, the most beautiful woman in all the world. Julia lay still enough now, her eyes fixed on the ceiling but contemplating, rather, a vision of lovely womanhood—lovely to look at and lovely to be; and, somehow, as she dreamed, black Kitty's reading of the cards mingled with other fancy: "Goin' to be a great lady. Goin' to marry a fine husban'—like a king. Everybody bowin' as you all rides by in yore kerridge. . . ."

Julia's lips curved in a smile. Her eyes closed.

"JUST ahead, Lieutenant," the captain of the Cincinnati packet said. "You can see the flag atop of the bluff."

"I see it plainly," Ulysses answered. "Thank you."

The bluffs lacked the verdure of the New York Highlands. The river lacked the majesty of the Hudson and the more placid beauty of the Ohio; but the rock walls had a ragged, wild charm of their own and the tawny stream had the savagery of power.

"We'll make the Barracks landing if you say so," the captain offered. "We are at the command of the Army always."

"I'd be obliged," Ulysses said. "I figured my leave a little closely."

"They all do that. I'll give the order to land."

"Too bad you can't continue on to the city," another passenger said, as the captain turned to mount to the pilot house. "St. Louis shipping is quite a spectacle. Boats arriving or leaving every hour of the day."

"A hive of industry and a land of opportunity," began another.

Ulysses smiled. He had not mingled with his fellow passengers except those who, like himself, preferred the open section forward of the Texas deck. The young man who had just spoken, on the other hand, had done his best to overlook nobody in saloon or the open. From the crown of his ultra-fashionable straw hat to the toes of his well-made kid shoes, he was everything that Ulysses, encased in new army kit, was not; but Ulysses answered him, as he did all, politely.

"I look forward to seeing the city later."

"You are stationed, then, at the Barracks—permanently?"

"Subject to orders," Ulysses said. "I am with the Fourth Infantry."

"Oh!" It was a lady now, clinging to the arm of her husband. "I am disappointed. That beautiful horse of which you have taken such care! I thought you would be of the Cavalry surely."

A cloud touched Ulysses' face. "The horse is my own, ma'am. I hope to be able to keep him at the Post."

"Why, then, I hope so, too," the lady said sweetly. "I am sure you have all our best wishes, Lieutenant. . ."

"Lieutenant Grant, ma'am; and I thank you for your good wishes. I am likely to need them. Now, if you will excuse me, I must see to my belongings."

"Just a minute, please." The pushing, fashionable young man had followed Ulysses to his stateroom. "You speak as one who has just finished at the Military Academy. If that is so, I know a man in your class. The name is Dent."

"No!" Ulysses faced about. "Fred Dent was my best friend at West Point. I'm sorry to report that he was brevetted to the Sixth Infantry—Indian Territory."

"Well, when I say I know him I mean I am more or less acquainted with the family. The Dents have a fine country place only five miles distant from the Barracks."

"In that case, we may meet there. I have promised to call."

"It is remotely possible," the young man said. "Meanwhile, when you come to town, I should be glad to have you look me up."

He handed Ulysses his card. "Henry C. Boggs."

"I will be glad to look you up," Ulysses promised absently, "If I come to town."

"FINE people," Ulysses' friend Pete Longstreet said of the Dents. "Proud to be kin to them. Cousin Frederick is a mite peppery, but Cousin Ellen is sweet as cream. The gals are a little young. The only one grown sufficiently to be interesting, Julia, is in school most of the year. I have hardly seen her. Vivacious, intelligent . . ." he hesitated. "Peppery, too, I think."

The thing was that Pete had too many other friends. He was constantly in demand for balls, cotillions, and whatnot. Ulysses gave him up finally as an escort and set out alone to call on Fred's family. By then it was November and the Dents, Pete said, would be settled in their town house. That meant a longer ride, but it also meant a visit to St. Louis, which, until then, Ulysses had not seen. A subaltern might be a useless appendage, but senior officers found ways enough to keep one busy.

On the day Ulysses set out for his ceremonial call, he spent an hour sprucing himself for the journey and arguing whether or not he should wear epaulets and dress sword and sash. He voted finally against the splendor; but it was three o'clock when he left the reservation, mounted on his horse, Dandy.

Then he dawdled on the road. He had not dreamed he would find so much to see. The road to town took him past low, gabled French cottages of frame or stone, with walled-in gardens. At the north edge of town, picturesqueness ended abruptly in ugly surface coal mines.

The litter of mine shacks gave way then to barren marshland, interrupted by occasional small groves of trees or by miniature stone-fenced farms. Finally road and river swung apart as bluffs rose again; and a quarter of a mile farther along, Ulysses stopped to admire a magnificent estate.

The short winter dusk was going into darkness when he came at last to town.

Ulysses found the Dent house. He had dismounted and was tying Dandy to an iron hitching post, when he took thought of time. It was exactly the supper hour; but, more than that, the house was illuminated from basement to garret. Such brilliance could only mean, he felt, guests; and, overcome by a sudden shyness, he remounted his horse and rode on.

Another minute and he was taking himself to task for cowardice. His shyness had not been sudden. He had felt all along a certain reluctance about meeting Fred's folks. At the Academy he had been more impressed than he would let on by his classmate's connections. Of course, there was the schoolgirl who had sewed up the ridiculous penwiper mouse; but the diffidence was there, just the same.

Too bad! He had ridden to town to make this call. He had invitations for the Christmas ball and the play in his pocket if Fred's brothers might care to use them. Should he go back? Presently. Now that he was headed north, he might as well continue. This might be a good night to look up Mr. Boggs. After supper they might return to the Dent place together.

AT the edge of a small river that cut through the town, Ulysses turned in the wake of a carriage to let it show him the location of a bridge, followed the carriage across the stream and then would have ridden on, except that the carriage, at the command of a woman riding inside, was turned toward the sidewalk and abruptly stopped. Then the same voice spoke again.

"I must ask you to alight here, sir. I do not desire your company farther."

A man's reply was less intelligible. The speaker sounded intoxicated or, perhaps, only abashed.

"I will hear your apologies later, Mr. Ascot—maybe," the lady said. "Now, will you please remove yourself?"

If the young lady—Ulysses was certain she was young—had been merely angry, Ulysses might have kept himself discreetly behind the curtain of darkness; but the slight suggestion of alarm called for better action. He pulled up beside the carriage.

"Madame, are you in need of assistance?"

Instantly a man burst from the vehicle. He was not intoxicated. He stood up, straight and tall and furious.

"She is not," he said emphatically. "The young lady is under my protection; and I will thank you, sir . . ."

The dim radiance of a carriage lamp must have been enough to catch a button on Ulysses' coat or the braid on his cap. The young man faltered. There was a stirring in the carriage. A blurred white face showed behind the glass of the closed window.

"Oh!" The sigh lifted each hair on Ulysses' head. "How can I ever thank you?"

"Now, really," the young man on the sidewalk said wrathfully, "there is no occasion . . ."

"There is every occasion," the young lady protested. "I find your behavior obnoxious . . . don't ever speak to me again!" Then, to Ulysses, appealing. "Sir . . ."

"Madame," Ulysses said, from his heart, "I will be proud to see you safely to your destination."

"Will you? Oh, I do thank you again!"

"I protest!" the man on the sidewalk said.

"Drive on!" Ulysses ordered the coachman; and they left the angry young man where he stood, still protesting. Ulysses' bewilderment was great. His heart beat tattoo on his ribs as the procession moved on. His impressions now of streets and houses and light and darkness were swimming and vague. When the carriage halted finally before a large and handsome residence, he had just presence of mind enough to dismount and offer his hand to the young lady to help her alight.

She was a small young lady. She was a rustle of taffeta flouncing, the soft shadow of a velvet coat fitted to a waist no thicker than his coat sleeve, a plume that drooped from a tiny hat over heavy, netted dark hair, a small, white face and dark eyes, luminous in the dim light, he thought, with tears. The gloved hand that rested lightly in his was incredible. Her voice was now breathless.

"Oh, sir, what you must be thinking! It was just that this young man—I took offense at something he said. Oh . . . you are an officer—in the Army. I . . . will you come into the house and receive the thanks of my guardians?"

The house, upon her words, loomed twice as large and handsome as it had at first appeared. Her guardians? She was the ward of wealth. Ah, he had read too much of romance in books and known too little in reality. Panic seized him. He stammered that he was hardly fit, he had ridden a distance. He remembered his dress sword and sash—ruefully.

Her lips drooped in a pout. "Then you must be content with my poor thanks. Good night!"

"Wait a minute!" Ulysses broke out into the sweat of another sort of terror. "There is something you can do for me."

"Yes?" she waited.

"I am a stranger here. If you would please tell me just where I stand at present, so that I can get my bearings?"

"Why, sir,"—was the minx laughing now?—"you stand at this minute on the corner of Ninth and Locust Streets. Your back is to the South, your face to the North. This is the residence . . . oh!" Panic seemed to seize her then. She picked up the flounced taffeta skirts and fled up the steps. The iron gates sprung open and so did a wide door. There was a glow of light, a murmur of many voices, then darkness again. None of it might have happened. He might have fallen asleep in the saddle and dreamed. . . .

"I's holding the horse, Cap'n, sir," a voice said.

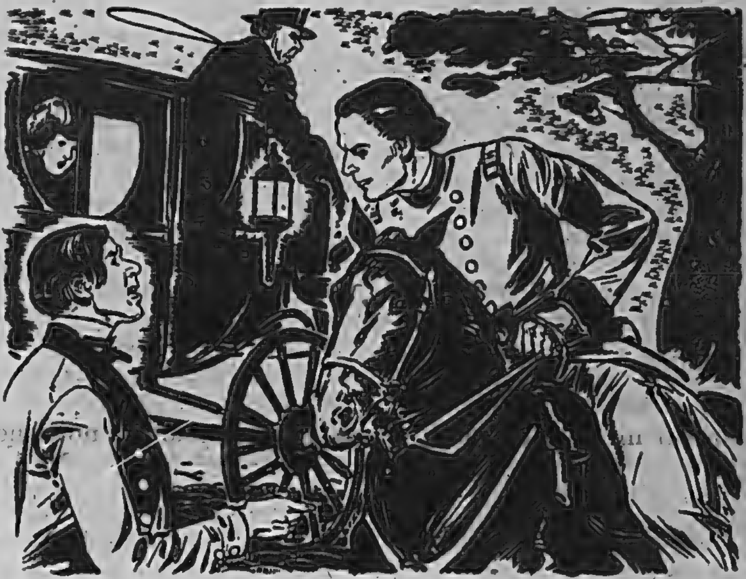
"Yes? Oh, yes. Thank you," Ulysses said uncertainly, taking the leather into his hand again.

"My name's Moses, Cap'n, sir."

"Yes. Thank you, Moses. Thank you."

He was clearly beside himself. In another moment Moses might have said whose coachman he was. He wanted only a little encouragement. But Ulysses mounted and rode off without giving it.

He ate supper in an oyster house. Hours later he traveled through a kind of mist, south over the road by which he had come, with none of his errands accomplished. He had made, he was sure, a complete fool of himself before a girl as remote from him and his station as one of the stars that winged down at him.



ON a raw but sunny day in the following March, the O'Fallon carriage turned into the drive at Whitehaven and set Caroline O'Fallon and Julia on the veranda; and Julia said to her mother: "I've come home to stay."

"I think she is tired of us," Caroline said.

"Oh, no, sweet!" Julia protested. "You and Cousin John have been too wonderful for that!"

"Then, shall we say just tired? It's been a gay winter."

"A lovely winter," Julia said. "It's just . . ."

"Well," Ellen said, "come inside now, do. That wind is sharp. You will have tea, Cousin Caroline?"

"This beautiful, beautiful room!" Julia said, inside the house. "Never change a thing in it, never!" Then, quite abruptly, "Where's papa?"

"Out in the stables, I think. There is a fine young horse, I believe. Run along, if you must; but mind you stay on the walk in those thin kid shoes. And Julia! Call to your father you are coming before you get there. The colt takes fright easily, I am told."

"Strange," Ellen said to Caroline, "that she should be homesick now. You saw how she looked at the room and touched each thing?"

"It is a sweet room—so restful." Caroline O'Fallon sat down. "Julia is always a little homesick for it when she's away. There is nothing in our house that she thinks half so fine—unless it is her piano. Ellen, would you mind if we had it sent out here for her—as a remembrance?"

"No. Certainly send it, if you like. Cousin Caroline, our Julia is a young lady. Is it a young man, do you think?"

"I am quite sure of it," Caroline answered her happily.

"He does not fancy our Julia?" Ellen bristled.

"On the contrary, my dear, he is mad about her. You see, Julia holds him off."

"Oh, then she does not fancy him."

"Of course, she does. Mr. Ascot is a most attractive young man—handsome, rich, well connected. But he was too ardent, perhaps, right at first; and she took fright. I think it began at your house last November. They were doing an errand for me in the carriage and stopped at your place for tea. The young man took, perhaps, a dash of something with his . . ."

"Not with his tea, if I poured it," Ellen objected. "I am most careful about that with young people. But none of this sounds like Julia. If she does not like the young man she will say so and mean it."

"My dear Ellen," Caroline protested, "have you forgotten? Did you fling yourself into Cousin Frederick's arms at his first invitation?"

"I did," Ellen said, unashamed, "or I should not be here now. Well, I thank you for all your kindness; but there it is. I am glad that she is at home."

Home—it was not more than three hundred yards by linear measurement from the house to the stables, but it was much farther by other counts. Julia called a greeting down the steps to the cook in the basement kitchen.

"It's me, Kitty. I've come home to stay."

"Bless you, Miss Judy. I's stirring up gingerbread."

Just a step to the springhouse and William starting out with the afternoon milk pails.

"How are you, William? My boxes will be along presently, with presents for everybody. I've come home to stay this time."

"Has you, Miss Judy? Don' need no gifs in that case!"

She drank cool buttermilk in the springhouse, then, changing her mind about the barns, came back up the hill toward the house. Instead of entering it, however, she followed the drive to the wagon gate and stood there, pensively staring ahead through trees and scrub. This way was south and that west. Southwest to the Mississippi River and Jefferson Barracks. Over the dip of valleys and the rise of hills, she could see neither; but they were not far, she knew. An hour's pleasant ride if one had a mind to mount one's horse and set out. If one was not so minded, that was another matter.

BECAUSE hauling the piano made some delay, Julia's boxes did not arrive from St. Louis as soon as she had expected. Then unpacking took more time. A week later her own two slave girls and Nellie's two were still shaking out her clothes and, under her directions, either putting them away or carrying them downstairs for freshening with sadirons. Nellie, bright-eyed with covetousness, posed in a succession of bonnets.

"Lawdy! The O'Fallons must have a mint of money."

"Wealth," Julia said sagely, "is not everything."

"I wonder now," Nellie speculated.

Impulsively Julia gave her sister the bonnet she most fancied. If it looked as giddy on her as on Nellie, Nellie had better have it. Still small at seventeen, Julia had learned that giddiness was not her charm. In manners she achieved her best success by being aloof and dignified. In dress she must be equally restrained.

Nellie was entranced with the gift of the bonnet, then tossed it aside. What was the good of it, she demanded. What would be the good of all those beautiful things Julia had brought home with her, if there were nobody to see them?"

"Nobody?" Julia said with a start. "Nobody at all?"

Well, practically nobody. The gawks they had always known—oh, how could Julia bear to come away from town?

"I thought, perhaps, that Fred's classmates stationed at the barracks might have called."

"Well, they haven't," Nellie said. "They had a fine ball at Christmas, with a play and all. Very gay, but nobody asked us. I suppose I am too young still. Sometimes I think I shall never be grown! There are no military among your beaux?"

"Beaux?" Julia said. "No."

Ginger-colored Julia Ann risked a suggestion.

"Mebbe the young gentlemen soldiers are just waiting to find out there's a young lady here now. Mebbe if you was to fix yorselves up real pretty and kind of spread yorselves out on the veranda like. . . ."

"Maybe, if we should send a crier down the road with the news, you mean?" Julia said. "I can see myself!"

"Oh, Julia!" Nellie wailed. "It would be such fun!"

"It would be pretty chilly," Julia said. "Anyhow, I've other plans for the afternoon. Are there any families in the locusts by the gate this spring?"

"You mean—birds' nests? Oh, Julia!"

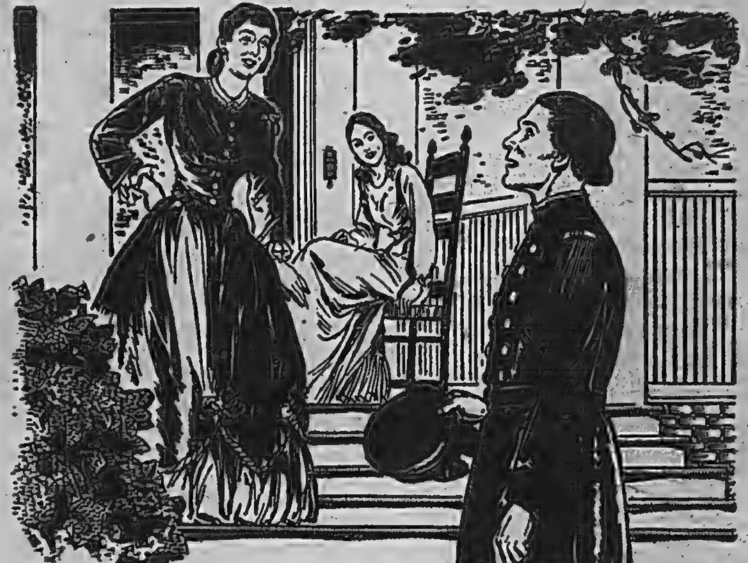
"I haven't climbed a tree since last summer," Julia said. "Cousin John's doctor claims that, if a person climbs a tree once a year, he'll never grow old. I think it's a splendid idea."

"But, Julia, you're not getting old—are you?"

"I'm seventeen this minute, and since nobody is likely to come calling, I'm going bird's-nesting. This afternoon. Dan," this was her own black boy, "fetch me a pair of jeans from the boy's room."

SO many hours of drill-company and squad; and the men were galumphing louts for the most part, too many of them derelicts who could not be sure, except in custody, of food and shelter.

Ulysses learned about men and, when he worked with the Quartermaster's detail, he learned about mules. He learned, perforce, what was to be taught in an Infantry School of Practice. He discovered practically what it meant to buy provisions for an army.



He came to know the big commission houses in St. Louis. He ate at oyster houses and the Green Tree Tavern, and once in a rare while at the Planters' House. Of an evening carriages drew up at the curb before the main doors of the hotel and fine ladies were set down or carried away—young and old, fair and dark; but never one who fitted the bits of description he carried in his memory. When river navigation opened in the spring, the fine carriages and the fine ladies appeared sometimes on the crowded levee; and Ulysses, hearing a soft voice, with a merry, spirited lilt, would listen and stare; but the pert, dark, small one was nowhere to be seen.

An officer could not afford to make himself conspicuous by loitering on one of the fashionable residence corners of the city.

The girl became more and more a creature of fancy, though Ulysses went on looking for her everywhere. Then . . .

"I take it very unkindly," Fred Dent said in a letter, "that you have not called upon my family."

On his next leave, Ulysses rode off to call upon the Dents.

It was a fine afternoon for early spring—just enough cut in the breeze to lift a person's spirits. He rode, it seemed to him, through a singularly beautiful stretch of country—a varied landscape of rolling hills and peaceful valleys, stretches of deep woods alternating with till-able fields and pastures where cattle and sheep grazed and horses raced.

He met a carter who said the Dent place was less than a mile farther along. Cap'n must ford Gravois Creek—Graveye Crick, he called it—but that would be no trouble today, the crick being low; and then the house would be in plain sight.

Ulysses let Dandy drink in the clear water of the creek. Then he set the horse to climbing the slope of the hill. A few minutes later the simple graciousness of Whitehaven was his for the accepting.

THE house with its broad verandas actually seemed to open its arms in welcome. He was so charmed by the picture it made that he did not notice how, across the road at a turnstile gate two darkey girls alternately stared a him and, with more apprehension, up into the lacy branches of a towering locust tree. It was a robin's loud scolding which drew his attention finally to the nearer picture. The darkey girls squealed sharply. Naturally he looked then into the tree and saw at different levels two pairs of jeans-clad legs dangling.

"You rascals!" he shouted. "Come on down out of that! What do you mean by robbing birds of their nests?"

A black boy just above his head was too stricken to answer, but from fifteen feet farther up his fire was returned sharply. "I am not robbing birds' nests. I never did in my life, sir!"

He should have withdrawn immediately. At least, he should have reconnoitered and ascertained more exactly the nature of the enemy. He took time only to make out an oval brown face high in the branches and two black braids of hair. A girl? Well, just the same . .

"You can't deny you've frightened the mother bird," he said. "She probably will never go back to that nest now."

"Are you presuming to tell me about birds, sir?" The clear voice expressed absolute fury. "Keep out of my way, Dan. I'm coming down."

There was a flutter in the tree, a swish; and, with a swiftness that must have meant a fall and broken bones to anyone less experienced in tree-climbing, the girl was on the ground. She was a small thing, but every inch of her was angry. Her black eyes shot sparks of fire.

"How dare you?" she demanded. "Oh, how dare you!"

Ulysses dismounted; but, before he could speak again, fury melted into the impotence of tears. She turned and fled up a flagstone walk toward the house.

"Kin I take yore horse, sir?"

"I . . ." he said uncertainly, then with sudden determination, "Yes!"

He pushed through the turnstile and strode up the walk. When he reached the veranda, the girl in braids and jeans had vanished; and there waited instead a pretty witch—brown eyes, curls, dimples. Ulysses bowed.

"You are Miss Dent?" he inquired; but, from the first, he knew better.

"I . . ." a dimple deepened, but what indiscretion Nellie contemplated then was prevented by the appearance of Ellen, her mother, accompanied by a little girl.

"Whatever has happened to Julia?" Ellen demanded of anyone who might know. "Nellie—my child, what . . . oh, I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't see you. I . . . you . . . Oh! I do see now."

She smiled, and forever after Ellen Dent was to Ulysses the personification of blue skies, sunshine, welcome and understanding.

He bowed again now and smiled, warming to her smile. "Lieutenant Grant, ma'am, at your service."

"Not Fred's Sam Grant? Yes, of course, you are! My boy, I am glad to see you!"

No reproaches, no demand for explanation of his tardiness. Just her hand in welcome and her heart open. She presented the pretty, dimpled witch. "This is our Nellie. And this is our baby, Emmy."

There was a boy of thirteen, Lewis, too.

"You will stay the night, Lieutenant?" Ellen Dent said. "No? That is disappointing. You must do so some other time. We have many things to talk about."

Talk? Ulysses' tongue had never wagged so freely. It was the spell of the house. Coming from the routine of barracks life, the easy ways of Whitehaven struck him with especial force of contrast. He sat in one of the comfortable chairs in the sitting room; and Ellen sat in another, sewing. A cheerful fire crackled.

IT was of Fred his mother wanted to hear. Ulysses told her how homesick both he and Fred had been at first.

"Are you homesick still, Ulysses?"

Not so much now, he confessed. Things in Ohio had changed while he had been away at school.

"It is you who have changed, I've no doubt," Ellen said. "Mine change if they are away only a few months; but they, too, are glad to come back. To me or to Whitehaven. There is that much, at least, to be said for a place like this."

There was, he said warmly, a great deal to be said for it. At one corner of the cheerful, spacious room, light fell through a window on the only truly handsome piece of furniture—a piano of rich, red wood, polished to a satiny glow.

"The piano," Ellen said, "belongs to our oldest daughter, Julia. I am sorry she is indisposed today. You will meet her when you come again. You must think of Whitehaven now as your home. You must come often and bring your friends."

"Thank you, I will," Ulysses promised. Indisposed? She had come down out of the tree like a leaf falling.

"Tell me about your friends and Fred's," Ellen said. "No, better not. Mr. Dent will want to hear. Where is your father, Lewis?"

"It's that filly again," Lewis explained. "She's about the most skittish critter we ever had to handle."

Ulysses was on his feet in sudden consternation. For the first time in his life he had forgotten his horse completely. Dandy had been cared for, he was assured. Then, perhaps, he could be of some help with the filly? In another minute Lewis was leading him through the house and down the path to the stables. Then Colonel Dent came out of the barn, fuming.

Their eyes clashed as their hands met. There was always disagreement in the Dent family about Ulysses' eyes. They were gentle eyes, Mrs. Dent said, honest and trusting. They were handsome eyes, the girls said, deep-set and clear gray-blue. Frederick Dent, Senior, said they were eyes of steel. If they had a glint of steel in them that day, the spark was struck in the bright, angry eyes of the older man. Colonel Dent's anger had nothing to do with Ulysses; but he was so angry that he snapped at whatever came within the line of fire.

"Grant, eh?" he sputtered. "You're the feller that can ride any horse that walks? Know anything about fillies?"

"I know something of horses," Ulysses admitted. "Not fillies especially."

"This, young man, is a filly—especially," Colonel Dent snapped. "Bought her for my daughter, Julia. Paid a ridiculous price. Judy doesn't care a rap for a horse without spirit. Daughter, however, came home before we were expecting her. Filly wasn't broken properly—and now, by Gad, she still isn't.

"Two years old," he went on, "and fancies she won't carry anything on her back just yet. Can't risk injuring her, naturally; and any manjack on the place strong enough to handle her is too heavy. She tosses the boys into the creek or any other place that's handy and laughs in our faces about it. Laughs, I tell you!"

"Is that so?" Ulysses liked the filly. "I'd like to see her," he said discreetly.

"Yes. Yes, of course."

Ulysses followed Colonel Dent into the barn.

The filly was a beauty—black, with two white stockings, and a star blazed on her forehead. She rolled her eyes apprehensively at the men's approach. A blanket was awry over her back. Avoiding looking into her eyes, Ulysses spoke to her, then pulled the blanket gently into place. She stood, but she trembled.

"She's frightened," he said quietly.

"*She's* frightened?" the Colonel protested. "What of the boy we just had up on her?"

"She was terrified, or she wouldn't have thrown him. I'd let her rest now for a while. You'll have to get her confidence."

"What? You'd let her have her own way about this?"

"I wasn't present when you tried her," Ulysses said, "but I wouldn't saddle her again today, sir. She might be ruined if not handled gently now."

"Young man, are you trying to tell me about horses?"

Are you trying to tell me about birds, sir?

"No, sir. Just what I think." He touched the blanket again; and, as if she felt the promise of his touch, the filly trembled less. "If you will rest her for a week, I'll come back and try my hand, sir."

THE eldest daughter of the house was still not visible when Ulysses returned from the stables. She did not come down to have supper with the others, but at the end of the meal, music from the piano was heard.

"Listen!" the colonel said. "That is Judy at the piano. Her headache's better."

The sounds were pleasant as Ulysses again walked into the inviting sitting room; and the music made speech with the others almost impossible. The room might have been empty of people and bare of furnishing except for the shining open piano and the girl who played on it. She wore a dress of dark red woolen cloth, buttoned to the throat, with a full skirt sweeping the floor. The abundant dark hair was smooth as satin on the small, proud head, the extra length carried in a heavy netted-knot at the nape of the neck. Her face was pale, as if she might truly have suffered from a headache. She raised her eyes briefly as Ellen Dent brought Ulysses over, and inclined her head in acknowledgment of the presentation, then sat with small hands folded in her lap, leaving the next move to him.

"Please go on playing," Ulysses said.

"Gladly. Do you like music, Lieutenant?"

"No," he said bluntly, "but I do like this."

She laughed and went on playing. Presently she sang. Ulysses sighed sharply. Of what should he speak next—birds' nests or the carriage the evening of his first visit to town? No, there had been an earlier contact. At a break in the song, he reached into a coattail pocket and produced the velvet mouse.

"Oh!" she said. "Wherever did you get that awful thing?"

"I've had it ever since you made it for me."

"I never did!" she declared. "Let me see."

Ulysses covered the mouse with his hand. "No, I never let anybody touch it. It is my good luck, I think."

"Are you lucky, Lieutenant?"

"I never thought so until now."

Afterwards it was hard to recall just what they did say to each other in this, their first meeting. Words, according to Julia, were trifling things. Ulysses would remember always the smooth, dark hair, the pale oval face, the rich red dress, the incredible smallness of her hands. He would remember the sweet lilt of her voice when she sang; but what she sang he could not say.

"I remember well enough," Julia would protest.

"Well, what was it?" he would demand, just to see her sit down at another piano or catch up a banjo or guitar and prove her point.

"I sang," she would declare, "*Where Is My True Love?*, *See I Languish Here!* and *My Ain Fireside*—like this."

"Which one was that?" he would ask when she had finished.

"Ah!" she would sigh in despair, but her mouth would be sweetly indulgent. "You don't know, really, do you? And I remember so well!"

But, more indelibly than the songs, she too carried a picture in her heart—firelight and lamplight on the rich young brown of his hair, the way it swept back from his broad forehead, and, more than that, the heart hunger on his sensitive mouth and in his deep-set, brooding eyes. No woman at whom he looked so could have withstood him. Words, indeed, were trifling things.

"I have engaged to gentle the troublesome filly for your father."

"When? Until I have a horse to ride, I can go nowhere—nowhere that signifies."

"I will come as soon and as often as I may. She must be broken to the saddle and then to the side-saddle."

"I learned to ride boy-fashion, as I did to climb trees."

"I'm sorry I spoke as I did. You were very high in the tree. I couldn't tell . . ."

"What a ringing command you gave me! I came down like a shot goose."

Hardly that, but he was ashamed of himself and said so. Barracks manners, he feared. She had no idea . . . and then she was looking at him again and, to his consternation, her eyes were liquid with tears.

"I never robbed a bird's nest in my life! I was furious."

"Are you still?" he pleaded.

"No."

"When the filly is gentled, will you ride with me, to show me more of this beautiful countryside?"

"Yes, if you like."

And that was all of it. That first evening.

SURELY there was never such another spring—so sweet, so fleeting, so troubled! They rode together to Whitehaven now—Ulysses and his friends. As March warmed into April, friends that Julia had made at school came to spend a day or a week at the Dent homestead. On a sunny afternoon the long veranda bloomed to surpass Ellen Dent's garden posies. The young officers would come riding down the road or sometimes, in exuberance of spirits, shouting derision at obstacles, across country, splashing through creeks, jumping hedgerows and fences, caroling at the top of lusty lungs.

Pickaninnies scattered before them like quail, the nimblest racing for the house with word of the approaching invasion. When the officers dismounted, black hands reached for the bridles of their horses, and black boys would clamour a soft obligato to the more restrained and delicate murmurs and twitters on the porch.

There would be Julia—dark and demure and exquisite, glowing like a witchfire beside a taller blond girl whom she claimed as her best friend. The blond girl's name was Eliza Shurlds and usually her older sister accompanied her—Amy. Other guests might be a cousin, Carrie O'Fallon, charming, but of appalling wealth, it was said. There were always young men and young ladies in plenty. Julia's brother Wren came often out from town, and there was Nellie. There was, if she could arrange it so, seven-year-old Emmy, dazzled, spellbound by the goings-on, but not tongue-tied.

"My sweetheart!" Ulysses called Emmy, as did the other officers, transferring to her the endearment they would rather have whispered into adult ears.

Emmy followed Ulysses everywhere like a hound puppy. When he had the honor and the pleasure of accompanying Miss Julia the first time she rode the black filly, now gentled, Emmy trotted behind on a shaggy pony.

They rode through the damp spring woods, Ulysses thinking, "This is something I have dreamed somewhere, some time—a page in a story, perhaps—the young lady of manor or castle sitting her palfrey." Only, the filly was no tame palfrey. She could run like the wind if she chose. Suddenly behind them came an impatient outcry:

"This is no fun! I'm going home."

JULIA called her filly Missouri Belle. She loved her state and she loved the pretty black creature she rode so well. She rode with the dignity of a well-bred young lady and the strength and suppleness of health and youth. Ulysses was glad when he watched her ride that she had been a tomboy. Otherwise he would have been afraid for her because she was so recklessly sure of herself. As it was, he could only wonder and admire.

They rode one bright morning on a scarcely perceptible path along the rim of the Mississippi bluffs. The Third Regiment was on its way down the river. The Fourth had, as yet, no marching orders. Ulysses had been given a month's leave. He was going back to Ohio.

He looked over the vista of the river, brown as coffee with cream at this season, but, viewed from the bluffs, sparkling clear in the sun.

"Miss Julia, there is a small chance that I may not return to the Barracks after my leave—at least, not to stay." He went on quickly. "It has never been my intention to continue in the Army after my time is up. Not long ago a friend made a most practical suggestion.

It was that I try for a professorship in one of my favorite studies—History or Mathematics."

Julia reined the filly to a halt. "You a teacher? But you've still three years in the Army."

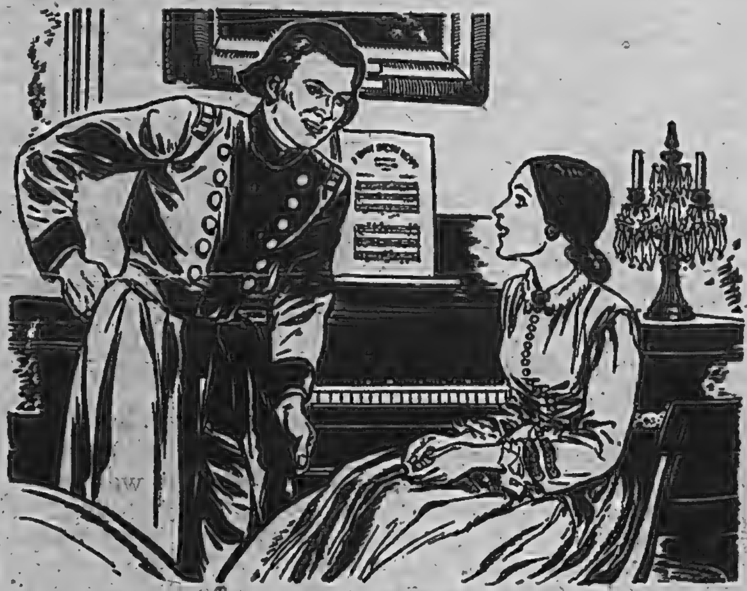
"My friend suggested a way to get around that. On his advice I wrote to the Professor of Mathematics at West Point. I had his answer yesterday. He will recommend me for the first vacancy in his department."

"Lieutenant, you hate the Army so?"

"No," Ulysses said honestly, "I don't. I value the friends I've made. I wouldn't have made them elsewhere. There are other things. It is a gentleman's world, for the most part. But it is also a shocking waste of time, when there is nothing particular to do."

"If you only liked it!" Julia said thoughtfully. "Because sometimes I feel—it is only a feeling—that it is your world. It seems so right for you and you for it."

Julia struggled against an intolerable pressure on her spirits, then thought she saw a manner of escape. She gave an impatient bounce in the saddle, struck the filly smartly with her crop and cried, "Race you for the creek down yonder!"



The creek was a streak of silver far below. It was not safe to race a horse down hill. Ulysses cried out a warning that she did not hear. Already she had the filly at a gallop and he could only plunge after her.

He had heard people talk of the treacherous bottom of creeks and rivers in these parts. All the time he was riding hard, trying to pass Julia and the filly. Halfway down the hill, he called a second warning; but again Julia did not hear or she had lost control of her mount. There was no question then of a race. He must get to the bottom of the hill first, to head off the runaway. Without hesitation he turned Dandy off the trail and sent him, regardless of obstacles, down a short cut. The bay responded with a snort, slipped, slid, crashed, but arrived standing at the base of the slope. The filly, coming down the marked trail still at a gallop, saw her path blocked, reared, and turned aside. Ulysses caught her. The two horses slowed to a walk, then a halt, not two feet away from the edge of the oozing sand.

"Thank you, Lieutenant," Julia said presently. "Quicksand, isn't it?"

"I am afraid so," he answered.

He dismounted, found a small stone, and threw it into the bog. It sank, leaving a small hole, which closed quickly. Julia shivered.

They remained another heavy minute or two, catching their breath. A cloud shadow blotted out the sun.

"Thank you again, Ulysses," Julia said with another shiver. "Will you take me home to Whitehaven now?"

THE O'Fallon second parlor was a room warm with color and hardly less splendid, though perhaps a little less stately, than the pale green and gold first parlor. Here chairs and ottomans of mahogany and walnut wood were covered in wine red wool or plush. A footstool stood before Caroline O'Fallon's favorite chair and held at this moment her slim feet in black satin slippers. From the front parlor came the tinkle of piano music—her daughter Carrie's way of passing an impatient half hour of waiting. From the dining room came a murmur of men's voices. Outside, rain sluiced the windowpanes.

Many and many a time, with a book in her hands, Julia Dent had curled up in one of the deep chairs. Just tonight she was restless. It was only by a terrific exercise of will that she forced herself finally to settle down on an ottoman near her cousin's footstool.

"Talk to me," she pleaded.

"Talk?" Caroline said. "Well, of course. But what shall I say. Shall I tell you again how pleased we are to have you in our home, though it is only for a week? I do hope you will enjoy the opera."

"I have never seen an opera," Julia evaded.

"You've scarcely been old enough for the theater, dear. You and Carrie could not go tonight, except properly chaperoned."

Julia had counted on chaperonage.

"Or shall I say, dear, that your Cousin John and I are pleased that you have lifted the ban against poor Mr. Ascot? He told us about the incident of last winter. He was so contrite, so much in love! It was he who planned this opera engagement. Do you mind?"

"No," Julia said, musing. "I don't really like him, but it seems only sensible to . . . well, you know."

Caroline laughed softly. "How can you say you don't like him? You've hardly looked at him. Harold Ascot will one of these days be the richest man of his years in this city. He had a fair fortune to start with and all his investments seem to turn out well. The brokerage firm he bought into does a greater volume of business every month."

"Cousin Caroline," Julia interrupted, "is it a blessing to be rich?"

"Yes. For one thing, it is a comfort to be secure. A woman blooms in that atmosphere, a woman of our class, dear. Adversity withers her before her time. Besides, there are so many things to enjoy, if you can afford them—the theater, travel, books, clothes."

Carrie came from the front parlor as the men came from the dining room. With Colonel O'Fallon were Harold Ascot and a young Dr. Pope.

"Into your wraps, my girls," Colonel O'Fallon cried. "We shall delay the curtain."

The young men stepped forward to take the feather mantles from a maid in the doorway. Julia could not help pulling away from Ascot's touch. Why was it, she thought, that you could see some people once and feel that you had known them always, while others, seen a hundred times, were strangers? She turned away, but only to receive a nosegay from the maid. It was an exquisite nosegay—a circle of fragrant Parma violets surrounding a single creamy rose. Harold Ascot had personally supervised the making of it. He said so.

THEY reached the theater in excellent time. It was fun to be a notable, to have people turn and look and nod and smile in recognition, then lower their heads and whisper. The O'Fallons occupied a stage box and were a fair target for eyes, some of them aided by opera glasses. The two girls sat at the rail, beside Caroline, with the young men close behind. Julia could feel Ascot's breath upon her bare shoulders, and drew her wrap about her again, for what protection it might offer. John O'Fallon stood, unabashedly giving the staring audience as good as it sent. When the box across from theirs was taken, he seemed to be the one to give the signal to the audience to rise in greeting. The newcomers were Colonel Stephen Kearny from Jefferson Barracks, his wife, and a younger officer.

Then the orchestra broke into the strains of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. The hymn ended in a spontaneous outburst of cheering and clapping.

"Isn't all this a little unusual?" Caroline asked.

"Yes," her husband answered, "but that seems to be how folks feel. Well, a bit of patriotic cheering is good for us, even if it takes a threat of war to bring it out."

"War, did you say?"

"No, I said the threat of war. If you notice, uniforms are scarce in tonight's audience. The Fourth Infantry followed the Third down the river today."

"Cousin John!" There was no breath behind Julia's cry. Ulysses' regiment gone? But he was well on his way to Ohio. What difference would that make? Would an order follow him, to bring him back? Or would he go directly from Ohio to the new camp, and she not see him again? That day with the feel of parting spoiling its bright sunshine, the quicksands, her flight! There had been something Ulysses had wanted to say and had not said. But perhaps he had, after all.

"If fortune would smile on me like this sun, I would find speech to match the hunger in my eyes. I would not be content with the gift of a flower or a book, or the invitation to a ball or the gentling of a horse for you to ride. I would open my arms and call you into them, to be my own forever. Julia, Julia!"

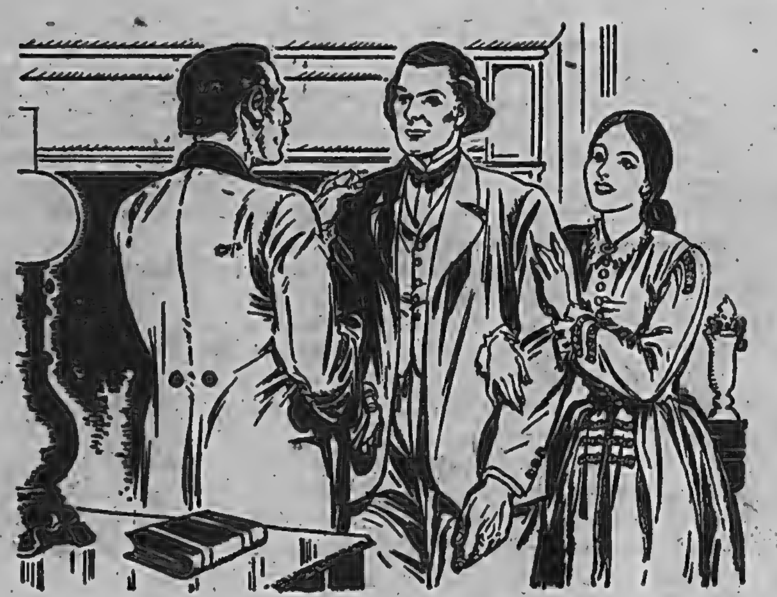
That he had said with his heart-hungry eyes, while his tight lips spoke of hope for a professorship.

"Cousin John, the regiments going to the border need not mean war absolutely?"

"No, indeed," John O'Fallon said. "It is just a precautionary measure. The Government is still negotiating with Mexico for a peaceful annexation of Texas."

But he had cheered with the rest. There was excitement in the air, the excitement of men marching, flags waving, bugles blowing.

"Mr. Ascot," she found relief in a bit of malice, "if there is war, will you be content to remain here in the brokerage business?"



"I should try for a place with a volunteer company," he said, but not heartily.

Oh, Ulysses, where are you this very minute? Here I sit, with this silly nosegay in my hands and you are riding to war. Never, never again, I promise!

"DO you know," Colonel Dent demanded, "how much a second lieutenant draws for pay?"

"No, papa."

"It doesn't make a great deal of difference, I suppose you think."

"On the contrary, papa, I know it does make a difference. It is wonderful to be rich—to have security, comfort, leisure, abundance . . ."

"Eh? What are you talking about?"

"I am just saying how nice it is to be rich."

Julia sat before the fire at Whitehaven, braiding strands of sky-blue silk. Her father's eyes snapped at her.

"What's that thingumbob you're making now?"

"A sword knot, I hope."

Colonel Dent snorted and went back to his original reasoning. "A second lieutenant draws, besides his rations, seven hundred and seventy-nine dollars a year."

"So much as that?" Julia said. "I had no idea."

"So much? It's nothing at all."

Julia did some calculating. "Sixty-five dollars a month and living quarters furnished," was the result she arrived at. "If there should be a war—a not very big war, promotion would come faster."

"If the young man in question doesn't get his head shot off first."

"Papa!"

The bright silk slipped from Julia's fingers to the floor. She turned stricken eyes on the Colonel and frightened him horribly.

"There then!" he said hastily. "It needn't happen like that. It won't be a big war. But, damn it, without shot and shell, how's a man going to be a hero?"

Julia still sat on the low stool, her face white as death—or almost. Because he would not withdraw a word he had said, Colonel Dent stamped from the room and put the matter up to Ellen.

"Madame," he said, "you'll have to talk to your daughter. I tried and made a botch of it. Scared her to death and I don't know but that's a good way to drive her to do what I most of all desire she should not."

"What is it that you desire she should not do?"

"Throw herself away on a penniless, hired soldier, who will probably never have a nickel beyond what he has right now. Look at him! Twenty-one—he must be that, at least, and as innocent and trusting and thoughtless of the future as a babe."

"I am not sure that I agree with you," Ellen said. "He is honest, and unsuspicious by nature; but, as for the rest, he has not been tried yet, to prove what he can do."

"Well, I don't want Julia to be tried along with him."

"Has he asked her to share his fortune?"

"Good Lord, I hope not! If he has, we're too late."

"I'm not sure," Ellen said, "that we are not too late, anyhow."

"Madame, do you want Julia to marry a penniless nobody?"

"No, I don't. I will speak to her—or try to."

She called for Julia's help, then, to measure and tear a bolt of new sheeting into lengths for bedding. Julia ran her hands appreciatively over the surface, tested the material's strength as she snipped the selvage and tore the sheeting crisply across its breadth.

"How many sheets should one have for a modest, well-kept house?" she asked. "How many slips?"

Ellen answered her precisely and calmly. A dozen sheets for each bed, she thought, and two dozen slips would be the least one could call enough.

"Daughter," she continued, as if sheets led to the very question, "you do not like the attentions of this Mr. Ascot?"

"I like the attentions very much," Julia said. "It is Mr. Ascot I do not like, mamma."

"Daughter," Ellen said, "before you give your heart to a man—your very heart, you want to be sure."

"Yes," Julia agreed, then bent her head. "I am sure."

IT had rained almost the whole of Ulysses' journey from Ohio. It was still raining. Jefferson Barracks was a dripping and desolate spot. The one thing in Ulysses' favor was that his friend Dick Ewell was temporarily in command and was willing to extend his leave.

"Certainly take the time," Ewell said. "Make sure of the gal; then come back and swap me some gossip. Here's your mount—Corporal, what is the meaning of this?"

"This" was a huge, scarred battery horse with the width and grace of a hayframe. The corporal in charge apologized. He had saddled the first beast available. He hadn't understood. Ulysses cut off explanation by taking the reins and mounting.

"You'll excuse me if I get along," he said.

"Get along and God bless you," Ewell said. "If you have any creeks to ford, you may be glad of a big horse."

"Only one between here and there," Ulysses told him. "It won't turn a coffee mill usually."

"This ain't usual, or so they tell me," Ewell called. Ulysses was already moving away. "If the water's high, pull your feet up and Rob will swim you over."

Ulysses could wait for nothing more. He still felt that way about it when he drew up at the edge of Gravois Creek and for a minute thought that, in his absorption over his mission, he had taken a wrong turn and headed into a river. But it was the Gravois Creek, all right. Landmarks were familiar. He took another look at the brown water and drew his feet up, as Ewell had recommended.

"Get along, you!" he said, forgetting the horse's name. The big brute walked deliberately into the flood. Almost immediately he was swimming. Ulysses sat on his broad back as on a raft.

"Get along," he said again; then the water rushed over his back and he had to swim, too.

UP at Whitehaven, just about the time Ulysses and his horse were struggling up out of the creek, the sun shone out for the first time in a week.

"There!" Nellie Dent said. "Now can we go?"

There was a quilting at the church. These days, with the officers gone from the Barracks, any sort of "sociable" seemed exciting. Ellen looked at the sky and said, yes, if Mr. Dent thought they were safe in starting out, they would go. The Colonel said it was all right, so William brought out the carry-all wagon for the ladies. They were—besides Ellen—Julia, Nellie and Emmy Dent and the Shurlds sisters. The Colonel and Lewis, to make sure of supper, they said, would follow in the buggy, carrying the usual hamper of provisions.

The Colonel was preparing to assist Ellen to her place in the wagon when, from the woods across the road, a spectre emerged. Ellen gave a little cry and fell back into the Colonel's arms. He swore softly until he saw what had frightened her, then stopped to stare. Everybody stared. Nobody recognized Ulysses, for he was unrecognizable, plastered with mud from head to foot, and the big raw-boned horse as bad.

As Ulysses dismounted, someone screeched his name. It was not Julia. She looked at him, unbelieving, her eyes alive with an emotion he could not then read, her face pale, her lips just parted. When the rest laughed, she smiled uncertainly. That was all. How the others did laugh when they were sure he was himself! Colonel Dent sputtered and swore some more. Ulysses did not blame them for laughing. He knew he must be a spectacle; but presently he had had enough of that, too. Stiffly he advanced, to bow before Ellen Dent.

"Wherever you are going," he said, "I hope you won't attempt to cross the creek. The water is still pretty high."

The house, it seemed to Ulysses, shook with laughter all the while he was changing into dry clothing. That, except that it was dry, was not likely to improve his appearance much. Lewis had laid out a suit belonging to John Dent, the tallest and the heartiest of the brothers. Ulysses lashed the breeches fast with his sword belt, still clammy wet, and, draped somehow in the coat, presented himself again out front.

There was more laughing; but presently the wagon with most of it was gone, and Ulysses was sitting in the buggy beside Julia. They were going to the party together.

He recalled little of the party. He could not have said where it was held or by what road they traveled toward their destination, if they traveled a road. They seemed to move along through space. Time, too, was eternity. And yet, finally, there were words to be spoken.

"Julia, do you think . . . will you marry me? . . . some day?"

"Yes, Ulysses, whenever you want."

Whenever . . . he looked at her in surprise and she at him. Suddenly they, too, could laugh and they did. They laughed at the words they had just said. They laughed at each other. They laughed at the world. They laughed seemingly without end, but quiet came after all, and to her before it came to him. Looking down again, he saw her lips still smiling; but her eyes glistened.

"Whoa!" he reined in the horses, wrapped the lines around the whipstock, and gathered her into his arms.

JULIA was waiting at the turnstile gate as Ulysses rode up.

"How did you know?" he demanded, catching her hands, swinging her through the bars.

"I didn't know," she said. "I sort of hoped. We had the papers, giving some of the troop movements. Ulysses, papa is dozing. The children are at school. Mamma is busy."

Ulysses stiffened at "papa." Papa had something to do with his making the journey—something, not everything. He stooped and kissed Julia swiftly, hungrily, then let her go as she pulled away, more shy of him now than in the first eagerness of welcome.

"When did you leave New Orleans?" she asked.

"Two weeks ago today. I had to hustle. Whenever possible, I rode over points of land in the bends of the river. I could nearly always count on catching a steamer at the next landing above."

"You can't stay very long, can you?"

"No. I must be off day after tomorrow, but I had to come."

"Ulysses . . ."

She glowed with joy, but her tone was still questioning. Ulysses looked toward the house. A primary rule of tactics when one was advancing into enemy territory forbade the leaving behind of untaken strongholds which might be made the base of future operations.

"Is your father inside?" Then cowardly withdrawal. "Perhaps it would be better not to disturb his nap." No, that wouldn't do. "I must speak to him. I should have last year." It had seemed then that her promise was all of everything. And she had begged, "Let us keep this to ourselves a little while." Now her shoulders drooped, and her mouth.

"You won't mind what he says to you?"

"I will mind a lot, but I won't let it make any difference."

They walked hand in hand toward the house.

"I'll waken him," Julia offered at the door.

But that wasn't needed. As they entered, Colonel Dent shook himself and stood up. As he turned to the door, Julia fled up the stairs. He blinked after her flying skirts, then concentrated upon Ulysses.

"Oh! It's you!" he said in greeting. "Good evening. Thought you'd be in Mexico by now."

And hoped, he might have added.

"No, sir. The regiment is still in New Orleans."

"Um? Well! Take a chair."

"In a minute, sir. Colonel Dent, I want to marry Julia."

IT was, the Colonel complained afterwards, a brutally abrupt attack. It took his wind; and, though he had been anticipating this interview, it rattled his wits. Decent preliminaries would have allowed him to gather them.

"I hope you have no objections, sir."

Well, he had—sound objections—a thousand of them; but there the young man stood, with that glint in his eyes which the Colonel had noted at their first meeting and never liked. He might not have liked it, Ellen Dent said; but he respected it. Never liked it at all, the Colonel declared. Pure, cussed stubbornness; but there the fellow stood, his eyes bright and hard; and Julia's face, which for better than a year had been the face of one lost in a mist, had been all sunshine when she ran up the steps. What could a father, taken at such disadvantage, say that would make sense?

The Colonel groaned. "Must it be Julia?" he said. She was the idol of his heart, too, he'd have the young man know. "Why not Nellie?"

The stiffness of the young man broke a little. And no wonder, Ellen later commented. What a thing to say!

"But I don't want to marry Nellie." Ulysses said. "I want to marry Julia."

"Now?" The Colonel was still fighting for time.

"No, sir. After I come back—from Mexico."

"Suppose you don't come back?"

"Naturally, I hope that I will."

The damnedest fellow, really! No swagger, no heroics. You couldn't even say he was cocksure. He thought he had a chance. Could anyone deny him that?

"Think you can support a wife—and family?"

"I have my education," Ulysses said, "and I had made plans, which the threat of war has interrupted. When my military service is done, I shall take them up again."

"You mean—you'd quit the Army?"

"It was never my choice as a career. It was all pretty much my father's doing."

The Colonel was appalled. No matter what he had said about a soldier's life and pay, he could not think of Ulysses Grant in other terms. The shoulder straps, the buttons, the way he had of laying a hand on his sword-hilt—all that went with the brave directness of his eyes. Take the uniform away and he was robbed of something—something, perhaps, that he needed.

"It doesn't follow," Ulysses said now, misreading the Colonel's hesitation, "that I won't do my best to improve my rating while I remain in service."

"What are Julia's ideas on this marriage business?"

"The same as mine, sir, I am happy to say."

"Well, then, shall we say that, if, when the war is over, you both remain of the same opinion . . ."

"Colonel Dent, if you don't mind, sir, I'd rather not have conditions. I mean, sir, it is easier to deal with a simple yes or no."

Why, damn it, the fellow was dictating terms! And the worst of it was, successfully. The Colonel heard himself capitulating.

"If that is the way of it, why, all right."

He shook hands with Ulysses. The next minute Julia flung her arms around his neck. Immediately behind her trooped the rest of the family, with a sprinkle of shining black faces behind their rosy ones. Apparently they had all been waiting on the stairs to hear him assert himself. Nonsense! They were waiting to rush to Ulysses' support, if the need arose.

MR. MILLER, the portrait-maker, had a machine for making daguerreotypes; and that was his chief source of profit; but he called himself an artist, nevertheless, and he prized most highly those patrons who indulged him in his fancy for miniature painting. He painted the miniatures from life or from the machine portrait, as the customer desired. He mounted them in frames, lockets, breastpins, cases, anything to suit. If the customer chose, the setting could be provided by a jeweler. Mr. Louis Jaccard had exceptional taste and skill in jewelry design. Mr. Miller was sure that his work would please people plainly so discriminating as the charming Miss Dent and the dashing young captain.

"Lieutenant," Ulysses corrected, holding himself on a short check rein. He had three hundred dollars in his pocket. He couldn't remember ever having had such a wallet before. He longed to give the painter of miniatures carte blanche and proceed from his shop to Mr. Jaccard's and behave with equal abandonment. He had never enjoyed such giddiness. He was willing to admit that he had the dash, if not the rank the photographer named.

There was a disappointment. Ulysses could not have a picture of Julia to take with him.

"I'll send it to you in Mexico City," Julia teased.

"Mexico City?" The artist-photographer's pale face was wistful. "You are off to Mexico, young sir? Ah! There has been much talk, I know, and much drilling. Ah, then if you will sit here, Captain—that is to say, Lieutenant?"

Ulysses sat on a stool, rigid against an invisible backrest, his head in a sort of vise. That, and the heroic impulse of the moment, and time, and the photographer's determination to please were ample to produce an unrecognizable image.

A MILL may be used for other purposes than grinding flour, as General Winfield Scott's spies reported. El Molino del Rey, the King's Mill, behind and below the heights of Chapultepec, served Mexican General Santa Anna as a cannon foundry. A truce had been agreed upon; and, as might have been expected while the truce lasted, every night the Mexicans brought iron to the mill to be recast into guns to replace those the Americans of the North had captured. The new guns would be especially blessed to their purpose. The iron used had been cast first as bells for the churches of the valley.

"Perfidy!" Winfield Scott stormed when he heard how Santa Anna was thus rearming himself; but the young officers in his command waited only for the snapping of the leash that held them. They swore that on the parapets of the King's Mill they would plant Santa Anna's own guns and blow the top off Chapultepec, the Hill of Grasshoppers. From Chapultepec, then, one waltzed down either or both of two beautiful roads to the shining city. It was a perfect plan in anticipation. It lost some of its glitter in execution; and yet, finally, that was how the thing was done.

The forward base of Scott's army during the truce was a village called Tacubaya, four miles away from the Mexican capital. From Tacubaya, a low, wooded ridge extended into the plain. The ridge ended in a rocky knob—the Hill of Grasshoppers. Atop the knob stood a fortress castle—Mexico's national Military College—surrounded by a thick stone wall and covering the summit to its very edge. On the sides and at the base were lesser fortifications. In a line with the south face of the hill ran a stone aqueduct which carried water to the capital, and around the north and the west sides ran a second. The arches of the aqueducts had been packed solid with blocks of adobe, to make them additional defenses. In the angle of the second one, that circling the hill on the north and west, between it and Chapultepec, stood El Molino del Rey.

All this made a very impressive array of fortification; but it so happened that Scott's forward base was occupied by General Worth's division. Many of the men had been with this dashing leader when he marched around Monterrey and took its most formidable bastions. They did not believe that Chapultepec could prove harder and all were sure they could take the mill. General Worth carried the Division's petition to the Commander.

Scott declared the truce at an end. The next day Worth's division was on the move and orders were in the hands of the other three to follow up the Second's exploit as reinforcements for a possible assault on Chapultepec and the capital.

THE month was September. The rains were slackening. From steaming marsh and ditch night vapors rose, heavy with fever. "If you value your life, do not rise from your bed until the mists have lifted," was a saying in these parts; and yet it was night when first units of the Division bivouacked at their posts of attack in a small valley within the walls of the aqueduct, behind the mill. They pointed their guns toward El Molino.

At daybreak all the different units were in place, waiting for the mists to lift. Everything was muffled in quiet; and yet everyone was conscious of the mass of men waiting—the pieces of artillery in front with their battery crews on the ready, the squads of infantry behind, the men with their muskets, mostly with bayonets fixed, waiting for the order to charge, each squad with an equally tense officer, hand on sword hilt, waiting, too, to give the order.

It was a long, trying vigil. The end was sharp as sudden pain. A light breeze stole through the valley, lifting the mists a little, enough to bring the white wall of the mill into sharp focus. Then . . .

"Fire!"

The reverberation shook the valley. Then smoke and mist fled together. The wall of the mill stood apparently unharmed. No, here and there a breach had been made, for through the new openings came the barrels of rifles; and from these and others over the top of the wall came a return blast of fire.

It was a nasty shock, proving that the attack was not a surprise.

"Drop your muskets! Man those guns!"

The order turned what might have been demoralization into action, though not for the first second. The infantrymen clung to their muskets, not comprehending. They were braced for a charge; and, without muskets, how could they go forward? Then it was that the West Pointers came to realize what it meant to have served together in a corps and a battalion. They all knew how to man a gun. Afterwards it was said that nobody gave the squad and company leaders any specific command; but swords slipped back into their sheaths and bearded young men leaped to new positions.

"Load, and wait for the word to fire!"

Ulysses Grant scarcely knew who worked beside him at the breach of the gun he helped to man. Artillerymen who had been stunned by the fire from the mill, not wounded too badly, helped.

"Ready? Fire!"

Breaches were now plainly visible in the stone wall and yells arose. Then came that heavy, sickening musket fire again, but more scattered. There was no use now in waiting longer to load slow cannon.

"Charge!"

The withering Mexican fire continued. It tore holes in the advancing ranks, but it could not break or stay them. Now and again shots answered from the oncoming Northerners, but for the most part the attack was a mass of movement. Ulysses never counted it to his especial credit that his hands were with other hands on the bar that rammed finally at a gate in the wall. Light and small, he went, he said, where he was carried.

"Altogether, heave!"

He ducked and applied his full strength to the ram. The hinges of the gate tore loose, the gate was sucked inward, fell with a clang and a rattle. Maryland Volunteers and a company of the Fourth Infantry poured through the sizable breach. Others poured in behind them.

There was a second gate, the fortified door of the mill's main building. Mexicans—they were becoming demoralized—were trying to tear it down, to get inside. They were pulled away; the Northerners rushed into the mill. It was dark inside. Bullets spat out of black corners. Men fell groaning or dropped without a sound, but more came in and Mexicans were hunted down like rats and thrown outside.

There were no cannon in the building, only sacks of grain. Well, that was a prize for an ever-hungry army, and worth defending, apparently, from the Mexicans' point of view. Ulysses left the work inside the mill to the Maryland men and went out to see what else was happening in the walled enclosure. Men were running about in confusion. Others were huddled against walls, to keep from being killed by sharpshooters behind parapets on the roof. A cart stood against one of the walls of the mill. Calling for help, Ulysses turned it, so that the shafts tilted against the building, then, drunk with battle fumes, he supposed, not considering how many or how few waited above to receive him, he went up the shafts as if they had been scaling ladders.

"Look out, Captain!" someone yelled. A knife buried itself in a grainsack under Ulysses' left hand. A rifle barked and a dead Mexican plunged over the edge of the roof into the cart below. Across the roof a grimy face smiled at Ulysses; and the next instant a lanky infantryman swung himself over the parapet. Ulysses did the same. In the center of the roof a Mexican officer stared from one to the other. If it had not been for the officer, Ulysses and the stranger—he said later he came from Tennessee—would have been dead immediately. Because of the officer, the Mexicans with guns around the edges of the roof held their fire. In a flash Ulysses had his sword out and the officer was pinned against a pile of grain sacks.

"Captain," the tall infantryman drawled, "we've taken a fair company. Shall I stick them and throw them overboard?"

"Hold them," Ulysses said, knowing the value of captives. "Can you?"

"I surely can, Captain."

He did, until reinforcements came up the cart shafts.

NO one who was not there could ever quite know how Chapultepec was taken. The guns from the summit fortress shelled the brave Second Division out of El Molino del Rey on the day of occupation. Then there was nothing to do but take the fortified hill. Not that day. Sore, wounded, crippled, wrathful, the men had to draw back; but they were not defeated. Their taking of the hill, though they could not hold it, stirred the army. General Scott listened to the report and his fine head went up and his eyes shone; he called for volunteers to storm the heights.

Volunteers—it was a wonder that the rolls of some classes from the Military Academy were not closed that bloody day. The difficulty was to keep the number down. The attack was not to be made in force. Masses of men were too unwieldy on those steep slopes. They made surprise impossible; and the attack called for speed, lightning decision, and a willingness to do or die on the instant. Five hundred men, no more, made up finally the two columns which four days later stormed simultaneously up the steep north and south slopes of the hill.

Ulysses was one of the column attacking from the north. During the night sappers worked at loosening the adobe blocks that plugged the aqueduct arches. At a prearranged signal, they would knock the adobe away and let the men through for their charge up the hill.

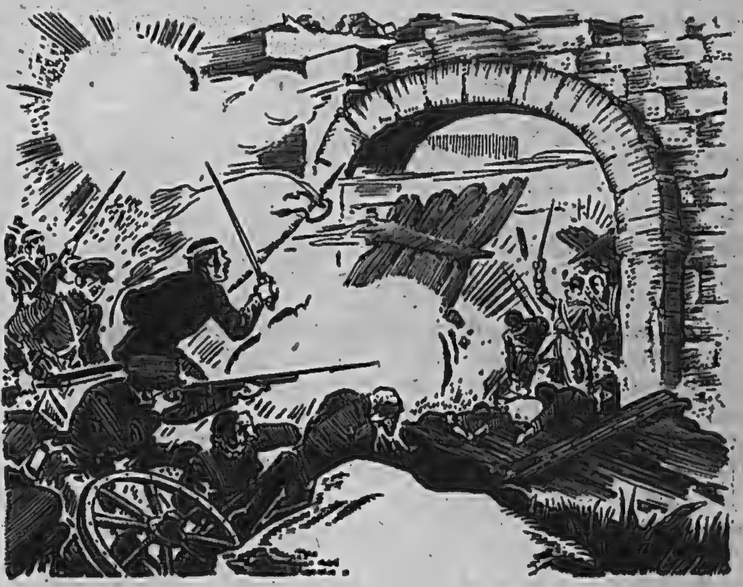
It was the waiting, as usual, that was bad. But at last light was dawning. It wouldn't be long now.

A half hour later a cannon boomed from the direction of the mill. Well, that much the Second Division's brave attack had accomplished. It had set up places for guns to be mounted against Chapultepec. The first cannon was answered by another and another.

"If we could only see!" Ulysses' friend and fellow officer, Henry Judah, fumed.

They couldn't see, of course, through the still apparently solid wall of the aqueduct. And they couldn't talk or think with all that noise going on.

The cannonade lasted an hour, then abruptly ceased.



"Now!" Ulysses said. The cessation of cannon fire was the signal for the two columns.

In a cloud of dust, the adobe blocks fell out of the stone arches and the infantrymen plunged through. Each officer had his own small squad. Judah and Ulysses moved together. Their column took the first battery and supporting rifle pits on the slope through sheer surprise. They disarmed the Mexicans who were not killed in the storming and rushed on and up.

They had to move fast. They must arrive under the shelter of the fortress walls before the defenders up there trained their guns on the storming columns.

It was in the second ring of defenses that Ulysses captured a howitzer and decided to take it with him.

"You can't lug that thing!" Judah yelled. "Come on!"

But Ulysses had been studying howitzers. If the men should decide on a sortie, a cannon would hold them off better than any number of brave soldiers with swords and muskets. He persuaded his squad to take the gun off its wheels and move it ten feet up the hill.

"We can get to the walls before you can load and fire," Judah still protested. "They've got the scaling ladders ready now."

"You go on," Ulysses said, "and anybody else who wants to."

"Ai-yah!" yelped a voice in warning behind him. It was the lanky Tennessean who had worked with him at the mill. He was calling Ulysses' attention now to a movement on the hill to the left. Ulysses looked and saw a line of men advancing. Well, of course, a sortie might have been expected. The howitzer was mounted now. He trained it in that direction.

"Any man who wants to can still advance with the others," he said, strangely cold and still inside.

His squad stayed with him to a man. While the howitzer was being loaded, the Tennessean rested his long rifle on a rock and picked off the leaders of the advancing column. Then the little gun was ready. One shell from it checked the sortie. A second demoralized the flank attack.

"Oh, Sam!" Judah cried, still behind him. "That did it. They won't stop us now. The boys are setting the ladders up yonder. Look!"

But Ulysses was still watching the Mexicans, retreating now to the shelter of the hill. At last he looked toward the walls of Chapultepec above. Men in blue were now climbing the scaling ladders. A giant of a fellow carried the flag. It looked like Pete Longstreet. Couldn't they have picked someone less of a target? The next minute he wanted to cover his eyes, but could not. In a fascination of horror, he saw the flag go down; but it was up almost as it fell. Pete had only slipped. Ulysses turned to his men: "Good boys! Now shall we join the fun?"

That was how the Hill of the Grasshoppers was taken. Five hundred men storming from two sides scaled the fortress and silenced its guns. All up the two slopes they left their dead and their dying, but enough were left for a triumphal entry.

Ulysses went up and over among the last, reaching, at last, the center of the fortress. The two attacking parties met just ahead of him. Santa Anna's flag was down and the stars and stripes were riding up the staff when he reached the parade.

THE garrison of Chapultepec fled down the two broad roads toward the city and Scott's army followed. Because the Mexicans ran when they were overpowered, it did not follow that they could not fight when they made a stand, as regular garrisons did behind barricades at every turn of the roads.

The Second Division, Ulysses a haphazard part of it, went down the North Road toward the Garita San Cosme. A *garita* was a fortified and garrisoned point of entry.

Along both sides of the highway ran ditches, to carry off excess water. Beyond the ditches, as one drew near the town, began the usual fringe of mean little houses clustered, as always, about little churches.

Shortly after noon, Ulysses, having already participated in several flanking movements around road barricades, led a squad of fresh volunteers across one of the ditches, directly into the heart of a suburban hamlet, presented himself at the door of the church, and knocked.

"Padre," he said in his best Spanish to the priest who responded, "have I your permission to enter?"

In his draggled uniform, he was not a figure to inspire confidence except in those who with joy followed him. Those carried again the several parts of a mountain howitzer and as much ammunition as they could handle.

"Assuredly not," the priest answered, "though I think you will enter if that is your desire whether I give my permission or not."

"We shall harm nothing. I desire only the loan of your belfry."

The belfry was square, with a good floor behind the arched parapets, through which bells would have rung, had there been any bells. It looked over the gun positions and the barracks flanking the Garita San Cosme, into the streets of the city. Ulysses turned to the business of setting up the gun. In the road he had left, field-pieces had been brought up to shell the gate and men were massed behind them for an attack.

He held the fire of the howitzer until the bombardment began from the road, then plopped a shell over the barrier directly among the men stationed behind it.

The consternation at the barrier was indescribable. For another moment there was lack of comprehension in the army outside the gate. Then someone must have interpreted the surprise shot correctly. A cheer broke out. Ulysses was reloading the howitzer.

A half hour and an appropriate number of shells later someone behind him coughed, then ventured to tug at his coat. As he turned, an orderly saluted.

"General Worth's compliments, sir, and you will report to him, at once at his post of command."

"Now?" Ulysses questioned.

"Orders, sir."

"All right. Men, you will continue to fire the howitzer as directed, unless the army below effects an entrance. In which case, you will cease firing. I'll be along soon."

He raced down the belfry ladder.

"Where is the General?" he demanded. The orderly pointed out a knot of men against the aqueduct.

"If you'll follow me," he said.

"Sorry. I'll be obliged for the loan of your horse, instead."

A few minutes later, Ulysses stood before General Worth.

"Lieutenant Grant of the Fourth Infantry, sir. You sent for me?"

Several men on the General's staff covered their mouths. The General's black eyes looked startled.

"Did I?" he said. "Oh! You are in command of that howitzer on the church?"

"Yes, sir."

"At whose orders, please?"

Ulysses felt his cheekbones glow. "Nobody's, sir. It was my own idea."

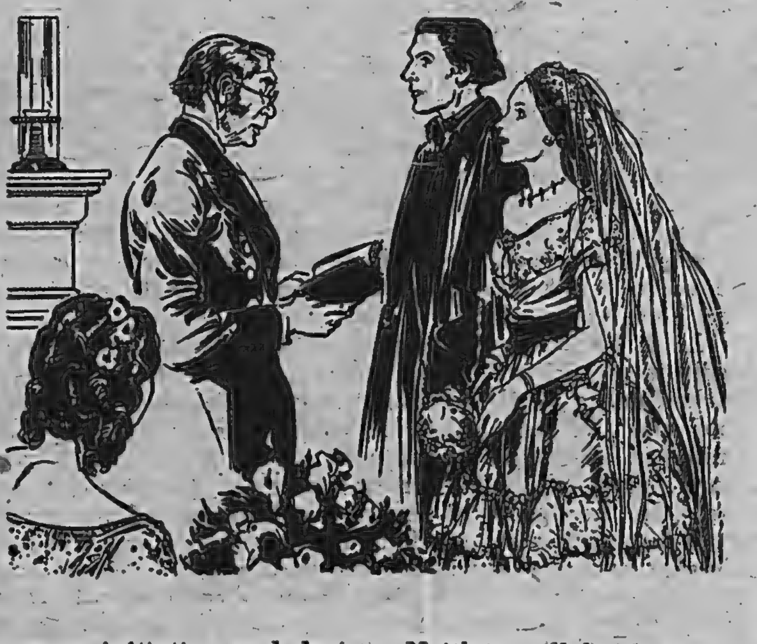
"Was, eh? Infantry, you said. Where did you get the gun?"

"I borrowed it, sir—from a detachment of Voltigeurs."

"And the Voltigeurs?"

"Most of them followed me, sir. Have I your permission to return to my post? I am the only officer."

"Certainly. My compliments to you, Lieutenant Grant, on your initiative and daring. Neither will be forgotten in the reports. Now get back to your post."



Ulysses rode away. A half hour later the demoralization of the garrison at the Garita San Cosme was complete, and the Yankee army marched through.

WHEN Winfield Scott paraded his triumphant army through the City of Mexico, he was greeted by a single blast of fire from the roof tops near the plaza. Santa Anna's last act of perfidy had been to unlock all the jails in town before he fled and put loaded guns into the hands of the inmates. The parade was disorganized, the triumph spoiled; but God kept Ulysses safe and gave him honor.

When the names of those who had distinguished themselves especially in the capture of the city were read out, his was mentioned, and not as an afterthought.

"Ulysses S. Grant.

"For especial gallantry in the capture of El Molino del Rey, for manning a mountain howitzer and guarding the flank of an assault upon Chapultepec, for distinguished service in the bombardment and capture of the barrier known as San Cosme.

"The rank of Brevet Captain of Infantry."

Honors to lay in the lap of a brown-eyed witch of a girl—a girl turned by the events of two years into the semblance of a young queen. Julia's picture arrived before the exuberance of victory subsided. He thought he would never get the last seal broken, the last string cut; and then it seemed there could not be seals enough to guard the passage of such a treasure.

"Julia!" he said in awe. "Julia!"

Then he let go a shout of pure release. Surely nowhere in this army had there been a young man more devoted to his duty, more continent in his behavior, and yet more hungry for all the things he had not. The picture with its sweet promise was, like the honors of battle, another gracious smile of fortune. He set his brevet commission and the fetish mouse before the picture. Never again would he know so exactly the sensation of boundless wealth.

THE hour lacked thirty minutes of being eight o'clock. In a large bedroom of the Dent town house, a dressmaker tiptoed around the edges of a pinned-down sheet on which the bride stood in shimmering white. The dressmaker said she didn't believe there was a thing to be done. She wouldn't have believed that a dress could be made as far away as Paris and fit so well.

"Miss Julia, it's just beautiful—just beautiful!"

Julia smiled vaguely. The dress was the gift of Caroline O'Fallon. It fitted because Julia had had six gowns from the same Paris shop. It was almost as if M. Worth, the couturier, had personally watched her grow up. This one, of satin almost silver in its whiteness, with falls of priceless lace, was to take the place of all the frocks Cousin Caroline would never buy for her henceforth.

"What?" Caroline had gasped. "Why, my child . . ."

"After I am married," Julia had informed her, "I shall wear only what my husband provides. Ulysses didn't say so. I do. You'll see."

Black Patience now advanced, a tray in her hands. "If you'll take a sip of the wine, baby," she said, "and munch a mouthful of biscuit, it will put color in yore cheeks and keep you from feelin' faint."

"I never fainted in my life," Julia protested. "I'd make a nice soldier's wife if I was that kind! And if I'm pale, it's because I've been in town for a whole week, with everybody crying at me to keep out of the sun. Though that hasn't been hard to do today. Just listen to it rain!"

"I wondered if you heard it," Eliza Shurlds said.

She and Nellie Dent were the prettiest of bridesmaids in their pink and green net.

"How could I help hearing?" Julia asked. "I was just thinking it was good I didn't have my wish to be married at Whitehaven. Gravois Creek's probably out of its banks again. The minister maybe couldn't get through."

"Or the bridegroom," Nellie giggled. "Julie, will you ever forget?"

"Never!" Julia held up her left arm and smiled happily at a band of black velvet about her incredibly small wrist. The locket was gemlike—a pearl-rimmed cameo. Julia and Ulysses had had new pictures made after his return from Mexico, one to be fitted into the case of his silver watch and another to be set into this locket. He had changed so while he was away. He seemed taller. He was thin—no, lean was the word. He was well. He kept the jolly light of laughter in his deep-set eyes, but it was in sharp contrast to an increased general thoughtfulness. This past week had been a gay one—theater, parties, everyone wanting to entertain; and Ulysses had been most agreeable about answering questions, telling people what they wished to know about Mexico.

"You've been through a lot," Ellen Dent said.

Colonel Dent fidgeted and fumed.

All Julia knew was that the earnest, slightly uncertain, but charming subaltern was gone. She had felt the shock of strangeness in their first meeting in three years. Then, happily, each had reached for the other; and he had found words for her ear, at all events.

"I love you, Julia, with all my heart," he had said. "I will try to be a worthy husband always."

"Oh, my dearest dear," she had protested, "you needn't try. It will be enough for me that you are—my husband."

"God grant!" he said; and they had laughed a little over the word.

And now the door of the room where Julia stood stiff in her wedding dress burst open and Emmy rushed in. "Sis!" she cried, "they've come! Ulysses and Cousin Pete . . . They both look wonderful. All the officers in their sashes and swords and . . . oh, sister!"

Apparently she had just taken in the white radiance of the bride.

"Isn't it too bad," Eliza Shurlds said, "that Fred couldn't have leave, so that he could have been best man."

"Well, he couldn't," Julia said quickly, perceiving what was intended. "Anyhow, Ulysses asked Cousin Pete to stand up with him and Cousin Pete said he would if they busted him out of the Army for coming."

"I only meant," Eliza said, "Lieutenant Longstreet is so much taller."

"You jealous little puss!" Nellie Dent turned on her furiously. "Ulysses Grant is five feet, seven and a half inches tall—two inches taller than father; and I dare you . . ."

"Now then!" Ellen Dent took charge. "Will all of you be good enough to wait outside a moment while I have a word alone with my bride daughter? Annie, I will call you presently to adjust the veil."

"Mamma, is the dress as beautiful as when we first saw it?"

"The dress is very fine, but I am looking at Julia Dent."

"I know." Ellen's blue eyes were almost too bright in their searching. "Well, then, how do I look?"

"Very lovely, child. Now, will you hear what I came to say?"

"Yes, mamma."

"It is this, for you to remember. I love him, too."

"You do?" Julia tried to laugh. "You—and Nellie—"

"And Eliza and Emmy—all of us, dear; but I believe in him, besides."

"Now, mamma, you've made me cry."

"There is no lotion," Ellen said calmly, "for brightening the eyes to compare with a few tears." She opened the door. "Annie, we're ready for the veil."

ULYSSES now and again in later years would take this person or that, large or small, to Fourth and Cerre Streets in St. Louis, and solemnly, but with a gleam in his eye, point out where he and Julia were married. He would beg his companion to consider the proportions of the house and tell him whether it seemed possible that it had on that occasion accommodated half the population of St. Louis and all the garrison posted in 1848 at Jefferson Barracks. It rained, he declared, but they had to leave doors and windows open to keep the walls from bulging out. As for himself, once he saw how things were, he took such a fright that he would have turned tail and run except for the close formation of his guard of honor. They put him then in a closet under the stairs and kept him there so that he wouldn't get spotted or nicked. When the hour struck, Pete Longstreet hauled him out, dusted him off, looked him over, then marched him, still under armed escort, to the altar.

This was a later rueful effort to unravel the confusion which, he felt, was so unbecomingly his on that solemn August evening—a confusion of sights and sounds against which he had finally one clear picture. This was of a white mantel with candles flickering above it and late-summer bloom filling the fire bowl. Before the mantel stood a preacher, holding an open Bible. He, the bridegroom, and Pete were drawn up in good order on the preacher's left flank, the right being occupied by two dimpled beauties. Somewhere somebody chirped a song. The waves of people parted finally; and Colonel Dent, his eyes flashing and his chin cocked, marched through, leading a brown witch of a girl done up in yards of white satin and a veil of something appropriately termed illusion.

"And there you stood like a gawk," Pete Longstreet would add, if he had a part in the telling, "until I said, 'Right TURN!'"

"He said nothing of the sort," Julia Grant would protest. "Everything was perfect."

"Well, just about," Ulysses would agree. "Personally I liked the preacher best—that part where he said, 'I pronounce you man and wife.' That's when I really began to take notice."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

PEGGY GOODIN'S Clementine is a gay but tender and understanding novel about an *enfant terrible.* Clem Kelley had bright red hair and a temperament to match. Fortunately her pretty mother and her Irish father, the young mayor of Hill City, Indiana, knew that growing up was hard, especially for a small daughter whose burning ambition was to be a member of the football team.

Peggy Goodin

Gerald Kelley tried to prepare his only child for defeat by repeating to her the words of his father about the Irish—" 'They always went forth to battle, and they always fell.' " But Clementine was not convinced. " 'I'm not all Irish,' she said to herself. 'I couldn't be.' "

And Clem did finally win most of her battles, even the hardest one of all—the struggle to become a proper young lady and to win a beau whose hair was almost as red as her own.

E. P. Dutton and Company, New York. Price $2.50.

TAKE several hundred tantalizing recipes for a vast variety of foods, add useful hints on marketing and kitchen conduct, and sprinkle the whole liberally with sprightly notes on the history and legendry of cooking, and the result is a sensible and utilitarian cookbook. Slant the book toward the stronger sex, as **Malcolm LaPrade** has done in **That Man in the Kitchen,** and you have, besides, one that is unique.

Malcolm LaPrade

Mr. LaPrade acquired his knowledge of the culinary art through extensive travel and fearless experimentation in his own home. He has subtitled his book: "How to Teach a Woman to Cook," for he assures us not only that the greatest chefs of history have been men, but that today a man can surpass his wife at her own game, and, what is more, have a lot of fun doing it!

Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Price $2.50.

MARGERY SHARP has always written delightfully of conventionally reared but wildly eccentric English ladies. **Britannia Mews,** a Book of the Month Club selection, is the story of Adelaide Culver who defied her priggish family to marry her drawing master. It was not a successful marriage, but when Henry died, Adelaide discovered that her life with him in the slums of London had so changed her that she could not return to her stuffy family.

So she stayed on in the Mews, and her subsequent adventures and final happiness make charming, leisurely reading.

Little, Brown and Company, Boston. Price $2.75.

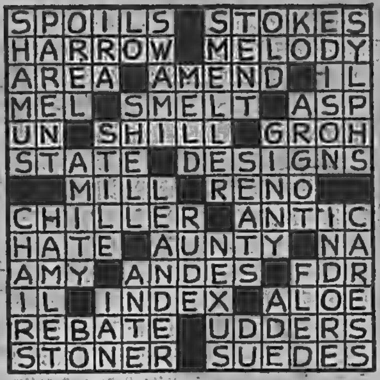
THE HORNED PIGEON, George Millar's second book, is the story of the events that preceded those described in his thrilling account of the French underground, Waiting in the Night.

The Horned Pigeon tells of Millar's experiences in the British Army in Egypt, his capture by the enemy, and his subsequent imprisonment and escape through occupied Europe. Millar writes so beautifully, so personally, and with so much insight and delicacy of feeling that his books are deeply moving human documents as well as exciting adventure stories.

Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y. Price $2.75.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane



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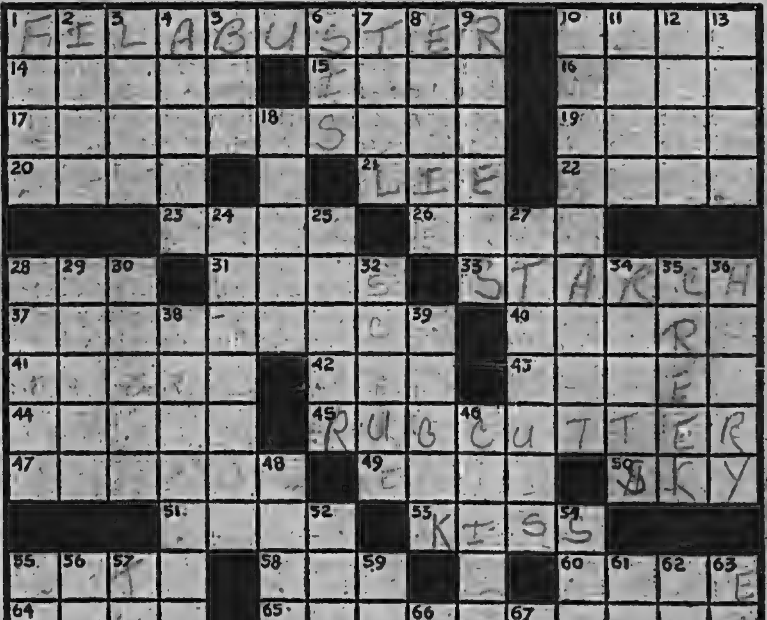
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Senator Windbag's talkathon
10 Pig dunk
14 It has both scentimental and unscentimental value
15 Haul, around the West
16 The eyes have it
17 First course on the canny bride's menu (two words)
19 Kind of wet weekend
20 Mississippi sidewheeler's nemesis
21 Whopper of a U.N. sektry
22 After supporting a pretty stenog, it went on a bender
23 Energetic little things
26 Little tricky thing—could be grand
28 Three quarters of an acre
31 Jackass crunchies
33 What the laundress got stiff on
37 Old jokes you can horse around with
40 Queen Elizabeth often topped off with one
41 "Early ——, early to rise," they say in Mongolia
42 Fuzzy-wuzzy thing, always underfoot
43 *Greed* makes things keen (anag.)
44 Avoid the long arm of the law
45 Outdoor carpet maker (two words)
47 Reside (anag.)
49 You'll get the bounce from an old nag if you don't do this on the up and up
50 Constellation Highway
51 The Old Redhead himself (now in the royal discards)
53 What to stop a pretty girl's mouth with
55 Pierre, the popular author of crossword puzzles
58 Wow!
60 The last place you go at night
64 Substitute for war and peace
65 Man who when a boy was sent to the grocer by his ma and forgot what she sent him for
68 Lland where the llama llives and lloves
69 *Vile* stuff (anag.)
70 Where the newlyweds' trouble started
71 What papas were
72 They look for bugs in planes, often are exterminated themselves (two words)

VERTICAL

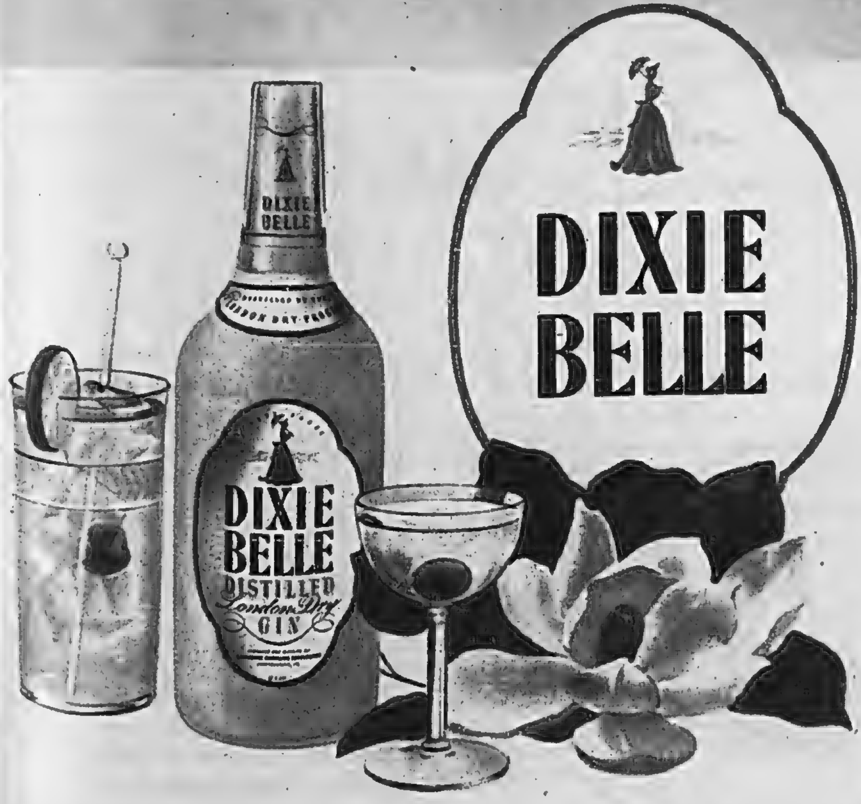
1 Nickname of person experiencing effects of inflation
2 Byron Nelson's a deadly shot with this
3 Membranous flap on bird's toe
4 What Winchell saw in the mirror
5 Gruesome flyer
6 Gertrude Stein wrote of four in three acts (abbr.)
7 This certainly can screw things up
8 *Suite,* these are sewing bags (Fr. anag.)
9 Throws back to *lepers* (anag.)
10 When things get upset on the farm, they're left holding the bag
11 Waffle, tailor's, ore, kind of hoss
12 Be on the up and up on the Stock Exchange
13 Royal Eyetalian fambly
18 Whining piano
24 N.G. men
25 Suffered an attack from the U.S. Hornet
27 Certifies
28 Hamoted
29 Coolest spot around the equator
30 Puzzling pictures
32 Jump out of one's outer peel
34 Bellevue brainstorms
35 Place the paddleless are found up
36 Kind of person who eats gooseberries without sugar
38 Kind of act designed to upset the national applecart
39 Wolf of yesteryear, or how Ford got started
46 What a good child never does to a clean pinafore (in less than ten minutes)
48 Young bald-headed flyer
52 Pass a rope through a hole
54 Sort of will
55 Chops off the tops
56 Oily way to address a lion
57 One good one, according to ornithologists, deserves another
59 Old Greek spear bouncer off-er
61 Palindromous chap
62 What Ye Olde Ynvadyng Army had to cross
63 Pulls boners
66 Iphigenia Loves Themostipuss (abbr.)
67 A Mongoloidy (or gent)



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

A Favorite in Flowers

THE MAGNOLIA—State Flower of Louisiana


DIXIE BELLE
DIXIE BELLE
DIXIE BELLE DISTILLED London Dry GIN

With flowers, as with gin, it's easy to tell the favorites. They abound in those special qualities people prefer. In gin it's that fresh, clean taste of Dixie Belle which makes it preeminently a favorite. Here's real flavor distilled into every drop from selected grain neutral spirits and Nature's choicest fruits, herbs and berries. Insist on Dixie Belle!

A Favorite in GIN

90 Proof • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits
CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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GUAM
TUNISIA
NEW
ETC
NORMANDY
CBI
MIDWAY
MTO
BASTOGNE
GULF
SEA
ATTU
V-E

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

THE "52-20" Club" composed of ex-G.I.s who collect $20 a week unemployment compensation, claims over two million members, although this is one club which bends every effort to keep membership down.

It is frequently charged that "52-20 men" are free-loaders and unemployables. This accusation will not bear close analysis. By far the greater portion of these unemployed veterans are honestly and conscientiously on the lookout for a decent job. Some members, of course, are merely waiting for a college opening or are business men who are unemployed only because their demands are of such a highly specialized nature.

Most of the misunderstanding about "52-20" is being generated by the apparent reluctance of many veterans to take a job at a salary of less than $30 a week. "Can you blame us," asks a typical veteran, "if we don't want to slave all week for thirty dollars, have three seventy deducted for taxes and social security, another dollar for carfare, and a few more for our lunch, and wind up with a hard-earned twenty? I'll take mine the easy way."

Good job!

That this point of view is held by large numbers is evident in any U. S. Employment Service office. The veterans applying for unemployment insurance are directed to a section where file cards with prospective jobs are offered to them. Nine out of ten job seekers we watched declined the jobs and were immediately referred to the section where unemployment compensation is approved.

Naturally this state of affairs is causing unemployment among veterans to swell alarmingly. One remedy is being sought by a new bill, the Veterans Employment and National Economic Development Corporation Act of 1946, which would provide mainly new jobs and new opportunities for veterans rather than the displacement of workers already engaged in American production. Obviously, this could only be an emergency stopgap.

Private industry will continue to be the main source of opportunities for veterans and everybody else in this country. When private industry prospers, so will veterans. Some public-spirited concerns have, to meet the present situation, adopted the policy of overpaying veterans in beginners' jobs. On-the-job training does very much the same thing. If veteran employees dig in and earn their full pay, this gesture will not be in vain, and other firms will be quick to tap the supply of job-seeking veterans.

It should be remembered, however, that whatever the salary, *there is no substitute for a job!* Unemployment compensation can tide you over, but it is not to be compared, financially or otherwise, with the humblest job. If you can get extra dough for that beginning job, fine! If not, better take it anyway!

* * *

Edward Kerns, Stockton, Calif. As an ex-sailor you can have your discharge papers changed by getting in touch with the Bureau Personal Inactive Records Section, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C. This is also the right address for ex-Navy men who are trying to have their discharge papers replaced.

* * *

S/Sgt. R. Lang, Ogden, Utah. When you re-enlist for eighteen months, you are required to serve a full eighteen months whether you are stationed overseas or in the United States. Service overseas does not count as double time during an enlistment period.

VETERANS: The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

HAVE YOU GOT THE RIGHT JOB?

Continued from Page 27

research and business experience. Of course they don't hit 1,000, but they bat close to it.

That's because the psychologists and the personnel experts have found that people are fitted or unfitted for particular businesses or professions according to their personality characteristics and the way they react to their surroundings, especially when they are surrounded by a cordon of pretty intimate questions. If they belong, they'll conform to the pattern; if they don't, their deviations will be blatant.

O.K., you say, they deviate. So what? Don't the deviators sometimes make good in spite of knowing the wrong answers? Seldom. Can a hundred or a thousand questions stop a genius? No, they can't; but the genius generally deviates from the pattern only by hitting a higher score than the average.

Anyhow, aptitude tests are not designed to test for genius. They're weeding-out processes to eliminate the unfitted. They do that with uncanny accuracy.

HERE are some of the actuarial facts the Life Insurance Aptitude Index has demonstrated:

Grades in this test are A—excellent, B—very good, C—good, D—fair, and E—poor.

Taking the average first-year sales of all five groups as 100 per cent, A men sell 200 per cent; B men sell 124 per cent; C men, 71 per cent; D men, 41 per cent; E men, 18 per cent.

Put another way, four A men sell as much insurance their first year as is sold by six B's, nine C's, thirteen D's, or nineteen E's. And hiring, training, and supervising nineteen men is five times as expensive in time and money as a similar job on four.

Other results of the tests are shown in turnover. It is high, even in the A group—60 per cent of the A's quit by the end of the first year. But 68 per cent of the B's, 78 per cent of the C's, and 92 per cent of the E's have departed this life-insurance business by the finish of the first year. Hence it would be necessary to hire and train 200 E men in order to keep nineteen of them, while to retain four A men a company needs to hire but ten. Which is one of the reasons most companies now ease the E's out before they get in.

There is much practical evidence of the efficiency of aptitude tests in other businesses. George L. Todd of the Todd Company, Rochester, says, "Since 1940 we've used aptitude tests in hiring salesmen. In that six years 600 applicants for sales jobs have taken the tests. Before that time our average of successful selections was 20 to 28 per cent. The first year after adopting aptitude testing our percentage rose to 40 per cent, and in 1942 it was 66 per cent. Also the proportion of top salesmen among those hired rose gratifyingly.

"You can't hire men by the basis of aptitude tests alone. The personal interview is still essential. But the tests tend to screen out the impossibles and identify the improbables among the candidates for jobs—and on the other hand they screen out a lot of the prejudices and biases of the interviewer.

"Many men will judge candidates on appallingly frivolous grounds. A mustached man will favor the hairy-lips and cast out the clean-shaven; fat and thin men will tend to choose their kind; baseball and golf fans will lean to the same kind of fans; and youthful interviewers are likely to regard candidates nearing or passing forty as antediluvian relics. That's human and natural, but it ain't scientific. The aptitude tests eliminate 90 per cent of that kind of snap-and-bias judgment."

F. K. DOSCHER, sales manager of the Lily-Tulip Cup Corporation, says, "After four years, and hiring more than 300 salesmen through aptitude tests, we have found that they screen out the unfit for a particular job, discover talent and capabilities, eliminate favoritism and personal pressure, establish better human relations between management and employees, identify pathological cases and men with antisocial tendencies."

King Cooper, vice-president and general sales manager of the Sonotone Corporation, says, "We were skeptical as to the efficiency of aptitude testing as a means of assessing the value of employees. In order to 'test the tests,' we had our 135 district managers take them. Eighty per cent of the tests were uncanny, if you knew the man, and the other 20 per cent—well, you could argue about them. A system of evaluating men that, without personal contact, can be 80 per cent-plus accurate is something solidly and scientifically satisfactory."

Application of aptitude-testing techniques to specific personnel problems gets some remarkable results. During the war a munitions factory was having a large number of its gun mounts rejected by naval inspectors. Errors were being sealed in by some welders. A combination of interviewing and personality testing showed that some welders were too neurotic to work in a group. Others were in jobs they found personally distasteful. The neurotics were assigned to work alone, the others placed on tasks more congenial. Production went up, rejections stopped.

The sum of it is that aptitude tests work. If you're not sure you fit the occupation you're in now, take an aptitude test and find out the job that's tailored to your measure.

THE END

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BEST IN NEW CARS! · BEST IN OLD CARS!

MURDER TO MUSIC

Continued from Page 17

breasted dinner jacket and a boutonière. His dark hair was very thin, and his scalp and face were tanned, from a barber's sun lamp probably. He cocked an eye at Ballard.

"Have you got him? Has he got a lump on his jaw? . . . Well, Gregory gave it to him today."

"For what?"

"Greg said he had a visit from Kimball. The kid didn't like the way he was treating his sister and got tough about it. Greg had to clip him on the jaw and toss him out to get rid of him."

Ballard thought it over. "How *was* Gregory treating Kimball's sister?"

Alger shrugged again. "All right, the way it looked to me. Only he was leaving town in two days. Going to South America. Maybe he'd promised to marry the dame, or something. I don't know."

"Gregory was here earlier?"

"He stopped in about seven thirty—"

"In the office here? What for?"

"For a drink, I guess. He generally did every night he was in town." Alger hesitated. "You knew he had a piece of the club, didn't you? Well, that's the way it was. We had a drink and gassed a few minutes and he went out. Then I called in the head bartender and we went over the inventory of the cellar."

"Let's go talk to Miss Kimball," Ballard said.

In the private dining room that had been put aside for Ballard's use, Mary was sitting beside Margaret Kimball. Lloyd Ingram, Gregory's lawyer, was pacing the floor, and in a corner was a thin wiry youth, dark like his sister, with a slight discoloration on the side of his jaw.

Ballard stopped Paul Standish at the door as Johnny Alger went inside. "Look," he said. "Get your girl out of here, will you? I've got to get to work."

"She didn't do it," Mary said to Ballard. She turned and took Standish's arm. "You've got to get her out of this, Paul."

Standish led her down the corridor. "I'm sorry, Mary," he said. "I thought we could have dinner and maybe see a movie and—"

"Well, if you really feel you owe me anything," she said— "and of course you don't—just prove Margaret Kimball didn't do it."

Paul Standish shook her gently. "Go back to the table," he said, "and stop worrying."

BALLARD was questioning Margaret Kimball and he paused while Standish came in and sat down. The woman sat very straight now. Her eyes were red-rimmed and she gazed straight ahead as she spoke.

"He was in Mr. Alger's office about ten minutes," she said. "He always went there when we came. And after he came to the table we had two cocktails, and then we ordered dinner and he asked for a rye-and-soda. Right after the waiter brought the drink, Mr. Ingram came." . . .

Paul Standish put the details together as she went on. Ingram had talked business for about five minutes. Something about a general accounting he, as Gregory's lawyer, was to make the following day. Margaret Kimball wasn't sure of all that was said, but she did know that Gregory had not touched his drink while Ingram was at the table.

"And what did your brother want?" Ballard asked.

Margaret Kimball's red mouth tightened. "Nothing much. It had to do with—with my relations with Sumner. It—it wasn't any of Ted's business and I told him so. When he realized he was only making a scene, he left."

Ballard said, "H'mm," and looked at Ted Kimball. "Why'd Gregory toss you out of his apartment this afternoon?"

"I didn't like the way he was treating Margaret."

"And what were you going to do about it?"

Ted Kimball glowered and said nothing. Ballard asked other questions and got the same sort of silence. Finally he gave up.

"All right," he said. "Make it tough for yourself. We'll fix up a cell for you where you can think it over."

"But—" Margaret Kimball caught herself. "Ted had nothing to do with it," she said.

"Didn't he?" Ballard said. "Gregory didn't touch the drink while your brother was there, did he?"

"No. He didn't touch it until—until—" She couldn't finish, and Paul Standish leaned forward, eyes narrowing.

"Did he say anything—Gregory?"

Margaret Kimball seemed to notice Dr. Standish for the first time.

"Did he?" he asked again.

"He spoke my name. He said, 'Margaret, I feel funny.' "

"Did he take those capsules regularly?"

"He had been taking one before each meal. He took one after the second cocktail," she said.

Ballard had been watching her curiously, as though trying to figure out the reason for these questions. Now he turned to Ingram.

"I understand Gregory was leaving town."

"The day after tomorrow," Ingram said. The lawyer was a blocky square-faced man of about forty, expensively and immaculately dressed. "He was going to South America on business, probably for several months."

"You handled his affairs," Ballard said. "Power of attorney?"

"On some things."

THE door opened and Thomas, the headwaiter, stuck his head around it. "Telephone, Dr. Standish."

Paul Standish found the city chemist on the wire. "The drink showed cyanide, doc," he said. "But the capsules were O.K. and there was no trace of poison in the handbag."

Mary Hayward was having coffee and a cigarette when Paul Standish went back to their table.

"I don't suppose you'd know who did it?" she asked.

"No," he said. "All I know is that there was cyanide in the glass, and I'm fairly certain a p.m. will show that cyanide killed him."

Abruptly he stood up, his eyes half closed. "I've got to go out a minute," he said. "To a drugstore. Order me a drink, will you, Mary?"

Paul Standish had to go to four drugstores before he found what he wanted, and when he came back the ice in his drink had nearly melted.

HARDTACK
BABES IN ARMS FREE
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LIBERTY

He didn't seem to notice, but drank gratefully. When there was no rebuke for his tardiness, he reached for Mary Hayward's hand and squeezed it briefly.

"Did I ever tell you what a swell person you are?" he said.

For a moment the trouble left her glance and her green eyes were bright and tender against the tawny background of her face.

"Kind of cute, too," he said, "and it's been a pretty rum evening for you and it's not going to get any better. I've got to go to the lab. Would you like a drink before I take you home?"

Mary shook her head. "I'm going with you," she said.

"No. Look, you're my pal, but—"

BEFORE Standish could argue further, Lieutenant Ballard came up. He sat down with them.

"What did you find out from Les?" he said, referring to the city chemist. "You didn't expect to find any poison in the capsules, did you?" he said, when Paul Standish told him.

"I had to be sure, didn't I?"

"What are you going to do?" Mary Hayward asked.

Ballard glanced at her. "I'm going to hold the woman and her brother."

"Margaret Kimball didn't do it."

"You said that before, Miss Hayward," Ballard said. "And maybe you're right. A poisoning is the toughest thing in the book to make stick. It would have been nice if someone had *seen* poison put in that glass, but no one did. No one ever does. That's what makes it tough."

He put his elbows on the table and leaned on them. "Gregory was paying Margaret Kimball's rent. He bought her expensive presents and he told her he was going to marry her. Only, he wasn't. He was going away for God knows how long and he was brushing her off, and when you talk about motives—where a woman is involved in homicide—that one is tops. Then again, maybe her brother did it. He won't talk. I don't know if he's protecting himself or his sister. I do know they both had motives and both had access to potassium cyanide."

Mary Hayward tried to interrupt, but Ballard gave her no chance. "Commercial photographers often have cyanide around, Miss Hayward. I've already found out that there is some cyanide at Ted Kimball's studio—for him or his sister to use. Maybe I can't prove they did, but I can try."

Mary was hard to convince. "Lloyd Ingram had to give Sumner Gregory an accounting tomorrow. Suppose—"

"We're going to suppose," Ballard cut in, "until we find out different. We've got to check a lot of things. But for now we're holding the woman and her brother. . . . Give me a report on the p.m. as soon as you can," he said to Dr. Standish, and went away.

Standish called for the check. Mary said:

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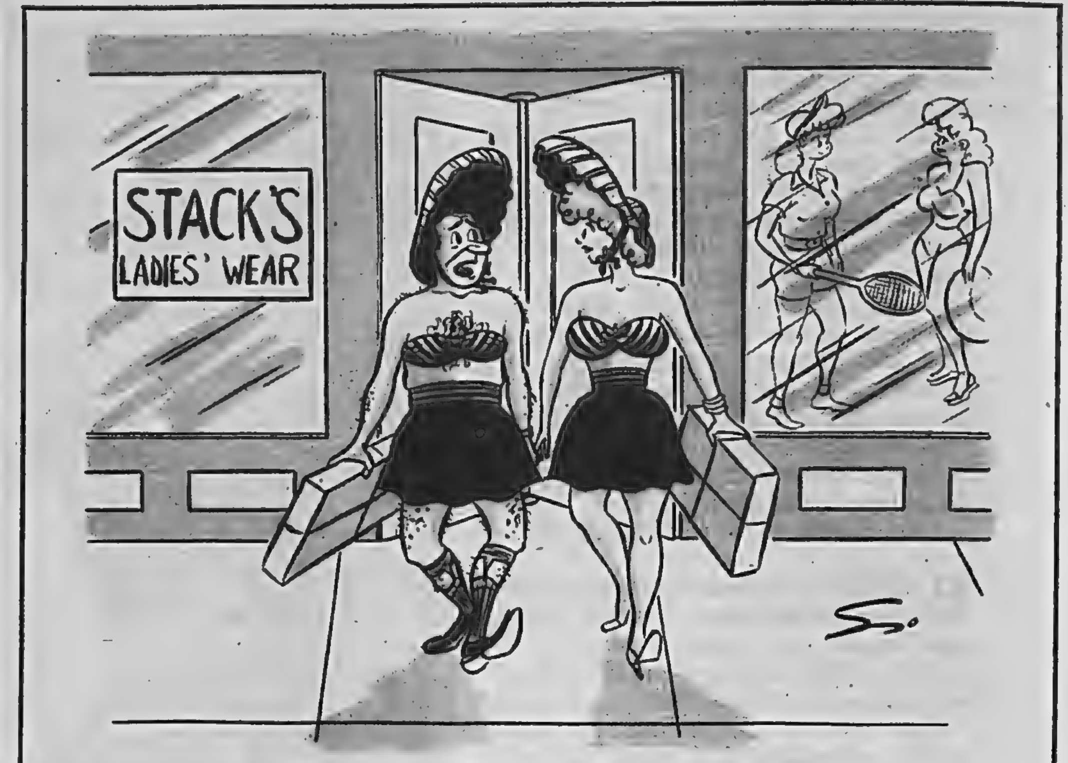

"That clerk can sure sell a bill of goods."

LIBERTY

"I know she didn't do it. You've got to prove it."

"All I can hope to do is find out the truth," he said, and now doubt and uneasiness began to close in on him, because he thought, *That's what makes it bad. I can't.* He said, "If I do, and it convicts Margaret Kimball—"

"It won't," Mary said. "Are we going to the lab now?"

He squinted at her as they rose. "We? Now wait a minute."

He argued. He told her he might be busy for awhile. When he realized he was only wasting his breath, he gave up.

AT the morgue, Dr. Standish told the attendant on the switchboard that he would be in the laboratory. Then he and Mary rode the elevator to the third floor. He had two offices here and he turned on the light in the outer one.

"There's a couch in the next room," he told Mary, "if you want to curl up and take a nap."

She said the couch would be fine, and he went along the hall to a room with big windows and several equipment-cluttered tables. He had a large paper bag under his arm now. Thomas, the headwaiter, had furnished the bag from the Lamar kitchen, and under the bag was the wastebasket from Johnny Alger's office. Standish spread clean paper on the bench before the windows, and then he thought of something else and picked up the telephone, asking the attendant to get Lloyd Ingram's number. When he got no answer, he left a message with the apartment-house operator asking Ingram to stop by.

The wastebasket, a squarish leather-covered affair, yielded a crumpled copy of the afternoon paper, two or three letters torn into small pieces, an empty folder of matches, and a wadded cigarette pack.

Dr. Standish went over the newspaper first, using a camel's-hair brush and wiping each page carefully so that any foreign matter clinging to it would be deposited on the clean paper on the bench. He was almost afraid of the next step.

In the beginning he had had no idea who the guilty one was. Lieutenant Ballard's questioning gave him the first lead, the chemist's statement and the information he had got at the fourth drugstore helped substantiate his hunch. He had taken the wastebasket to try to prove it, for the hunch told him Mary was right. A chemical analysis of the dust on this paper would not be difficult; but if what he sought was not here, he knew he could not clear Margaret Kimball, nor could the killer ever be convicted.

The thought that he might fail, and what failure could mean to the woman, gave him a sinking feeling at the pit of his stomach. He tried to shake it off as he reached for the paper. Then, before he touched it, he heard the door open behind him.

"Hello," he said as the steps moved up. "I thought you were—"

He stopped short, aware now that the steps he was listening to were not a woman's but a man's. He turned quickly. Johnny Alger was halfway across the room and the door was shut but not latched.

Alger stopped, hands thrust deep in the pockets of his blue topcoat, the brim of his hat snapped down.

"Oh—hello, Johnny."

"Expecting someone?" Alger asked.

"How did you get in? The boy on the switchboard—"

"I didn't come that way. Who were you expecting?"

Dr. Standish thought fast while a cold breeze blew from somewhere and coiled around his ankles. He wondered about Mary, deciding Alger had overlooked her in the other office. He said he was expecting Lloyd Ingram and kept his voice casual.

"Thomas told me about your taking the wastebasket," Alger said. "What are you doing with it?"

"Analyzing its contents."

"For what?"

"Cyanide."

"Yeah? How would cyanide get there?"

"It might have been spilled there—or rather, a little of it might have been spilled on this newspaper and then the paper thrown in the basket."

Alger moved up a step, eyes shadowed and prying into the corners of the room. "Think of that!" he said. "Haven't got a drink, have you?"

Dr. Standish had his back to the bench. He said he thought there was a bottle in the desk drawer, but when he started for it Alger waved him back. "I'll get it, doc," he said. "Go ahead with your experiment. It sounds interesting."

Standish stayed where he was, watching Alger take out the bottle. When he saw the man unscrew the cap with one hand, when he saw that the right hand stayed in the coat pocket, the tension expanded inside him and he knew the protruding bulge in the fabric of that pocket was a gun.

ALGER found a glass, put whisky and water in it, tasted it. "This is O.K.," he said. "Now, about that cyanide. If you found a couple of specks in that basket, could you prove it was cyanide?"

"Certainly." Standish turned to a shelf and took down a glass bottle half filled with whitish powder. There was a chemical formula written on a label. He waved it in front of Alger's face. "This is potassium cyanide. We use it once in a while in our experiments."

He pulled a microscope across the bench and took a slide from a rack. "We can put a grain or two from that bottle alongside whatever I find in that basket and—"

"Wait a minute." Alger put down his glass. "You're way ahead of me. Suppose there is cyanide in that basket. You haven't told me how it could get there."

"It could have been spilled when the killer was filling the capsules—"

"What capsules?"

The voice was thin and metallic now, and right then, before Standish could answer, the door began to move. Alger had his back turned and Standish was watching him, and that was how he happened to glance beyond and see the door start to swing.

Fear hit him then, a panicky sort of fear in that first split instant when he realized this must be Mary Hayward. He never knew quite what he said, but he swallowed fast and started talking, his stomach an icy vacuum and his body stiff.

"You know what capsules, because you killed him, Johnny! It wasn't the drink. That poison was put in later. I don't suppose you'd want me to phone Ballard, would you? Well, it's too bad I can't get somebody to phone for me. Ballard should be here."

In his desperate effort to warn the girl, his voice rose. He did not dare look at the door, but kept his gaze on Alger, seeing the skin tighten across the other's cheekbone and the eyes narrow into slits. He kept talking until Alger snapped at him.

"Shut up! Quit yelling, or I'll—"

Dr. Standish watched the short-barreled revolver come out of the pocket. He stopped talking. Only then did he realize that the door had moved again, not inward but the other way, closing until only a crack showed.

He felt the strength go out of him and the perspiration leak down his face. Then he knew he had to do some fast talking, a lot more talking. He kept his voice low.

"I don't know what the motive was," he said. "That's why I called Ingram. I guess he'd know, wouldn't he? There was to be an accounting for everyone tomorrow, wasn't there? And you and Gregory were partners in the Lamar. I guess maybe you'd been giving him a gypping."

He lit a cigarette and expanded the theory, not knowing all the things he said, but counting seconds and trying to figure how long it would take Ballard. Alger stood it for perhaps three minutes, then he gestured with the gun.

"Tell me about the capsules."

"They were the old-fashioned kind," Standish said. "The kind you can pull apart and put together again. Gregory had them made up with that vitamin preparation. You knew all about them. You knew he took one before each meal. He stopped in your office every evening. I don't know whether you knew Ted Kimball was going to show up tonight or not, but it doesn't matter, because you were framing the woman and you were going to be safe."

HE hesitated until Alger told him to go on. "I found the drugstore where you bought your bottle of vitamin capsules, Johnny. Cyanide was easy enough to get and all you had to do was empty the capsules and put in cyanide. I figured you might do it on a newspaper, Johnny, so as not to spill it around. But, if you did, and some of it clung to that paper—"

"Go on."

"Gregory came in for a drink. It wasn't hard to get his bottle of capsules, was it, and make the switch? What did you do? Ask to try one, and when he offered the bottle, move over to the water cooler and take one—with your back to him, of course—and then hand him back the bottle you'd already prepared?"

He waved the cigarette. "That doesn't matter either. You knew he would take a capsule before he ate, and you knew it would take quite a while for the gelatin to dissolve, for the poison to work. You'd be checking the liquor list for most of that time and then you'd be ready when the commotion started. You had to save a pinch of cyanide. That was all you'd need. Just a pinch between thumb and finger when you came to the table, so you could drop it into Gregory's glass while everyone was watching him.

"And then you helped carry the body in. Plenty of opportunity then

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to get the waiters away, get the bottle of poison capsules from Gregory's body and substitute the real ones. Of course you had to get rid of the poison capsules and bottles, but you had plenty of time later—and who would be thinking of you with your airtight alibi?"

HE stopped, wondering how much more time he had wasted. He watched Alger pick up the glass of whisky and water and shove it along the bench.

"Shake some of that white stuff from the bottle in here."

Paul Standish stared. Alger's lips drew flat against his teeth. "Go on!" he said, and tightened his hand on the gun.

Standish reached for the bottle. His hand shook a little as he poured some of the contents into the drink. Alger said, "More. . . . Go on, damn you! . . . Now drink it!"

Paul Standish backed away. "No!" he said, his voice hoarse.

Alger reached for a towel. He folded it over the muzzle of the gun. His face was gray now, his eyes glassy and no longer human. The hammer clicked back.

"This shouldn't make much noise." He spread his feet as though to brace himself. "When I say three, you get it. . . . One—two—"

Paul Standish lifted the glass, knowing he dared not wait. He put his lips on the rim and gulped a mouthful. He gagged as he swallowed, choked a little, and took hold of the bench. He looked at Alger and what he saw on the glistening face made him sicker than the drink.

He put the glass down, coughed, and then, swaying forward, stumbled to one knee. Alger moved back a half-step, lowering the gun in his fascination. Then Paul Standish bounced upward from that knee, striking at the gun with one hand and swinging the other to Alger's jaw.

He hit the gun squarely, exploding it over his head and knocking it spinning across the room. But he was off balance, and as his fist hit Alger, he stumbled again.

A table saved Alger from falling. He bounced off it, glanced wildly about for the gun, and then, as Standish gained his feet, spun and ran from the room.

Paul Standish didn't chase him. He went after the gun, hearing Alger running toward the front stairs. Then a sudden shout reverberated through the corridor, and as Standish found the gun, Alger came running back and someone came pounding after him.

WHEN Paul Standish came into the hall, Alger had disappeared. Lieutenant Ballard and a plainclothes man were tearing up the rear stairs, and then Mary was there.

"Paul!" she said. "Oh, Paul!"

He slid his arm about her. "All right," he said. "There, now. It's all right. I knew you'd get Ballard."

He felt the long racking shudder pass through her body, and drew her into the laboratory. He led her to a chair and eased her into it. He put the gun aside, and as she started to speak he put his finger to her lips.

"Wait. What we need first is a drink."

He took the glass he had used and rinsed it out. He got another, put whisky and water in them both.

"But, Paul"—color had come back into Mary Hayward's cheeks, but her green eyes were still wide—"what happened? How did you—"

He took the bottle with the whitish substance and put the stopper in it. When he put it on the shelf, he glanced at the label. It said NaCl, and he was glad Alger hadn't seen the chemical formula. Some day perhaps he would tell Mary all the story, but tonight wasn't the time to explain how he had been forced to drink common salt in a highball.

"He got a gun on me," he said, "but he got careless. I managed to knock it out of his hands. . . . Come on now, drink up."

Ballard came in a moment later. "You all right? . . . Swell. I don't know what the score is yet, but, brother, I'll be back!"

Dr. Standish blinked at him. "Where's Alger?"

"In the alley. We cornered him on the roof and he tried to jump to the roof next door. I guess he was out of condition. He didn't make it."

BEYOND the taxi windows the city looked empty and deserted, and Paul Standish thought Mary Hayward was asleep until she stirred beside him and spoke drowsily.

"Paul. How did you know? I mean about the drink on Gregory's table? I guess I understand how you figured everything out, once you'd made up your mind he was poisoned with the capsule; but with cyanide right in the glass and everything, how could you possibly not believe it was the drink?"

"Oh, that?"

"Yes, that."

Paul Standish grinned down at her in the darkness. "If Margaret Kimball were telling the truth, Gregory couldn't have been poisoned with the drink. Not with potassium cyanide. Hydrocyanic acid, yes. A man could drink that and be dead in a few seconds—or at least in a state of collapse. But cyanide is a little slower. After it is swallowed there is an interval while the salt is decomposed by the gastric juices to form HCN. Generally there is time for a suicide to dispose of the evidence if he wants to, or walk a short distance before he collapses."

"Oh, but—"

"So when I found cyanide in the glass I thought the swallow that killed him had been taken before the one I saw him take, possibly a minute or two before. But Margaret Kimball said no."

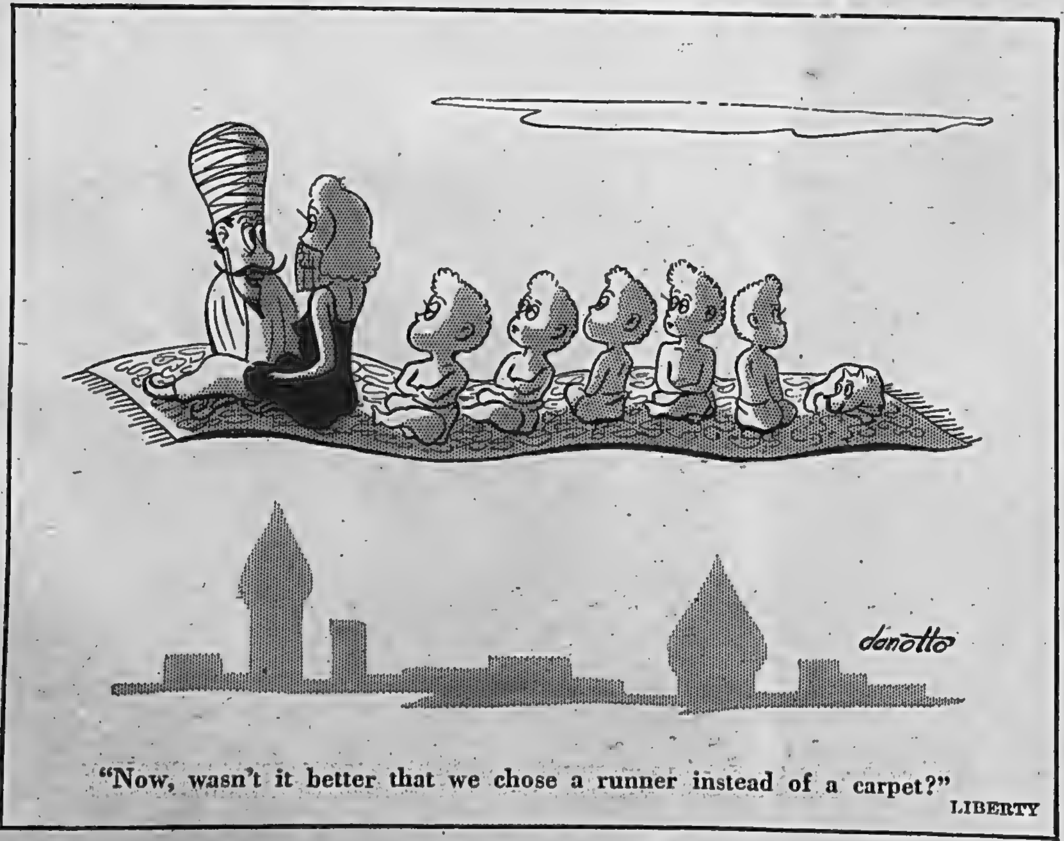
"She said he hadn't taken a drink from the highball until just before he collapsed."

"Exactly. If she were lying, there was nothing I could do about it. But if she were telling the truth, then Gregory wasn't killed by that drink. It worked too fast. And if he hadn't touched that glass until then, the poison must've been in his stomach quite a while before that and a capsule was the only answer. I think the reason he happened to drink when he did was that he felt the cyanide start to work. It hit him, and he reached for the drink."

"Yes," Mary Hayward said. "But if it hadn't been for you—" She did not finish the thought. After another block, she spoke again.

"I knew she didn't do it," she said contentedly. "I just knew she didn't."

THE END



"Now, wasn't it better that we chose a runner instead of a carpet?"

LIBERTY

Woman-Talk

TAXI
7.50
FARE

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

ACCENT ON ACCENT: Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt's *cultivated* European accent was almost as glamorous as the handsome forty-three-year-old widow's new cosmetic salon, which opened recently at 15 East Sixtieth Street, New York, with a party for the press. The new cosmetic line runs the gamut from perfume, lipstick, cleansing cream, night cream, and so on, to after-shave lotion and cologne for men. All the products bear the Gloria Vanderbilt name and are handsomely done up in packages designed by Maurice Chalom, who is also responsible for the beautiful showrooms, which involve many mirrored walls, blue velvet draperies, unusual wallpapers, a charming garden, and an intriguing spiral staircase. Mr. Chalom, one of the cosmetic corporation partners, conducts his decorating business on upper floors at the same address. Mrs. Vanderbilt's introductory perfume, Diamant Bleu, is delightfully fragrant. It ought to be, for it will retail at $30 an ounce (plus tax), in a hand-cut, hand-polished crystal bottle, beveled like a diamond and made in France. The perfume has a romantic background—it seems a certain formula, along with a priceless blue diamond, was stolen from Louis XV. Mr. Chalom handily discovered the missing recipe hidden in an old bust in his French chateau. Making certain modern improvements, Mrs. V. developed her own distinguished version. The showrooms are for the wholesale trade; the preparations will appear in retail stores about September 1.

MOB SCENE: By craning my neck above the mob at the John-Frederics' fall and winter hat show in their East Forty-eighth Street showroom, I gathered that luxury and elegance are in the cards, interpreted with the help of ostrich feathers, gold lace, winged birds, lavish furs, star-spangled veiling, and lush velvets studded with rhinestones. Many of the hats had a Merry Widow look about them, and some were thoroughly frightening. One of the many swathed models was done in "Technicolor White" and muffled the mannequin's head, throat, ears, and mouth. Apparently they let her eyes show so she wouldn't have to feel her way around. Many of the turbans and sailors had jersey draped to wrap around the neck, ears, and throat. Fur ear muffs were shown with fur coats; they were actually paired scarfs which the models draped across their faces, harem fashion. A fur bonnet with long ends to wrap around and/or smother the mouth and nose, was pretty and practical for nights in a convertible with the top down. Fortunately, there were also some lovely wearable headdresses—big flared felts, saucy little sailors, graceful turbans, and enchanting evening hats sprinkled with rhinestones and topped off with spangled veils to drape over the head when the hat is removed. The dominating colors were cool grays, deep browns, mellow golds, soothing blues and greens, creamy beiges, black, and white.

RURAL HOLIDAY

My city-bred infant just recently found
That corn grows on stalks and an
orange is round.
The lad is amazed that food springs
from the land,
For he had assumed that all good
things were canned.

BY REQUEST: A pal tells me she has *a maid who's considering her.* My friend, with whom I lunched on her day off, when her ex-baby-nurse took charge, added wistfully, "The maid is checking my references this week." About to produce her third child, Modom says she would have four, if she could get a good maid. She really needs one, because in addition to her small fry, she has a farm alive with ducks, goslings, chickens, dogs, puppies, and a cat. As my chum departed her home that A.M., fluting last-minute instructions on the care and feeding of ducks, goslings, etc., the apprehensive nurse called after her, "Is there anything I can do for the children?"

GIRLS WHO KNOW
very enthusiastic about this
HIGHER TYPE
Intimate Feminine Hygiene
Easier—Daintier—More Convenient

Greaseless Suppository Gives Continuous Medication for Hours
Easy To Carry If Away From Home!

Here's one of the most effective methods ever discovered for intimate feminine cleanliness. And you can readily see why it's become so popular among highly intelligent and exacting women in this country—it's so much easier, daintier and more convenient—so *powerful* yet absolutely *harmless* and leaves no telltale odor. It's called Zonitors.

Positively Non-Irritating—Non-Smarting
Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. When inserted, they instantly begin to release their powerful germicidal properties and *continue to do so* for hours. Yet they are SAFE to most delicate tissues. Positively *non-burning, non-irritating, non-poisonous.*

Leaves No Tell-Tale Odor
Zonitors actually *destroy* offending odor. Help guard against infection. They *kill* every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract BUT YOU CAN BE SURE that Zonitors *immediately* kill every *reachable* germ and keep them from multiplying. Buy Zonitors at any drugstore.

Zonitors
(Each sealed in separate glass vial)

FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZL-96, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name
Address
City State

Pick of THE PICTURES

BY VIRGINIA SPIES

THE BIG SLEEP

THE BIG SLEEP is a brawling, lusty story of blackmailing mobsters and their finishing-school molls which fits tough guy Humphrey Bogart's talents like a snug shoulder holster.

Cast as a wise-cracking detective, Bogart swaggers through six murders in Warners' cleaned-up-enough version of Raymond Chandler's racy mystery. He also shuttles, in torrid scenes, between Lauren Bacall, his off-screen wife, and Martha Vickers, a starlet getting a Bacall-like build-up.

Bogart, an honest $25-a-day-and-expenses private eye, is hired by dying millionaire General Sternwood, a raiser of high-priced orchids and low-life daughters who run around with gangsters. Though he sets off on a nice tame case of blackmail, Bogart becomes involved in a man hunt.

Both daughters—hard-drinking Lauren and pretty but pathological Martha—try to buy him off one way or another. But Bogie crawls across corpses, stumbles into Oriental rites, slugs it out with big city gorillas, and solves the case. He finally marries Lauren and trundles his new sister-in-law off to an institution.

For Martha Vickers, this role of a nasty thumb-sucking problem girl was the pay-off for a hitherto disappointing movie career. After being ignored in bit parts, she returned to modeling and then was discovered by producer-director Howard Hawks

Pistol-packing Bogart as the cocky private detective in Raymond Chandler's racy, fast-moving whodunit.

A strange bit of mayhem and Martha Vickers. She's being given a Bacall-like build-up by Warner Brothers.

in the same way that he first spotted Bacall's sultry potentialities—via a glamor photo. With Hawks' careful coaching, she comes off well in a difficult assignment.

The Big Sleep is especially good when it plays the hard-boiled Chandler close to the vest, using whole chunks of his spicy dialogue and spotlighting a line-up of characters who kill with a mental deadpan. But in deference to the Johnston (né Hays) Office, Warners had to do a quick regeneration job on the Sternwood girls. They took two husbands away from Lauren, substituting a torchy song to sing and a soul. Martha, whose counterpart in the novel was both a killer and a tramp, isn't a killer any more.

To plug up the holes left by these deletions, a small army of playful females has been added. Their sole function is to make sure that Bogart can't walk into a bookstore, climb in a cab, or check his hat without running into a hit-and-run conquest.

By the third reel things are so complicated that many fans will stop trying to figure out whodunit to whom. Chances are, however, that they'll relax and enjoy the smooth, exciting teamwork of Bogart, Bacall, and company, and the incomparably tough cops-and-robbers chatter.

Bogart and Bacall, the screen's most famous and hard-boiled husband-and-wife team, relax between murders.

As you might guess, Bogie gets his man—but not without a big fight and Bacall's beautifully timed assistance.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

NOTORIOUS (RKO). Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant spy and sigh their way through Alfred Hitchcock's engrossing south-of-the-border thriller.

MR. ACE (United Artists). An amusing poke at ladies in politics with Sylvia Sidney and George Raft capably holding down the leading parts.

CLAUDIA AND DAVID (20th Century-Fox). A sequel to Claudia, this movie gives Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young a new batch of crises and chuckles.

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE (Paramount). A laugh-a-minute version of the Tarkington romance with Bob Hope in the role once made famous by Rudolf Valentino.

THREE WISE FOOLS (M-G-M). Margaret O'Brien, with a delightful Irish brogue, brings leprechauns into the lives of Lionel Barrymore and two cronies.

CENTENNIAL SUMMER (20th Century-Fox). Jerome Kern's score, plus Jeanne Crain, Cornel Wilde, and a big cast, make this a pleasant Philadelphia story.

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA (G.C.F., released through United Artists). Vivien Leigh and Claude Rains have the leads in this handsome spectacle adapted from the G. B. Shaw comedy.

HENRY V (Two Cities, released through United Artists). Laurence Olivier's unforgettable Technicolor production of one of Shakespeare's greatest war plays.

a lust for violence
and desperate greed
fought for possession in Martha Ivers's strange mind
Barbara Stanwyck
Van Heflin
Lizabeth Scott
in HAL WALLIS' production
"the Strange Love of Martha Ivers"
(whisper her name)
with Kirk Douglas • A Paramount Picture

30
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"What do you mean, no one answers the doorbell! You're new at this, aren't you?"
LIBERTY

BILLION-DOLLAR ORANGE SQUEEZE

Continued from Page 21

Standard Oil Company, to develop a market for kerosene, designed and sold thousands of cheap lamps to the Chinese. This was a piddling promotion, however, compared with the way the Exchange put the squeeze on oranges by designing and selling at cost hundreds of thousands of cheap glass hand-juicers and thereby opened up a market for countless billions of oranges.

BUT first the Exchange had to sell the idea that oranges were more than ornaments. It wasn't so long ago that oranges were strictly a luxury item. In the old days the orange in a child's Christmas stocking was usually the only orange the child got throughout the year. No one knows how oranges got started on the breakfast table, but the custom of serving half a grapefruit at breakfast probably paved the way for the establishment of the practice of cutting an orange in two as a greeting for the new day.

The California Fruit Growers Exchange was painfully aware that the average teaspoon was an instrument of the devil when applied to half an orange. To alleviate this condition the Exchange undertook its first great promotion program. It had the International Silver Company design an orange spoon, one sufficiently narrow and sharp edged to fit an orange section neatly and dig it out with a minimum of squirting.

In 1912 this notable advance in table-surgery design was offered as the feature of a fifty-piece Orange Blossom-pattern silverware set. The spoon could be had for ten cents and wrappers from Sunkist oranges. Distribution of spoons alone went to 5,000 a day.

During the five years this offer was plugged nobody now knows how many million pieces of silver were distributed, but the Exchange became International Silver's largest customer. The deal was stopped only because of a revolution in the citrus business—orange juice.

At that time growers were already producing more oranges than the public would eat laboriously by hand. Americans were accustomed to lemonade, but the idea of drinking plain orange juice was novel. The only juice extractors in use were too small to be handy, being designed for lemons.

The exchange promptly designed an effective glass household reamer, put it on the market for a dime, and in a few months sold the first 600,000 of a total of over 3,000,000. Manufacturers took notice and introduced other models. The Exchange designed electric extractors and sold 88,000 of them to restaurants and drugstores, again at cost. Electric models for home use were developed by the Exchange and nearly 200,000 of them sold. Pretty nearly everybody had some gadget that would take juice out of an orange. All they needed was the oranges. They bought them by the thousands of carloads, and still do.

Dovetailing with its more spectacular promotions is a remarkable system of distribution. The Exchange freight bill is $60,000,000 a year, and to get the fruit to the right market in the best condition is a man-size job.

The Exchange has offices in fifty-seven cities connected by telegraph or teletype which report constantly on the state of the market in their territory. If a couple of extra carloads of Florida oranges arrive unexpectedly in Des Moines, for example, temporarily glutting the market, the Exchange can send any fruit it might have en route to Des Moines to another city where the demand is greater than the supply. This can be done anywhere in the country any day in the year, with any one of the 100,000 freight cars the Exchange ships annually. No privately operated system of marketing perishables on a national scale anywhere else in the world can equal this in size or efficiency. Its beneficial effect on all citrus producers, in addition to Exchange members, is obvious.

The backbone of its sales program, the Exchange claims, is its advertising. Its advertising has been so potent, in fact, that the Exchange is credited today with making southern California a little Iowa simply because back in 1907 its first advertising was tested there. With only $10,000 to spend for the whole campaign—that would last about one day now—the Exchange teamed up with the Southern Pacific and enticed the susceptible Iowans with an alluring slogan, "Oranges for Health—California for Wealth." Orange sales jumped ahead 300 per cent faster in Iowa than in the rest of the country and hundreds of farmers entrained for the land of sunshine.

THE Exchange and its advertising agency have been together nearly forty years in what some observers say is the longest such honeymoon in American business. Constant needling by Charles Teague and a few other farsighted growers kept up Exchange advertising even when oranges were down to forty cents a box. Now the Exchange is spending around $3,000,000 a year for advertising. It is raised by current assessments of seven cents a box for oranges, fourteen cents for lemons, and one cent for grapefruit.

Exchange advertising claims have been models of temperance—in part, doubtless, because of the restraining influence of the organization's own research division, which has spent some $3,000,000 investigating all phases of its business from growing and packing-house methods to new products and nutrition.

As long as twenty-three years ago the Exchange was collecting evidence developed by the University of California that an orange added to the diet of school children through the midmorning lunch produced a greater weight gain than half a pint of milk given at the same period. The gain was in fact 141 per cent greater than anticipated by the researchers. These astonishing results would have been an excellent basis for an advertising campaign. But the Exchange merely reprinted the results of the study and sent them to teachers and interested groups.

Even more remarkable is a clause inserted by the Exchange in the agreement covering each project it supports. This gives the research institution the right to publish the results whether they are favorable or unfavorable to citrus fruits.

The Exchange has supported numerous studies such as the effect of orange juice's vitamin C on tuberculosis, the effect of orange and lemon juice on tooth decay (in which study 450 children participated for a year at a cost to the Exchange of $50,000), and the effect of citrus on poliomyelitis, rheumatic fever, and arthritis. War studies included speeding up wound healing with vitamin C and the effect of lemon substances in aiding combat pilots against high-altitude lung hemorrhage.

BUT while the grower is benefited from such activities, they seem somewhat remote from his day-to-day living. He accepts such long-term research objectives because he has faith in the Exchange. But he gets more immediate effect, he feels, from the Sunkist service men who make 100,000 calls a year on retail dealers and arrange for huge displays that will send eager housewives home from shopping with bags full of oranges. He likes the Exchange distribution of some 2,000,000 educational booklets a year to teachers and dietitians, even though they don't contain a single plug for Sunkist. He is also mildly approving of the twenty-two motion pictures the Exchange has produced for which there are annual audiences of 1,000,000.

It is natural, though, that the grower would be most appreciative of his Exchange membership when the crew from the packing house comes to spray his trees or pick his fruit. His crop isn't harvested all at once. Oranges stay ripe on the trees for months and the Exchange packing houses pick only a portion of the crop at a time, thereby maintaining a steady flow to the market and preventing alternate gluts and shortages and wildcat fluctuations in price. It appeals particularly to the grower that his fruit is kept separate from all others until it is carefully graded. By thus subtly making it pay to grow the best, the Exchange has put a premium on quality to which growers have responded with enthusiasm.

Although some California farmers also have citrus trees, most growers are not even fourth cousins to dirt farmers. The one-crop grower has no onerous farm chores, his workday begins at seven and ends at four or five.

Citrus growing is no proposition for a dull-wit. For $60,000 worth of citrus offers no less responsibilities than a hardware store, garage, or wholesale house of equal size. But the Exchange has certainly minimized the risks not only for its members but for all growers. And the prospective grower wondering about the future can be sure it will soon have us squeezing another billion oranges.

THE END

WHAT SUFFERING DO A

Society Girl and Scrub Woman

HAVE IN COMMON?

A daughter of the rich—reared in the lap of luxury—a product of the best finishing schools or colleges. Who would think this lovely creature had a care in the world!

A little slavey—just a drudge from childhood—an object of pity to the passerby.

Yet there is a common ground of suffering where these two types of women often meet. Because many girls—whether rich or poor —by their *very physical nature* are apt to suffer distressing symptoms on 'certain days' of the month.

Start right away—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. Pinkham's Compound DOES MORE than just relieve such monthly pain. It ALSO relieves accompanying nervous, restless, highstrung feelings—when due to this cause. Taken regularly—this great medicine helps build up resistance against such distress—something any sensible woman should certainly want to do!

For over 70 years Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of girls and women in this way. Time has *proved* it one of the most effective medicines for this purpose. Just see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit!

This is something you shouldn't joke about

In case female functional monthly disturbances cause *you*—at such times—to suffer from cramps, headache, backache, nervous distress, and weak, tired out, restless feelings—so cranky no one wants to be near you *—this is nothing to joke about!*

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

WHERE ARE THE SURPLUS WAR GOODS?

Continued from Page 15

The committee heard of other unbusinesslike practices, such as the fact that WAA maintained no complete inventory of its property anywhere, although that property currently was occupying some 53,000,000 square feet of open and closed storage space. If you were looking for some item, scarce for civilians but plentiful for war, Washington couldn't tell where it was except in rare instances—you just went to the telephone and called each of the thirty-three regional WAA offices around the country, and maybe you found it.

Lieutenant General Edmund B. Gregory, until recently WAA administrator, explained that "the slowness of disposal is a combination of a number of factors." These included an inadequate WAA staff to handle rapidly the tremendous amount of surplus which the Army threw on disposal agencies right after V-J Day; insufficient description of many of the items, necessitating time-consuming check-ups; and the law's requirements to offer surplus goods first to federal agencies and other priority groups before turning them loose in trade lanes that would reach the public.

THE committee learned that it took an average of 190 days to process consumer goods such as girdles, socks, and alarm clocks, and an average of ninety days to market capital and producer goods such as dental chairs, machine tools, and construction machinery. Most of that time was spent in preparing forms, inspection, planning sales programs, and in other types of administrative work.

Needless procrastination isn't the only accusation against the War Assets Administration. Other and more serious allegations are charges of maladministration, waste, inefficiency, gross disregard of priority provisions of the law, internal dissension, discrimination among manufacturer-agents, and "confidential lists" of available commodities. These have been leveled by the very people and organizations supposed to benefit first and most under the law—veterans, federal agencies, local governments, educational institutions, hospitals, and small business, in the order named.

For a clearer appreciation of the present mess let's go back to February, 1944, when the Surplus War Property Administration was created by executive order of President Roosevelt. Construing this as a by-pass of its legislative prerogatives, Congress drafted its own complicated ideas into a surplus property act, which became law the following October. The real test of the law and of its administrative agency began immediately after V-J Day, and within eight months the howls and squawks from disgruntled would-be buyers of war's left-overs resulted in seventeen Congressional investigations and an amendment to the law, designed to benefit veterans.

Admittedly, disposal of over a hundred billion dollars' worth of surplus war matériel is the biggest and most complicated clearance sale ever attempted. Its only precedent was the dumping of a paltry seven billions' worth of goods after World War I, chiefly by the War Department.

The War Assets Administration has jurisdiction only over surplus in the United States and its possessions, estimated at about forty billion dollars' worth of some four million different items. At this writing, the latest official figure on domestic surplus is General Gregory's, issued at the start of the present fiscal year, during which the War Assets Administration asked for an annual budget of $524,000,000. With that operating capital, of close to $1,500,000 a day, the WAA hopes to sell $15,400,000,000 worth of surplus property now on hand by next June 30 for a total take of $2,900,000,000, or about one fifth the wartime cost.

WHILE that gigantic fire sale is progressing, WAA expects to acquire another eleven billions' worth of all kinds of things. Included in the total offerings are industrial plants and real estate, airports, salable and nonsalable aircraft and parts, marine items, mineral and grazing land, and some housing. But of greatest interest to most people are $3,886,000,000 worth of consumer goods and five billions' worth of producer goods. In an operation of that magnitude, almost anything can happen, and a great deal already has, judging by the thousands of sharply critical letters which members of Congress have received from angry constituents, and by matters uncovered in the investigations.

Some of the allegations have been spectacular, such as the one by Senator Alexander Wiley before the Senate Small Business Subcommittee that "a commercial crowd has taken over WAA's electronics program and has ruthlessly operated it in a manner harmful to the best interests of the country. This crowd has engaged in deceit and downright lying in its advice to General Gregory." He charged that one consultant, an independent contractor, ". . . while available for consultation, wangled 130 receivers for his commercial company, which receivers should have been made available to the schools and for instruction in radio courses."

In effect, the general replied, "Stuff and nonsense!" and then went on with, "Senator Wiley has access to certain information in our office from a disgruntled employee. He makes a political issue of it. This stuff isn't true at all." The senator's office retorted that while this may be election year, Senator Wiley's term doesn't expire until 1951. A spokesman readily admitted the information came from inside WAA, and not from one employee but from several, "who are citizens and who risked their positions to refer the matter to a senator, their right and duty."

The electronics phase of disposal was stressed by the senator and others. Recognizing that our 100,000 schools and 1,700 colleges and universities need many varieties of this equipment in laboratories, Congress wrote into the disposal law a priority for educational institutions, which are supposed to be further benefited by a 40-per-cent discount on prices established by WAA.

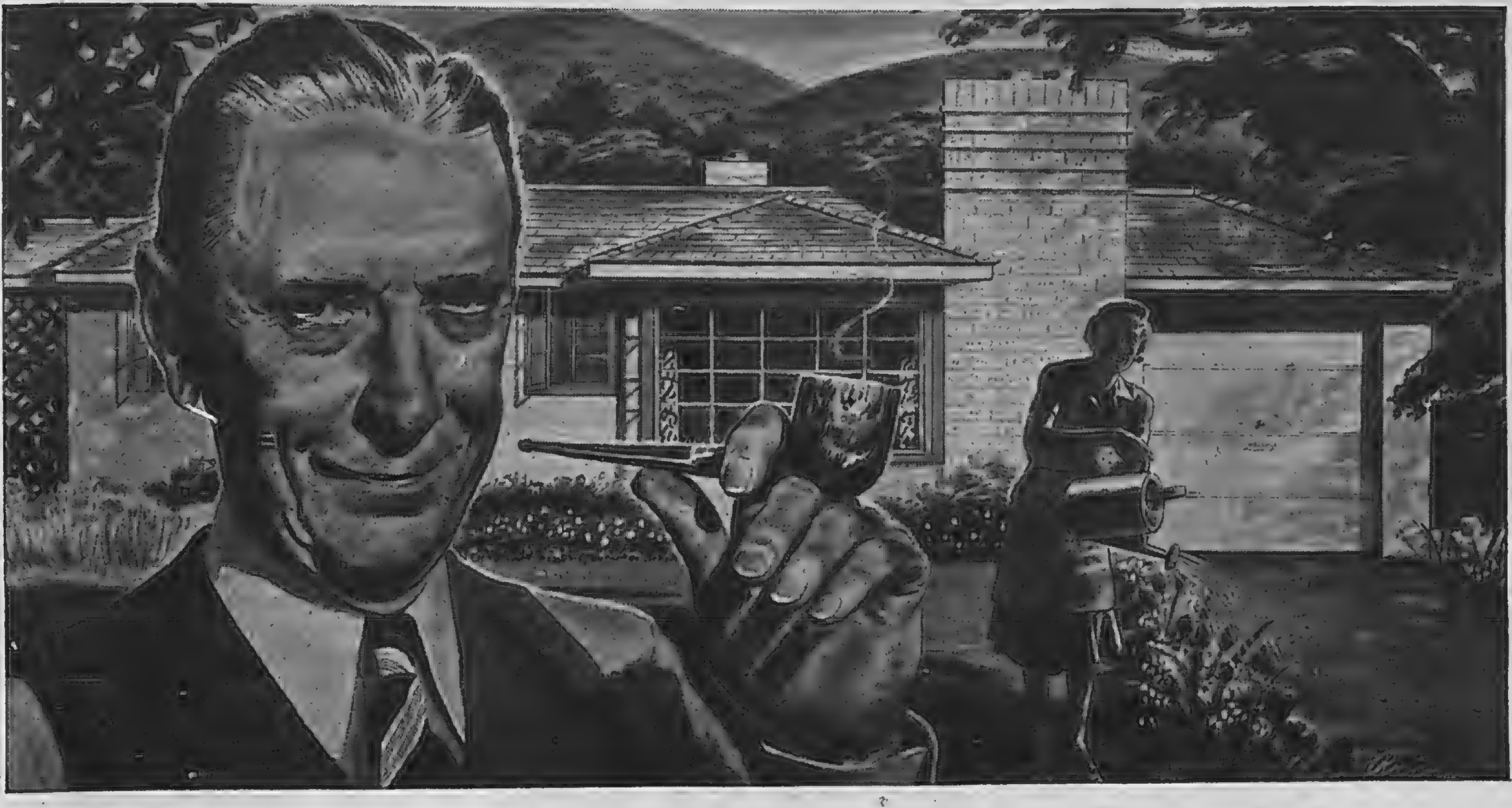
TO speed disposal, the WAA early decided to place surplus goods in the hands of accredited manufacturer-agents who were in position to repair or assemble where necessary, and then merchandise them on a 10-per-cent commission basis, plus expenses. These include transportation, cartage, accounting, testing, inspection, warehousing, and overhead, including entertainment. One manufacturer-agent sold some quartz crystals valued at $120 and received his 10-per-cent commission. He also received an expense check in the amount of $15,761.

A manufacturer-agent receives no commission at all on sales to priority holders, which makes it to the agent's interest to locate buyers outside priority groups, thus channeling much of the badly wanted educational items straight into commercial hands. Schools, hospitals, and other nonprofit organizations may then buy, but at a higher price than they would pay WAA, and without benefit of their legal discount. However, the manufacturer-agents cannot be blamed for WAA's failure to take some action on the vast majority of thousands of applications for electronics material filed by schools and colleges.

Even though many top officials of WAA are Army officers—or perhaps because of that—the disposal agency distrusts Army inventory figures and descriptions. Here is one reason: of 1,029 tractors declared surplus and stored at Granite City, Illinois, 355 were sold, and then WAA allocated most of the balance to the Atlanta region on the strength of the Army's description that they were a standard type. Some turned up in Florida, where it was learned that they actually were special winterized jobs with attachments for frigid climates. Some sales had been made "sight unseen," and it cost WAA $800 reimbursement on each sale to adapt the machines for use in Florida.

There are billions of dollars' worth of surplus material, both declared and undeclared, but there never will

(*Continued on page 66*)



Let your HEAD take you

(The average American today has a choice of just going where "his feet take him", or choosing wisely the course to follow. Let's skip ahead 10 years, and take a look at John Jones—and listen to him . . .)

"SOMETIMES I feel so good it almost scares me.

"This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world.

"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

"I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as man gets on this earth!

"It wasn't always so.

"Back in '46—that was right after the war and sometimes the going wasn't too easy—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it.

" 'Don't do it, John!' she said. 'Please don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's wonderful to know that every single payday we have more money put aside! John, if we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!'

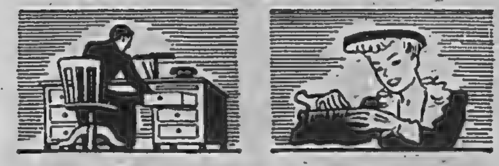
"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the Bonds.

"What's more, we kept right on putting our extra cash into U. S. Savings Bonds. And the pay-off is making the world a pretty swell place today!"

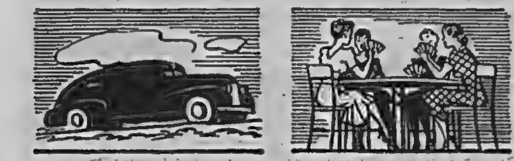
The Treasury Department acknowledges with appreciation the publication of this advertisement by

★ ***Liberty Magazine*** ★

Handy Candy
FOR QUICK PICK-UP!
coffee-ets



Keep Coffee-ets in your desk for quick pick-up or in your purse for that afternoon let down. They're made with pure coffee, fresh dairy butter and whipping cream.



These exotic little candies make ideal favors for your bridge game. Put a handful in your pocket or a handy tin in your suitcase when you travel.

We're sorry sugar restrictions limit production. But keep asking. Your dealer may have Coffee-ets soon.

Saylor's
coffee-ets

Saylor's
UNUSUAL CANDIES
ENCINAL AVENUE • ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA

LAW

STUDY AT HOME for PERSONAL SUCCESS and LARGER EARNINGS. 37 years—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree. All texts furnished. Easy payments. Send for FREE BOOK.
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Dept. 89-L, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

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$100 cash award for best song poem placed with us every month. Hit parade composer and staff will set it to music. Finished song will be recorded and lead sheets or manuscripts furnished for professional presentation to song publishers. Send your song poems today for free examination and full details how you may win $100.
SCREENLAND RECORDERS
Dept. L Hollywood 28, Calif.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE
A DANGER SIGNAL

Often associated with Hardening of the Arteries, a Stroke, Paralysis, Heart Trouble, Kidney Disease, and other grave complications. Resultful treating methods of the Ball Clinic have proven dependable for nearly a quarter of a century. Send for FREE Blood Pressure Book today. No obligation.
BALL CLINIC, Dept. 25A, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS
(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
use DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT T ST

DERMOIL
PSORIASIS

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 6724, Detroit 4, Mich.

(Continued from page 64)

be enough of many badly wanted items to satisfy pent-up demands. Frequently, when motor vehicles have been offered for sale, the newspaper headlines told the story: "10-000 Veterans Seek 1,588 Jeeps." Last January the WAA ceased issuing certificates for purchase of station wagons and passenger cars. No satisfactory answer has been forthcoming as to why over 500,000 applications had been accepted up to that time, for WAA stated: "If we get 11,000 more of those types, we will be lucky." Consequently, when the investigating committee saw a picture of thousands of Army-owned trucks and cars stored just outside Atlanta, the senators wanted to know whether the Army was hoarding, and if not, why the cars had not been declared surplus, and how long they had been in storage in the open.

Army officers replied that of the 30,656 vehicles parked in the huge lot, none were new, all were trucks except 525, which were sedans, and only forty-eight of those were serviceable. This, the Army said, was one of five such parking lots in the country, containing, in all, about 300,000 units, by far the most of which were assorted trucks. The Army also added that as no general-purpose vehicles are to be brought back from Europe or the Pacific, that supply, such as it was, would barely serve its requirements through June 30, 1949.

"Those are all unserviceable vehicles," stated an officer. "To sell them to people would be, I think, rather a drug on the market to them." To that, Senator Ferguson replied: "You let the average G.I. get hold of one of those cars and it will be serviceable to him. He will make it serviceable."

SOME experiences of buyers of surplus on the customary "as is, where is" basis would be comical, except that such sales often represent investments which veterans and others can ill afford to lose.

Congressman Alfred J. Elliott told how he accompanied three former-veterans to a WAA truck sale: "A tag was on the car, marked 'O.K.' These men had already paid their money to the federal government. One man attempted to start a truck and it would not start. So he raised the hood, and the carburetor and generator were gone, yet they had taken his money. He stepped over to another truck and it started; he put it in gear and it didn't move. He found out the axle had been taken out. Somebody had needed an axle for repairs."

Other experiences of veterans haven't made a pretty picture. WAA still winces at mention of the Baltimore episode, billed as "A Colossal Sale of Photographic Equipment." Ex-G.I.s came from miles around with money in their pockets and private-enterprise ideas in their heads, but before they were permitted to buy, higher priority groups had their fling. "The remaining merchandise," reported the National Legionnaire, "was described by veterans as 'junk.'"

At a later Baltimore sale, $600,000 worth of lathes, drill presses, milling machines, woodworking machinery, and similar items was offered exclusively to veterans and federal agencies for the first four days. About 300 veterans, some from as far away as Texas, were on hand the opening day, and only then did they learn that over $100,000 worth of choice tools had been withdrawn from the sale. According to the Baltimore office of WAA, the withdrawal was quite legal but unfortunate.

Nothwithstanding the law's amendment last April, a veteran's priority still remains not much more than a hunting license. In no sense of the word is WAA a retail store, except for a few items such as trucks, jeeps, machinery, and so on, including dental chairs. If the G.I. dentist wants to outfit an office, he may buy a single chair, but when it comes to forceps and other instruments, they are likely to be offered in case lots.

SEVERAL critics have said that what WAA needs is a top group of civilian executives with experience in merchandising and marketing. There has been no intent to impugn either General Gregory or his deputy administrator, Major General Glen E. Edgerton, both of whom are held in high personal regard, but some critics feel that business men know more of the mazes of advertising and selling than do Army career men.

When General Gregory retired, due to poor health, there was an unconfirmed report that President Truman had tried to interest Donald M. Nelson, among others, in the job. Be that as it may, the present administrator is Major General Robert Littlejohn, formerly quartermaster general for the European theater.

As for overseas surplus, WAA can't be held responsible until the goods arrive on our side of the oceans. The Department of State, through its Foreign Liquidation Commission, is in sole control of disposition of the tremendous quantities of American war surplus remaining on foreign shores, none of which, originally, was destined to be returned. Included, and located in several countries, were what WAA termed the "most critical types" of construction machinery.

In the European theater alone, the Army had declared 272,000 long tons of construction machinery, valued at $122,000,000, as surplus by the end of last year, but little or none of it came back to the United States. Practically the entire declaration was taken by UNRRA, whose influence in keeping American surplus property in foreign lands was indicated by John W. Snyder, then director of War Mobilization and Reconversion. He told the investigating senators: "Our only control of those properties is to determine whether we need them here. If we need them here, then we go to the State Department and discuss with UNRRA and those various departments, to see what their needs are. If they say there is an urgent need for them [abroad], then we have to accept their statement."

The dilatory tactics of the State Department in disposal of foreign surplus and the regulation preventing its return, particularly of items that would assist housing construction, were strongly criticized by the Mead Committee early this year. To that was added protests from returned G.I.'s, who had seen enormous piles of war surplus themselves and couldn't find counterparts in this country. A "critical list" was prepared and sent to the Pacific with orders to send the stuff back to the U. S. A. The order applied only to the Pacific. Up to now, 285 Army and Navy vessels have arrived here with surplus material, most of which is said to be items usable by civilians.

MEANWHILE, UNRRA has bought large Pacific surpluses, as did the Dutch, the New Zealanders, Australians, and Chinese, while by act of Congress the Philippine Commonwealth is to receive $100,000,000 worth of surplus material as a gift. Sales of all surplus in Britain and British colonies, in India, China, Iran, South Africa, and Egypt have been or soon will be completed. The entire stock of American Army surplus in France, valued at more than a billion dollars in original cost, was turned over to the French government under a loan agreement with the United States. That transaction is reminiscent of the deal after World War I in which the French gave Uncle Sam a note for $400,000,000 worth of surplus. The note never was paid. As of this writing, more than $1,500,000,000 remaining in Germany, Italy, and Belgium is expected to be "declared [surplus] to meet the demands of European governments and other buyers," according to WAA.

At home, WAA is planning, among other disposal methods, 2,000 "site sales" to be held in each of the forty-eight states, involving hundreds of millions' worth of surplus consumer, capital, and producer goods. A site sale is held where large quantities have accumulated. Everything is price-tagged, and while consumer surplus is sold only to eligible purchasers, anyone may buy whatever else is offered. Confidently, WAA hopes to expand its disposal program to more than a billion dollars a month, but how confidently its officials await the beginning of the latest and most searching Congressional investigation is a matter of varied opinion.

The numerous investigatory groups thus far have pried into priorities, asked about accumulation of surplus, and scored its slow-motion disposal, but the new Special House of Representatives Committee is empowered to "make a full and complete study and investigation" of every phase of War Assets Administration's activities. According to the chairman, Roger C. Slaughter, his committee is not embarking on a witch-burning expedition. But he does want "to hear evidence from an agency that last month [May] sold $40,000,000 worth of material and spent $35,000,000 doing it."

Doubtless the new committee will delve into many allegations, such as the question raised by Congressman James G. Fulton regarding instances of bribery in the Pittsburgh office. Perhaps it will discover why the top priority of the Army Corps of Engineers for telephone wire was bypassed in favor of a private industrial purchaser. Maybe it will learn which of three different WAA versions is correct concerning the sale of 10,000 two-way $1,140 radio sets for $45 apiece through a manufacturer-agent to a department store and other commercial outlets, instead of to veterans or to schools and colleges.

Chairman Slaughter thinks the investigation will last a long time, perhaps into the winter. But for the taxpayer's sake it is to be hoped that either or both of Mr. Slaughter's starting premises will be adopted: "If it's the fault of the law, change the law; if it's the fault of WAA, correct it."

THE END

ON THE BEAM

Continued from Page 10

The railroads, meanwhile, were beginning to wonder if their earlier scoffing at air cargo had been ill-advised. The Santa Fe went so far as to acquire some cargo airplanes of its own to supplement its rail service.

What the government will do about air cargo is a question at this time. Extensive hearings will have to be held. But it's very certain that air cargo will be a big item from here on. The battle as to who is going to carry cargo by air will get top attention.

As for the average man in the street, he will benefit from whatever develops in the way of air cargo. Fresh tree-ripened fruits and vegetables, always preferred to those picked green and shipped long distance by rail or truck, can be sold easily and quickly in metropolitan markets if the air services can haul the stuff profitably.

Better news yet is the likelihood of air parcel post in the near future. The Post Office Department is sponsoring the proposal and Congress was favorably considering it as this was written. It will be a boon to the scheduled air lines and should turn in a real profit to the Post Office. It will mean much faster handling of parcel post for the public at low rates.

Don't buy your New Radio until you hear Sonora's
"Clear as a Bell" tone
Sonora
Clear as a Bell
RADIOS • TELEVISION SETS • RECORDS • PHONOGRAPHS • RECORDERS

THE MELANCHOLY WALKER

Continued from Page 33

brought the Utica money to his side. Matt arranged the bets.

The hall was filling rapidly. Rows of benches had been set the length of the room and the stage at one end was full of seated spectators who had paid ten cents a head to see the race. Grandmother had opposed my going. Taverns were no places for boys, said she. Uncle Davey had won her over by promising to keep tabs on me. So we wedged ourselves between Ivor the Hill and Bob Jones Painter and watched the people crowd into every possible inch of space.

Matt Fanning had been barker for a traveling circus in his younger days. He had not lost his flair for showmanship. "Ladies and gentlemen," he thundered, silencing the crowd, "we are gathered here to see the greatest exhibition of heel-and-toe walking ever to be put on in any community." Here Matt introduced several well-dressed strangers and led us in applause. "The race will be over a one-hundred-mile course and will be in four parts. The first quarter will be run off this evening and will be finished when the leading walker completes twenty-five miles. The other contestants will be given credit for whatever distance they cover and will start at that point tomorrow evening." There were more rules, but they were too complicated for me, so I kept my eyes peeled on the lane through which the contestants would walk to the stage to be introduced.

A gasp of astonishment went up from the crowd. Jack Jones Quarry was swaying down the lane with that peculiar rolling stride that was so familiar to all of us. Behind him came Long Bill Hanks, who towered head and shoulders over our champion.

The reason for the gasp followed. He was a little man, not much over five feet tall, dressed in hunting costume of doeskin with beads on his coat and fringe along the seams of his trousers. His moccasins made no sound on the boards.

THE three contestants joined Matt on the stage. Matt introduced Jack first, for he was the local favorite. The roar of applause was so heavy that dust sprinkled down from the rafters. Long Bill got a polite reception, for he was a man both to be feared and to be respected.

Matt held up his hand. "There has been a third entry at the last moment," he announced. "I'd like to introduce the reigning champion of St. Lawrence County, Mr. Romuald de la Fontaine, who is not only the heel-and-toe champion of that vast expanse of forest to the north of us, but also its leading trapper. It is surely a pleasure to know that our contest has attracted a man of such prominence. Let's give him a big hand."

We all liked Matt and hated to embarrass him, but the spattering of handclaps sounded like applause for a speaker at a meeting of the Ladies' Aid. Everyone knew the contest was to be between Jack and Long Bill. What right did a man from St. Lawrence County have to horn in at the last moment?

Mr. Romuald de la Fontaine took off his cap and bowed from the waist. Gold teeth flashed with his smile. *"Merci,"* was all he said. Uncle Davey explained to me that meant thank you in French, for I thought the man was asking for sympathy.

Matt settled himself behind a table. Before him were three sheets of paper, for Matt was not only master of ceremonies; he was judge, timer, and scorekeeper rolled up into one.

The three men toed the mark. Matt gave the signal. Jack led off, using that bumpy stride of his. Long Bill was content to follow, though his steps were longer and easier. And what did Romuald de la Fontaine do? He waited courteously at the line, waved gracefully for his competitors to start, and followed at a polite distance.

He walked with short dainty steps, much like a girl who is trying to show off her new Easter suit. The pace was slow, for the race was to be long and grueling; it wasn't the first few rounds of the hall that counted. The St. Lawrence County champion kept the pace easily, though he showed no desire to take the lead. Round and round the hall they went, ten times, twenty times, a hundred times. Now and then Long Bill would move ahead of Jack and set the pace, thus giving his supporters a chance to clap their hands and yell encouragement.

Romuald de la Fontaine seemed more interested in the audience than he did in the race. He smirked and bowed as he walked along. And I noticed that he was not a young man, for his hair was gray at the temples and long lines creased his leathery cheeks. It was almost impossible to see his eyes, for his perpetual smile pulled his cheeks up so high they seemed mere slits.

Well, they completed the first evening's trial in the same order they had started. A horse blanket would have covered them at the finish.

A heel-and-toe contest isn't too exciting to watch. By ten o'clock the bar was crowded with weary spectators. When Uncle Davey told me to go home, at least a hundred men were trying to buy drinks at the same time. Prominent among them was Romuald de la Fontaine, though I did not see him take a drink himself. Uncle Dave told me the next morning that the St. Lawrence County champion merely stood around listening to the men talk about the prowess of Jack Quarry and Long Bill Hanks.

JACK went straight home, for he did not trust himself at the bar. He was superb on the following evening, when he and Long Bill really let out. At the close of the second twenty-five miles they were far ahead of Romuald de la Fontaine, who had traveled along at the same mincing pace, despite the fact that he was lapped several times.

Maybe I got rather excited, for it was a wonderful sight to watch Jack and Bill struggling shoulder to shoulder all the way down the hall and back again. Anyway, I woke up some time during the night. Barking doesn't usually bother me, but this bark was the sharpest I had ever heard. I crawled out of bed and went to the window.

(Continued on page 70)

Thanks for the Memory

HENRY LOUIS GEHRIG, the former first baseman of the New York Yankees, will always be remembered for an exhibition of courage seldom equaled and never surpassed in the history of a game where courage is a requirement.

The end of Gehrig's playing days marked the end of an era when the Yankees were known as "Murderers' Row," when Gehrig and Ruth were sudden death to opposing pitchers. The big strapping ex-collegian died June 2, 1941, from chronic poliomyelitis.

His lifetime record (June 1, 1925-April 30, 1939): Total consecutive games, 2,130; runs, 1,887; hits, 2,700; home runs, 493; batting average, .340.

The sportsman's code has two rules: Keep modest in victory. Keep a stout heart in defeat. The world of sport never knew a man who exemplified that code better than Lou Gehrig.—*Allan Witwer.*

THE HIGHBALL THE DAIQUIRI THE COLLINS THE MINT JULEP

FOR YOURS...THIS MELLOW MAGIC

Southern Comfort

All drinks—tall ones, short ones—achieve a subtle superiority from the mellow magic of versatile, 100 proof Southern Comfort—The Grand Old Drink of the South. The bottle booklet contains delightful, easy-to-mix recipes. Why wait?

SOUTHERN COMFORT

TRY THESE SOUTHERN COMFORT RECIPES

Daiquiri

1½ ounces Southern Comfort
Juice of ¼ lime
No sugar
Shake well with cracked ice

Collins

Jigger Southern Comfort
Juice ½ lime or lemon
Ice and fill Collins glass with soda
Garnish with slice of lemon, orange and a cherry

Highball

Jigger Southern Comfort
Ice
Fill with Sparkling Water

Mint Julep

Bruise mint in bottom of glass
Add 2 ounces Southern Comfort
Fill glass with fine ice; stir till frosted
Add more ice and decorate with two sprigs of mint

There's Only One

SOUTHERN COMFORT

100 PROOF LIQUEUR

America's Most Versatile Drink

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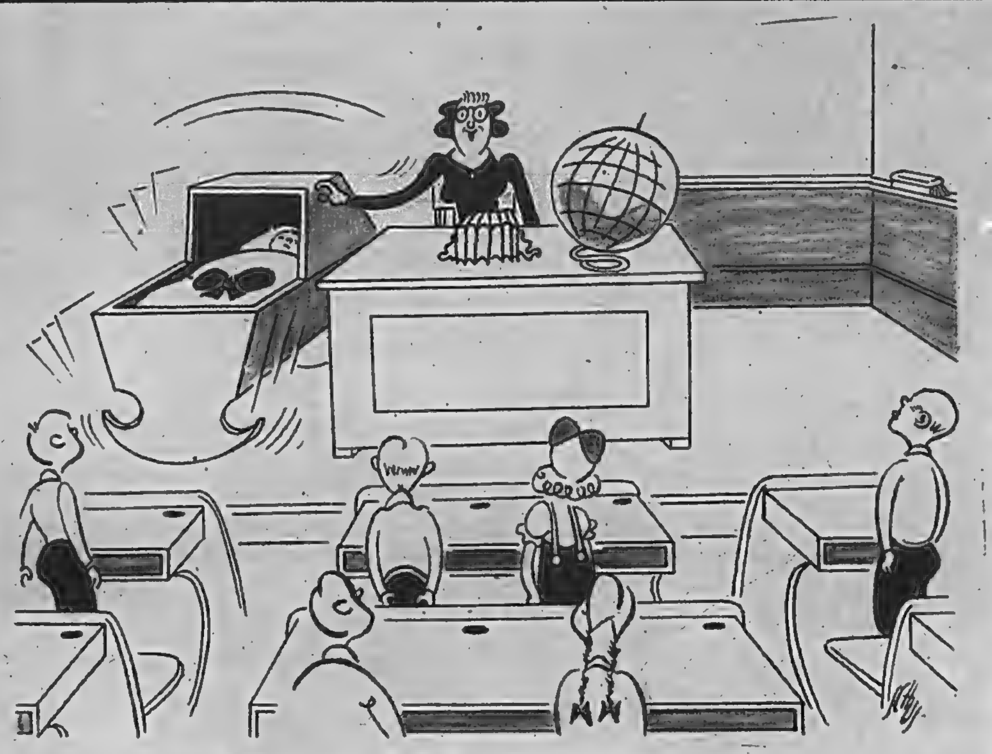

"I hope you all had exciting vacations, too!"

LIBERTY

(*Continued from page 68*)

It was a beautiful night, with the moon riding the sky and playing tag with the stars. I stood there, thinking what a night it would be to go out and cut corn or to help tend the kiln fire, but the corn was in the silo and the kiln wasn't burning on account of the walking race.

The wind was cool and I was about to jump back between the feathers when I heard a familiar sound. Sure enough, there was Jack Jones Quarry passing the house, his chin thrust ahead of him, his arms keeping pace with his legs. And I knew the barking had roused Jack from slumber and that he was taking a few turns around the village in order to get back to sleep. I didn't need that incentive. I hopped back into bed and dropped off.

THE third night of the contest brought real fireworks. Jack started off like the champion that he was. His first spurt sent him nearly a half lap ahead of Long Bill, and he kept that lead half the evening, despite the fact that the Boonville flyer was putting everything he had into a supreme effort to overtake him. The crowd was on its feet, for here was an exhibition of heel-and-toe walking which was worth coming miles to see.

Only Romuald de la Fontaine seemed unconcerned. How he kept from being lapped continually was more than most folks could understand, but Uncle Davey, who had tried walking himself, whispered in my ear that the St. Lawrence County champion had lengthened his strides and was looking better every lap. No man who was ten laps behind looked good to me, so I paid little attention to him, except on those occasions when he stepped aside while Long Bill and Jack were passing him.

These gestures brought several laughs from the crowd. And it was funny to see that little old duffer look over his shoulder, grin, and then step aside and bow gracefully while his competitors thundered on.

The bar was empty that night, for no one wanted to miss one second of the race. The walkers were approaching seventy-five miles now; three quarters of the contest were about over. Jack was leading by a few yards, but he was showing wear and tear. His breath was coming hard and his legs wobbled once or twice on the turns. Behind him came Long Bill, fresh as a daisy, his wide grin full of confidence.

Romuald de la Fontaine was about quarter of the way down the hall when the two leaders made their final bid. Down the course they thundered, arms and legs working overtime, faces streaming perspiration. Romuald made the turn first and glanced over his shoulder. Halfway down the stretch he turned and bowed.

The gesture he made would have done justice to the court of Louis XIV. He extended one leg, swept the air with his arm and pressed it to his heart, all the while bowing his head before the oncoming rush.

Long Bill was on the outside, walking shoulder to shoulder with Jack. He was straining every muscle in an effort to finish the third quarter ahead. He tripped over Romuald's extended leg and sprawled along the floor. Jack, thrown off balance, managed to right himself and finish the lap.

Romuald was profuse in his apologies. He had only been performing an act of courtesy. If Mr. Hanks had sprained an ankle, he was profoundly sorry.

The supporters of the Boonville champion were not courteous. They were for lynching Romuald on the spot, but they were overruled by the New Jerusalem folks, who, I am sorry to say, were secretly glad that Jack's rival had suffered a mishap which might prevent him from finishing the race. Remember, they had placed odds on our champion, and money has a loud voice.

It rained hard that night and I didn't get to sleep right away, for I liked to hear the rain pounding on the roof. I hadn't snatched more than forty winks when that infernal barking started again. *Yip-yap, yip-yap* it went, something like a cocker or a fox terrier, but twice as loud. It sounded down the street near where Jack Jones Quarry lived. I listened for a while and then the barking stopped. Being curious, I got up to see if Jack would go walking again.

Goshen Hall was right across the road from grandfather's house. I had no sooner reached the window than I saw someone in the road. The rain was coming down pretty hard, so I couldn't tell exactly who it was. I thought I had seen the man somewhere, but he ran into Goshen Hall before I could get my foggy brain wound up.

I was right about Jack. He came thundering up the street, going hell-bent for election, much as he had during that struggle with Long Bill which had resulted in the Boonville-man's accident. The last I saw of him he was headed up the rise toward the general store.

UNCLE DAVEY and I didn't miss the grand finale. We had to go right after supper, for the hall filled so fast that nearly a hundred people were left outside and the windows had to be opened so they could hear the excitement inside. While we were waiting for the race to start, I heard Ivor the Hill tell Uncle Davey about Jack Jones Quarry.

It seems that Jack didn't come in until nearly sunrise. He was tired, wet, and thirsty. The bottle in the cellarway was very tempting. Jack went to bed and took the bottle with him. He would be in poor shape to walk twenty-five miles tonight.

Uncle Davey had put up no money on the race. He was too much afraid of grandfather to do that. Maybe that is why he didn't share Ivor's nervousness, for Ivor had staked two weeks' wages on Jack. And I didn't like the way Davey taunted Ivor by reminding him how much better Romuald de la Fontaine had walked the night before. I had seen Romuald make his curtsy. It had looked like a clean trip to me.

Matt made a special speech and the race started. Long Bill was there with his ankle bandaged tightly. There was a grimace of pain on his face as he left the mark five yards behind Jack. It was obvious that he could win only if Jack failed to finish.

Jack? He wasn't himself. That was easy for even a boy to see. His strides lacked rhythm and his face looked drawn and haggard. The pace that he set was so slow that Long Bill, sprained ankle and all, was able to match strides with him. We settled down to watch an endurance contest.

Romuald de la Fontaine had other ideas. The little man's gold teeth showed more often now as he lengthened his strides. It was a pretty sight to see him swing up and down the hall, cutting down the lead at every stride. True, he was fifteen laps behind, but it was he who was doing the passing now, and he had a new gesture of courtesy for that situation. No bows and extended leg now, mind you, only an exasperating grin and a salute in passing.

With five miles to go, Jack seemed to get his second wind, or else his head was clearing. Distance began to show between him and Long Bill, who was limping badly. The partisan crowd, sensing that Jack was to win, broke forth in wild applause.

Romuald de la Fontaine may have heard the cheers and handclapping, but he merely stuck to his knitting. And it was noticeable that he was walking about twice as fast as Jack, that he had cut down our champion's lead to three laps. Long Bill had dropped out of the race with five laps to go. Romuald de la Fontaine had passed him two miles before, when Bill's bad ankle had slowed him to a snail's pace. Bill dropped to a bench and glared angrily at the St. Lawrence County champion.

Romuald de la Fontaine was walking beautifully. Gone were the mincing ladylike steps. Every muscle of the little man's body seemed to be shaking hands as he cut down Jack's lead.

Our champion was puffing. His legs were all over the course. Uncle Davey had to hold out his hands to keep Jack from falling on us when he took the corner. If ever a man was crying for a bed and a night's sleep, it was Jack Jones Quarry.

THE last lap began with Romuald de la Fontaine at Jack's shoulder. Through sheer stubbornness, Jack matched strides with his opponent halfway down the hall. The cheers of the crowd had been silenced, partly because folks sensed that the outsider would win, but mostly because nobody could talk above a whisper.

They took the turn together. Romuald de la Fontaine saluted Jack as he passed the local champion. The crowd could have been under one of Jack's gravestones, it was that quiet.

That is why the barking sounded so loud in the hall. *Yip-yap, yip-yap* it came, right from the lips of Romuald de la Fontaine. And I knew it was the St. Lawrence County champion who had run into Goshen Hall the night before.

Jack reacted to the sound like a dog touched with turpentine. His boot took Romuald de la Fontaine in the south end of the spine and lifted the little man clean off the floor. The St. Lawrence County champion landed on all fours right in front of Long Bill Hanks. The last I ever saw of Romuald de la Fontaine he was sailing over my head and out the open window.

No one ever challenged Jack Jones Quarry after that night and the heel-and-toe craze died a natural death.

Goshen Hall went up in a cloud of smoke over twenty years ago.

Memories are hard to erase. Even now, on an autumn night, when a dog barks through the wind and the rain, I rise and go to the window to see if Jack Jones Quarry is taking a turn around the village. I never see him, for he is resting in the Welsh cemetery with the crossed guns, the oak wreaths, and the little lambs.

Most of the folks have forgotten that Jack was the heel-and-toe champion of New Jerusalem, but his handiwork may live forever.

There is something immortal about stone.

THE END

Reporter Scores Double Beat When...
TIMES! TIMES! KIDNAPER CAUGHT
Daily Times
TIMES REPORTER CAPTURES KIDNAPER
I'D LIKE TO MEET THE BOY WHO GOT THAT SCOOP. WILL YOU SEND HIM OVER?
ALL RIGHT, CHIEF. THEN SEND HIM HOME. HE WORKED ALL NIGHT
MR. WHITE WANTS TO SEE YOU AT HIS APARTMENT RIGHT AWAY
...OKAY—BUT I LOOK PRETTY TOUGH TO MEET THE BOSS. I'D BETTER SHAVE FIRST
BOY, CAN YOU DIG UP A RAZOR FOR ME IN A HURRY?
SURE THING... THE COMPOSING-ROOM FOREMAN HAS ONE
THAT FOREMAN CERTAINLY KNOWS HIS STUFF. THIS THIN GILLETTE IS THE SLICKEST-SHAVING BLADE I EVER USED
LATER
CONGRATULATIONS, YOUNG MAN! BIGGEST EXCLUSIVE STORY WE'VE HAD IN YEARS
THANKS, MR. WHITE. AND THANKS FOR THE RAISE. I CAN USE THE MONEY
I EXPECT I'LL BE MAKING HIM MANAGING EDITOR IN ANOTHER COUPLE OF YEARS
HE SEEMS LIKE A COMER, DAD... AND HE'S MIGHTY NICE LOOKING TOO
CHALK UP ANOTHER SCORE FOR THIN GILLETTE
TO GET SMOOTH, GOOD-LOOKING SHAVES WITH SPEED AND COMFORT, TRY THIN GILLETTE BLADES. THEY'RE KEEN, LONG-LASTING AND FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR PRECISELY. THUS THEY PROTECT YOUR FACE FROM THE IRRITATING EFFECT OF MISFIT BLADES. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
THIN Gillette
4 10

A HAPPY MAN

Continued from Page 31

"Poppa!" screamed Claire, and Mr. Stratton felt himself being smothered in a large soft female embrace.

"Well! Well! Well!" said Mr. Stratton, who could think of no remark indicative that he was glad to see his daughter but did wish she'd stop squeezing him to death.

Claire abandoned him. She seized the lean young man by the hand. She dragged him across the platform. "Poppa! Momma! This is Steve!"

Mr. Stratton had a jumbled impression that Steve wished he'd stayed at home. But he was bending politely over Mrs. Stratton's hand.

"I've heard so much about you," he said, and his voice was soft and low and not in the least patronizing.

Mrs. Stratton at once became very competent. "You must be all tired out from that train ride. George, put their bags in the car. Do stop spinning around so, Claire. You make me dizzy."

MR. STRATTON picked up the blue bag. A voice at his elbow said, "They're pretty heavy," and the lean young man lifted the suitcases. Mr. Stratton began to perceive that although Mr. Anderson might be magnificent, he had both courtesy and sense.

He also perceived that Claire had climbed into the ancient car and was surveying the town with a regal condescension.

"Do hurry, poppa," she commanded. "We don't want to stay here all day."

Mr. Stratton slid behind the wheel and wondered whether Mr. Anderson would become regal too. Mr. Anderson merely looked lean and lazy.

They went down Washington Avenue and Mr. Stratton informed his daughter, "You won't find anything changed much. Except they finally painted the courthouse."

Bubbles of silvery laughter came from Claire. "Isn't it quaint, Steve? It's the sleepiest little place."

Mr. Anderson said surprisingly, "It looks nice."

Well, it wouldn't seem like much to a man who'd lived in big cities all his life, Mr. Stratton considered, and it was a shame Mr. Anderson wouldn't be staying long enough to get the quiet, friendly Midwestern feel of it.

"It's only an ordinary Illinois town," he said.

Mr. Anderson's smile was dazzling. "There seems to be an awful lot of Illinois. I never saw so many cornfields in my life."

Mr. Anderson certainly wasn't being high and mighty yet, Mr. Stratton thought. But he would. "Corn's coming along good. We've got a saying that it'll be a good crop if it's knee-high by the Fourth of July."

"Oh, poppa!" Claire's voice was impatient. "Steve isn't interested in corn."

He wouldn't be interested in the house either, Mr. Stratton thought, nor the long line of maple trees along the street, nor the big shady sycamore in the back yard.

THEY were at the house now and Mr. Anderson was staring at it. He'd know it was bad architecture and he'd certainly start sniffing right now. Mr. Stratton watched his eyes run over the wide front porch, the thick honeysuckle, the old hammock.

"Well, now, this is something like," said Mr. Anderson.

Someone stirred on the porch and Binnie came down the steps.

Claire was already out of the car in a single jump. "Steve, this is Binnie, my baby sister." She flung her arms about the dark slim girl. "Just as sweet and sloppy as ever."

It was too bad, Mr. Stratton thought as he lifted out the bags, but Claire's intensity, her calm assumption that she was the center of everything always would put Binnie in a dim shade, almost blot her out.

She had no wiles at all, either, for she was shaking hands boyishly with Mr. Anderson, and everything about her was calm and easy and serviceable from her small brown face and her short black hair to her tan shirt and breeches and boots.

Anybody could see she was just an awfully nice girl, not too popular, pretty in a small-town way.

They were in the dim cool hallway now and Ethelda came looming up from the kitchen. Ethelda always loomed because there was so much of her; she sometimes reminded Mr. Stratton of a pet black elephant.

Claire flung herself upon her. "Ethelda! You look wonderful!"

The huge old colored woman held her off at arm's length. "H'm," she said. "Just as sassy as ever."

"Just think, Steve," Claire cried, "she's been with us since I was a baby! Where's Waldo, Ethelda?"

"He'm in jail." Ethelda's three hundred pounds gathered up Mr. Anderson's suitcase. Ethelda's eyes surveyed him from head to foot. She crooked an enormous forefinger. "Come along, cap'n."

The telephone began to ring and it was for Claire. Under cover of her quick excited murmurings, Mr. Stratton escaped into his study.

HE lit his most ancient pipe, and so far he couldn't make out Steve Anderson at all. For there seemed to be two of him: the lofty, important young man Mr. Stratton had imagined, and the lazy, soft-voiced one who was now upstairs.

He could hear Claire's voice at the phone. "Oh, yes. Stephen Anderson. He's one of the most brilliant newspapermen in the East. I should say he certainly *is* somebody!"

Well, that might be so, but Mr. Stratton was far more impressed by Ethelda's estimate. She called very few people "cap'n."

He idly wondered what they'd do to entertain Mr. Anderson, and then glanced out the window. In the green shade of the sycamore there were two chairs and an old white table. In one of the chairs was Binnie; in the other, Mr. Anderson, lean and lithe, sprawled out at full length and looking as if he'd grown there.

"Maybe he isn't so high and mighty after all," said Mr. Stratton to his pipe.

He certainly wasn't high and mighty at luncheon, for he insisted on being called "Steve" and he absorbed Ethelda's fried chicken, hominy, and hot cakes with intense zest.

He also displayed as acute terror as Mr. Stratton did when Mrs. Stratton ceased fluttering and became efficient again.

"I don't care if the sea is a tradition in your family. I'm getting sick and tired of it."
LIBERTY

"Now, George, Belle Hammond's giving a welcome-home tea for Claire, and you, Steve, and Binnie better go along by half past three. I'll drop by later."

"Have I got to?" said Mr. Stratton, who now wished he hadn't taken a few days off from his law practice.

His wife paid no attention at all. "Claire's *such* a popular girl, Steve, and everybody wants to do something for her while she's home."

Unless Mr. Stratton was much mistaken, Steve had given him a swift look in which sympathy and sheer alarm were mingled.

Claire leaned across the table. "Steve, dear, I think you'd better wear your blue summer suit. It's so becoming."

She was altogether too possessive, Mr. Stratton thought, and she hadn't stopped being bossy either. He sighed when Steve went meekly upstairs to dress.

From the cool depths of the hall he heard his wife's voice: "Ethelda, you'd better be careful how you talk to Mr. Steve. He may not like being called cap'n. He's a very big man back East."

"Him?" Ethelda rumbled. "Humph!"

AN hour later Mr. Stratton—who had been dragooned into his new seersucker—a radiant Claire, a dim Binnie, and an extremely elegant Steve were all going down the wide walk.

"Claire," called Mrs. Stratton from the porch, as if her celebrated daughter were still a small child, "have you got a clean handkerchief? Be a good girl."

Mr. Stratton chuckled. In all the years of their marriage Millie had never failed to hurl those phrases after her departing daughters. And in that order. The clean handkerchief always came first.

Thirty minutes later he was too dazed to chuckle. Everyone in town seemed to be at the Hammonds' and Claire was the center of it all. There she stood, tall, vivacious—the conquering heroine come home. People thronged about her in clusters, but nobody thronged about Binnie, who was all by herself in a corner.

Mr. Stratton also was in a corner with a teacup and a plate of dry sandwiches.

He could see Millie fluttering in the distance. He could see Steve and was quite sorry for him. For Steve, after having been beset by young women, had now been cornered by one not young at all.

There he sat, hemmed in by Miss Grace Merriam's pink-cheeked, gray-haired bulk, and there he hearkened while Miss Grace's schoolteacher voice went on in a flood.

Mr. Stratton could hear most of it perfectly: "I always knew, even when Claire was a little girl, that she'd be brilliant. She used to do the cutest things in my class. . . ."

Steve began to sag.

"She always turned in the best compositions, too. Why, anyone would know she could write. And she was the life of the school, too. Always organizing something. Your paper must be very proud of her, Mr. Anderson."

Steve said that the paper certainly was.

"And when Millie Stratton tells me about all the celebrities she's interviewed and shows me the articles with her name signed to them, I can sometimes hardly believe she ever was One of My Girls."

Steve said he supposed that must be so. He even managed to smile manfully, and Mr. Stratton decided it was high time to rescue him. But Binnie got there first.

WHEN they came home at last through the faint coolness of late afternoon, there was the Evening Banner lying on the steps.

Mrs. Stratton snatched it up with every evidence of surprise. "Why, look, Claire! All about you!"

There was Claire's picture, rather smudged, on the front page. And there it said: "Miss Claire Stratton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Stratton, was guest of honor at a tea given by Mrs. Theodore Hammond this afternoon, the first of a gay round of entertainments marking the popular Statesville girl's short visit to her parents.

"Miss Stratton, who began her journalistic career on the Banner, is now one of the best-known newspaperwomen in the East."

Mr. Stratton took one look at Steve and hastily shepherded him into his study. He then made two mint juleps.

And as he stared at Steve sprawled out on the old couch, he had the extremely odd feeling that Steve wasn't a stranger here at all; that he somehow belonged in this quiet, book-lined room.

"Look, Steve. Is Claire really as important as everybody here seems to think?"

Steve stared at his glass and seemed highly uncomfortable. "Well—"

"Maybe I ought to know," Mr. Stratton said softly. "After all, I'm her father."

Steve sipped his julep. "She's a pretty good reporter, Mr. Stratton, but she's lousy on rewrite, and she turns in the messiest copy in the place."

Claire would, Mr. Stratton thought. She never did properly finish anything because she was forever in such a flaming rush.

But he still was a little confused. "She's sent back a lot of stories signed with her name."

Steve grinned. "Signed stories are a dime a dozen." He sat up. "Look, Mr. Stratton. She's really all right. She'll learn by experience and she's ambitious—awfully ambitious."

So Claire hadn't become anybody in particular after all, Mr. Stratton thought, and he hastened to say, "I don't think she actually meant to

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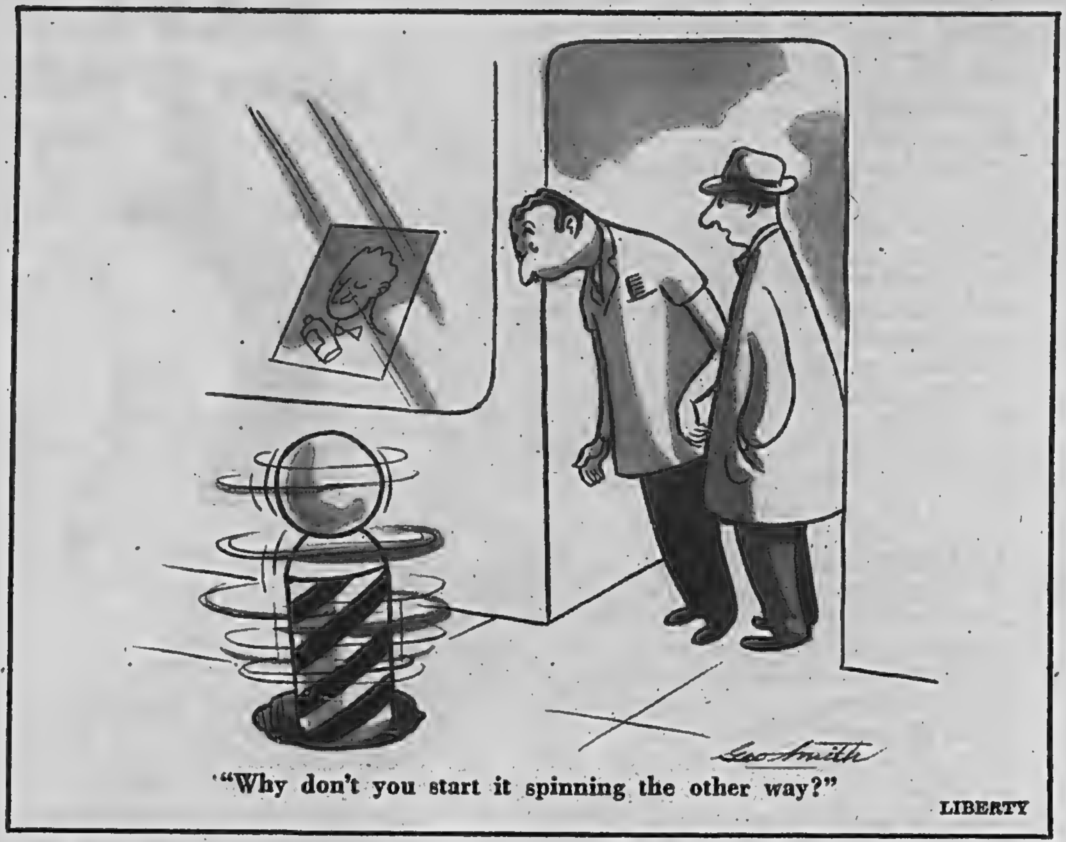

"Why don't you start it spinning the other way?"

LIBERTY

give us the idea she was a star reporter, Steve."

Steve seemed to understand instantly. "Sure. Sure. It's not her fault. Claire just sees everything a little larger than life."

That was true, Mr. Stratton knew, and the thing she saw largest of all was herself. He said hastily, "It must have been hard to listen to Miss Grace telling you how remarkable Claire is."

Steve smiled. "Not a bit. I like it because she was so damned pleased one of her girls had made good. She must be a fine teacher."

It was odd, but Mr. Stratton had never thought of Miss Grace that way before. And now he did. "She is. She never forgets a single one of her old boys and girls. But I don't know what to do, Steve. Everyone in town thinks—"

Steve stood up. "Let 'em keep on thinking Claire's a great woman. You know, it's sort of nice. Everybody's so glad because she's a success. I never saw anything like it."

Gosh, Mrs. Stratton thought, he looks lonely; he looks lost; he looks as if no one was ever glad because he's a success himself. So he said, "I don't suppose Claire's work would seem much to a really important newspaperman like you."

"Important hell!" said Steve. He began to laugh. "Where'd you ever get that idea?"

IT must have been that next morning when Mr. Stratton began to enjoy himself. The sweet warm prairie wind was blowing in and he was showing Steve all the small treasures of the house.

He stroked the fine finish of a table near the window. "It's cherry," he said. "My great-great-grandmother brought it with her from York State over the old Ohio trail in a covered wagon."

"Handsome," said Steve, and there was exactly the correct shade of appreciation in his tone.

"And this," Mr. Stratton took a little locket from the mantelpiece, "has some strands of hair in it that are supposed to be Dan'l Boone's. I don't imagine they really are."

"Might be," Steve murmured. "Dan'l certainly got around."

He was just the right person to show these things to, Mr. Stratton thought, and so many people weren't.

"Cavalry sabers up there are Civil War, and d'you know, Steve, we still hold our original Indian land grant down in the southern part of the state. All sort of silly, I suppose."

BINNIE came in, her dark hair flying, her hands jammed into the pockets of her slacks. "It isn't silly. It isn't silly at all."

Steve nodded. "Of course not. You've really got some roots here, and so few Americans have."

That was so, Mr. Stratton realized. They were rooted deep in this little Illinois town, and his great-great-aunt claimed she had seen Johnny Appleseed in Vincennes in Indiana.

Binnie jammed her hands down harder still. "It's a nice country, Steve. I wish we had time to show it to you."

Mr. Stratton had that odd feeling again, that he and Steve—and yes, Binnie too—weren't strangers but old friends.

And then Claire came charging in to break the moment to bits. "Poppa! Drive Steve and me down to the Banner office, will you? I want to see Don Trevor."

She had on a red dress now, a very smart red dress, and a pert flowered hat. Darned if she doesn't look just as successful as she's supposed to be, Mr. Stratton thought.

And he sadly thought something else, too: that Binnie would always be dimmed to a dark star by her big sister's dash, her surging vitality, her utter sureness of herself. Nobody would ever notice Binnie when Claire was about. It was too bad.

Ten minutes later he stopped the car before the two-story brick office of the Banner, a sleepy little place.

"Just think, Steve," Claire cried, "I used to work here!"

Steve's voice was slightly dry: "Well, why not? Come on in with us, Mr. Stratton."

"Oh, poppa'll just be bored to death," Claire decided, but Mr. Stratton went along all the same.

THEY stepped through a small cluttered city room where everybody turned to stare, and Claire flung open a door that said, Managing Editor on it.

"Hi, Don!"

The plump pink-cheeked blond young man jumped up from behind the big desk. He held out both hands. "Hello, darling. How did you like the send-off I gave you in yesterday's paper?"

Claire sat down on the desk and swung her legs as if she owned the office and the paper and the world. "It was swell. Don, this is Steve Anderson from the Courier back East."

Don grinned. "Well, don't show that story about yourself around the Courier office or they'll kid the pants off you. Hello, Steve. Hello, Mr. Stratton. Sit down somewhere, will you? How do you like our little button factory, Steve?"

"Looks familiar."

"All lousy newspaper shops do, Steve."

Mr. Stratton leaned back because everything was so nice and easy and casual. And he could see something else too: that Don and Steve were like masters in their trade and Claire only an apprentice.

"You turn out a pretty good paper, Don."

"Could do better if the help weren't always walking out on me. My city editor's quitting next month. Going over to Indianapolis."

Claire tried to break into the charmed circle the two had drawn about them. "You won't be staying long, either, Don. You're too good for this sheet. You'll be coming East."

Don pulled out a corncob pipe. "Naw. St. Louis's about my speed. Sometime." He turned to Steve. "Does Baby, here, still turn out terrible copy?"

Steve grinned. "Always looks as if the typewriter had blown up in her face."

No, Mr. Stratton thought, Claire can't fool them. And she can't be the center of the stage when they're around, either. Because they really know their business.

Don swung around in his chair. "How's that pretty sister of yours, Big Shot?"

Claire looked startled. "Pretty?

Binnie? Why, she's just a little mouse. She hardly ever says a word."

Don smoked away placidly. "All the same, she's an awfully pretty girl and I'll bet she's got more brains than any of us. Hasn't she, Steve?"

The freckles began to dance across Steve's face. "Sure has."

Well, well, well, thought Mr. Stratton.

IT was nice and quiet that next morning because Mrs. Stratton and Claire were downtown shopping, and later they were going to what Claire called a "hen luncheon" in her honor.

In shirt sleeves, his collar open, Mr. Stratton moved happily about his study, showing Steve his books. They'd taken down the thick volumes of Latin poets—Horace, Vergil, Lucretius, Catullus—and Mr. Stratton felt as he always did when he turned their leaves, that he was in the high company of wise and witty men.

He watched Steve's fingers leaf the pages. Yes, Steve, too, felt that special magic that always lies in books.

"I wish I had a library like this," Steve said.

Binnie came through the door, her dark eyes laughing. "I've packed a picnic lunch. Who wants to go fishing?"

Mr. Stratton put down his book. "How about it, Steve? I'm sure the poet Horace would approve."

Steve grinned. "He'd go himself, if he could. Where are we bound, Binnie?"

The dark girl began rolling up the legs of her overalls. "Sawyer's Pond."

Under the hot sun, in an old row boat on Sawyer's Pond, Mr. Stratton delightedly wiggled his bare toes. Above him, the soft white clouds of summer slipped down the high blue Illinois sky.

Below, the pond ran, unrippled, reflecting the gentle hill, the haze of trees, the old red barn, until it showed a little world all washed clean, a world where there was no worry or strain or any growing old. . . .

Mr. Stratton peered at Binnie, hatless, her dark hair soft, and when you looked at her you thought of the great green outdoors and horses and dogs, gardens and growing things.

He stared at Steve, and it was wonderful how he fitted in, how he had the capacity for quick enjoyment, how swiftly he seemed to share other people's pleasures too.

Binnie's dark head bent toward him. "We won't catch much of anything, you know."

Steve lay back, an atrocious old straw hat half across his face. "I don't care."

Mr. Stratton stirred lazily. "How's it going, Steve?"

"Swell. I feel like Huck Finn."

Mr. Stratton went fast asleep.

They came home that night like three tramps—hot and sunburned and dirty, and Claire called sharply from the porch, "Where on earth have you been?"

Mr. Stratton was unashamed. "Fishing on Sawyer's Pond."

"Poppa! You didn't take Steve to that nasty little place!"

Steve's face seemed to change a little—just a very little. He said, "I haven't had so much fun in years."

MR. STRATTON came downstairs rather reluctantly this Thursday afternoon, for on Saturday, Steve and Claire would be gone. In these past days he'd almost grown to think of Steve as a son. He'd always wanted a son.

He could hear the voice of Waldo, Ethelda's small yellowish husband, recently returned from jail.

"He'm gwine marry Miss Claire."

And then Ethelda! "Cap'n goin' to do no such thing."

"Why ain't he?"

"'Cause they ain't the same kind of cat."

Mr. Stratton nodded. Ethelda always knew.

He went into the square living room, and Millie was knitting something. Beside her sprawled Steve, and Binnie had a book in her hand. On the piano stool, Claire twirled to and fro, forever restless.

She said to Steve as if she utterly owned him, "Well, Saturday we'll go back East."

Steve's drawl was low and calm: "I won't be going back."

It was odd how they all went stiff and rigid, all save Steve, and Millie with her needles flashing in the little light.

Claire spun on the stool. "What?"

Steve said, low and easy, "Oh, I'll have to go back for a while, to quit the Courier and pack my stuff. But on the fifteenth I'm starting as city editor of the Banner."

Claire's voice was sharp edged: "Are you crazy?"

Steve was still unexcited. "I'm quite sensible. Of course, Don Trevor can't pay me as much as I'm getting now, but I can live here so much cheaper that it'll more than make up the difference. I can get room and board at Mrs. Pelkey's for just what it cost me back home for my mean little apartment."

It was odd, but he didn't seem to be explaining this to Claire. He seemed to be talking to the slim dark girl who sat with her hands between her knees, her face gone very serious.

Claire's voice was sharper still: "But, Steve! We'd planned it all out. You were going to New York."

Mr. Stratton reached for his pipe. Claire always insisted on running other people's affairs.

"I've worked in New York," Steve said. "I'd be buried there. Too many other pretty good newspapermen."

He began explaining to Binnie again: "The way I live in the East,

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I spend all the money I make. Here, I wouldn't. Everything's so much cheaper."

Millie held her knitting up to the light. "George, you'd say Mr. Trevor's one of the leading men of this town, wouldn't you?"

"Don certainly is," Mr. Stratton said. "Goes everywhere. Knows everybody. Belongs to the country club."

He saw what Millie meant. In a city back East, maybe Don wouldn't be anybody. He mightn't even belong to a country club. But here he was a big man.

Claire's cheeks had begun to get quite red. "Steve, you're losing your mind. I never heard such nonsense in my life."

Mr. Stratton looked all about the room, the cluttered, comfortable room that had such a homey feel. In time, if Steve stayed, he could have a house like this with a long lawn and a sycamore tree in back. He could have a library. . . .

Binnie bent forward, her dark eyes intent. "Don'll be going to St. Louis, Steve, and then you'll be managing editor. And maybe in twenty or thirty years, if you saved some money, you'd own the Banner. What would you be in thirty years back East, Steve?"

Steve looked as if he were seeing ahead, a long, long way ahead. "I'd be an untidy old man sitting on the rim of the copy desk and boring everybody by telling how good I used to be."

He got up. "Six days a week I'd read other people's lousy copy, and on the seventh I'd go out and get drunk."

The room was very silent and Mr. Stratton saw the danger signals in Claire's face: the gray eyes narrowed, the red lips tight.

"But, Steve, that wouldn't happen to *you!*"

Steve shrugged his shoulders. "I'm just a pretty good newspaperman, and that's what happens to newspapermen who are pretty good. Every day in the Courier office you can see it right before your face—the old copy-desk boys who used to be just like you."

Claire said, sharp and clear, "You'll get yourself stuck for life in this dumb hick town—just like poppa did."

Mr. Stratton felt a trifle sick.

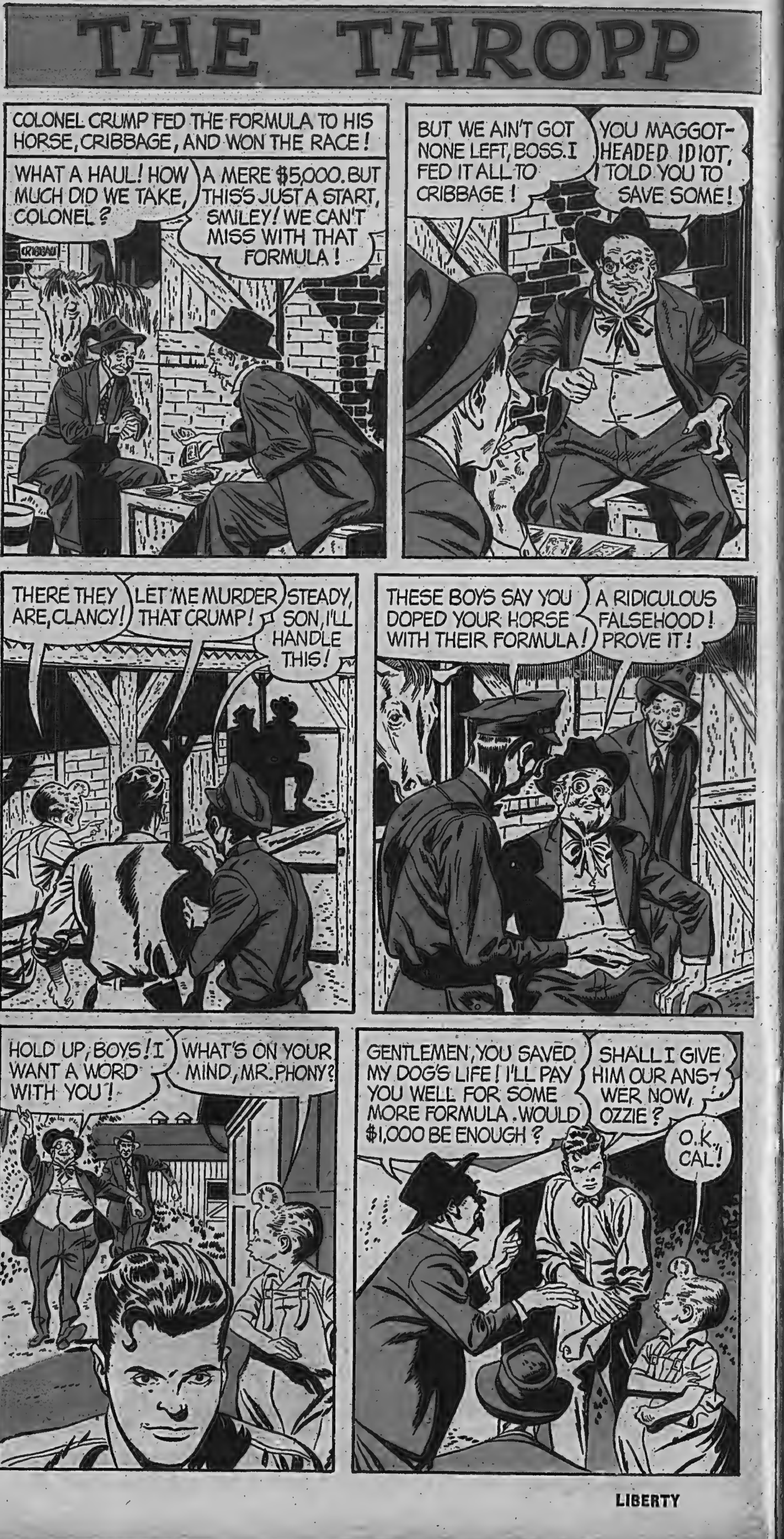
But Steve's voice was still low and level and easy: "That's exactly what I'm aiming at. Your father's a happy man."

Good heavens, Mr. Stratton thought, I suppose I am!

IT was quite a while later when he and his wife were upstairs alone. "Well, Millie, what do you think of it? About Steve?"

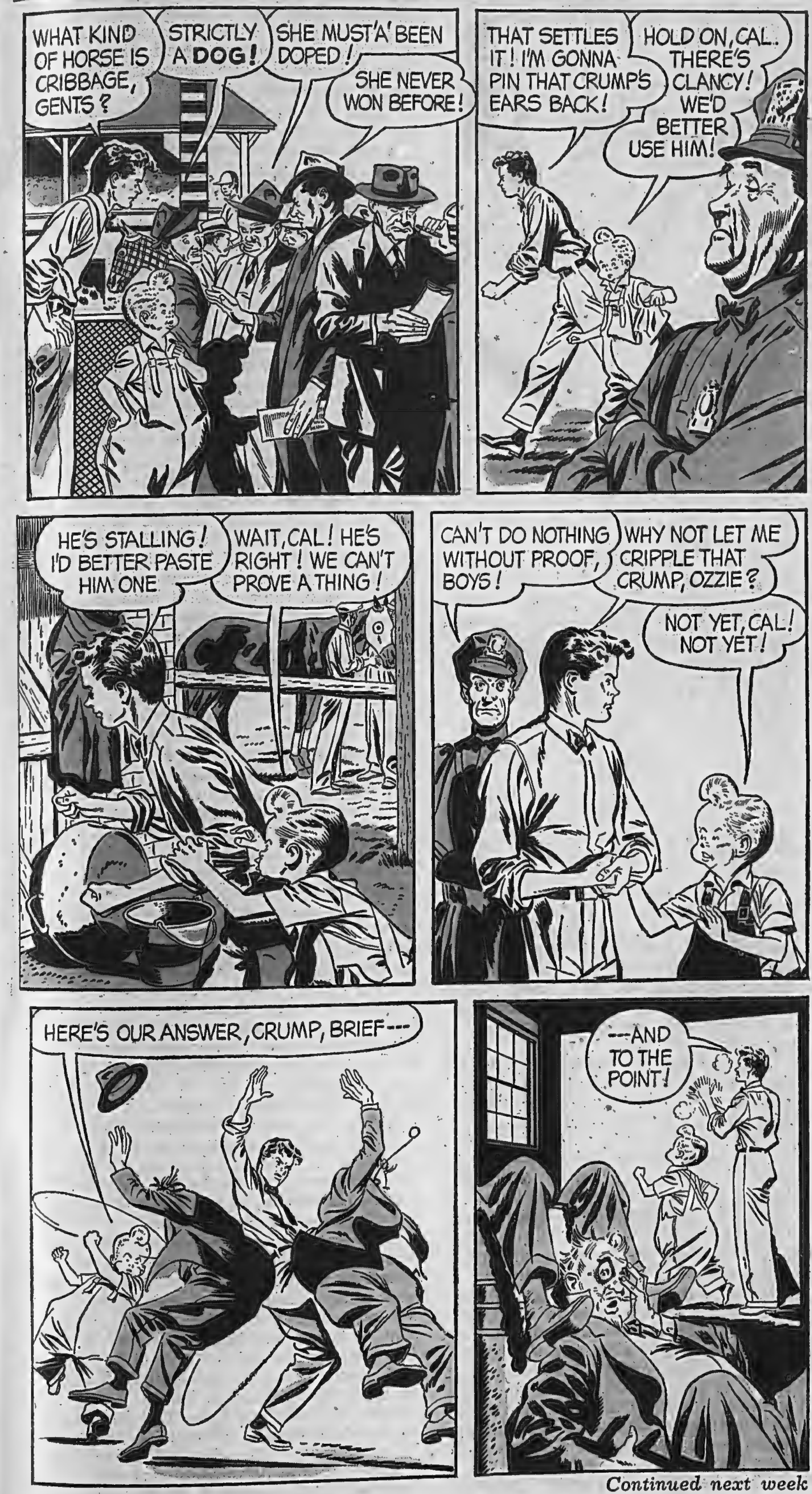
Mrs. Stratton carefully put away her knitting. "He'll be about right for Binnie," she said. "I knew that, the first second he stepped off the train."

THE END


THE THROPP
COLONEL CRUMP FED THE FORMULA TO HIS HORSE, CRIBBAGE, AND WON THE RACE!
CRIBBAGE
WHAT A HAUL! HOW MUCH DID WE TAKE, COLONEL?
A MERE $5,000. BUT THIS'S JUST A START, SMILEY! WE CAN'T MISS WITH THAT FORMULA!
BUT WE AIN'T GOT NONE LEFT, BOSS. I FED IT ALL TO CRIBBAGE!
YOU MAGGOT-HEADED IDIOT, I TOLD YOU TO SAVE SOME!
THERE THEY ARE, CLANCY!
LET ME MURDER THAT CRUMP!
STEADY, SON, I'LL HANDLE THIS!
THESE BOYS SAY YOU DOPED YOUR HORSE WITH THEIR FORMULA!
A RIDICULOUS FALSEHOOD! PROVE IT!
HOLD UP, BOYS! I WANT A WORD WITH YOU!
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, MR. PHONY?
GENTLEMEN, YOU SAVED MY DOG'S LIFE! I'LL PAY YOU WELL FOR SOME MORE FORMULA. WOULD $1,000 BE ENOUGH?
SHALL I GIVE HIM OUR ANSWER NOW, OZZIE?
O.K., CAL!

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


WHAT KIND OF HORSE IS CRIBBAGE, GENTS?
STRICTLY A DOG!
SHE MUST'A' BEEN DOPED!
SHE NEVER WON BEFORE!
THAT SETTLES IT! I'M GONNA PIN THAT CRUMP'S EARS BACK!
HOLD ON, CAL. THERE'S CLANCY! WE'D BETTER USE HIM!
HE'S STALLING! I'D BETTER PASTE HIM ONE
WAIT, CAL! HE'S RIGHT! WE CAN'T PROVE A THING!
CAN'T DO NOTHING WITHOUT PROOF, BOYS!
WHY NOT LET ME CRIPPLE THAT CRUMP, OZZIE?
NOT YET, CAL! NOT YET!
HERE'S OUR ANSWER, CRUMP, BRIEF---
---AND TO THE POINT!

Continued next week

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DARK HORSE

Continued from Page 19

Sun Again, Some Chance, Miss Keeneland, and Armed.

In the handling of the stable, and of Armed in particular, Plain Ben has been helped a good deal by his son, H. A. (Jimmy) Jones. It was Jimmy, for instance, who had Armed in Florida as a two-year-old, and it was Jimmy who brought him East this year to sweep up the big handicaps.

Allowing for the difference in ages, the father and son are a good deal alike—stocky, florid, good-natured, friendly (except when they're racing against you), conscientious about their horses, and given to laying their plans with the utmost care and a deceptive appearance of offhandedness. Plain Ben has been a general favorite with newsmen because he's "good copy," and always ready to give out any information an outsider should have. But if you want his strategy as of next Saturday's handicap, begin by trying to pick the lock on the Chase National Bank. "Why, we'll just run our horse," Ben will say, his blue eyes as candid as a child's. "That's all we can do, isn't it?"

THERE was a bright illustration of this in Florida last winter. Armed had taken up 128 pounds for the McLennan Handicap and B. A. Murphy's Concordian, under 116 pounds, had beaten him by four lengths. Two weeks later they were to meet again in the $50,000 Widener, with Concordian dropping seven pounds.

After the McLennan, Ben and Jimmy Jones entertained a half dozen friends—all sports writers—at a dinner. Naturally it seemed a fine time for a straight answer about Armed's chances in the Widener.

"Why," said Plain Ben, an honest perplexity visible on his countenance, "I can't see how we're going to do anything but run for second money. That's ten thousand, you know. Concordian beat us today and the next time he drops seven pounds. I don't see how you can figure him out of it."

Two weeks later Armed, running like a different horse, beat Concordian by about seven panels of fence. He beat him a half mile from home. He beat him like a snare drum. It wasn't a horse race; it was a massacre. After it was over, one of the writers looked up Jones.

"Didn't you say you couldn't beat that horse?" he asked.

Plain Ben's face was flushed a little, but it was with pleasure, not embarrassment. "Oh, well," he said, "I reckon the truth is I lied to you a good deal."

Armed was not used at all as a two-year-old. The ban on pleasure driving stopped Florida racing in 1943, and while Ben Jones took the older horses over to New Orleans, Armed stayed at Hialeah for his early lessons.

"She was right, bud. She *did* hear a noise downstairs."

LIBERTY

He was much more of a handful then, not having been unsexed. He was, as Jimmy says, "ornery." He wouldn't do anything anyone wanted him to do. His particular specialty was kicking hay off the pitchfork when his groom was filling the hay-rack, and walking behind him "was like walking in front of a machine gun." He showed some promise, but the way he was going he would hardly have lived up to it.

The two divisions of the stable met in Chicago, but Armed wasn't there. He had been sent back to the farm at Lexington instead, and gelded.

"I guess," Jimmy Jones says doubtfully, "if we'd known how good he was going to be we wouldn't have gelded him. We'd have tried to put up with him some way. But I don't know—I doubt if he'd have been this good. I think he's a lot better as a gelding than he would have been as a stud."

Jimmy Jones' connection with Armed ended abruptly that summer, for he went into the Coast Guard, and didn't join the stable again until the war was over.

This was where the stable-pony episode came in. Rufus Shilling, brother of the jockey, Carroll Shilling, was in charge of breaking the Calumet yearlings in the fall of 1943. From the training barn to the starting gate of the Calumet track is quite a step, and Shilling was taking five or six "sets" a day to the gate. Quite naturally he looked around for something to ride, and there was Armed, which could use the exercise anyway. So Armed spent the fall months walking over and back with the yearlings, and then the lot of them were shipped to Hialeah and Ben Jones.

That he was not a better horse as a three-year-old was at least partly because the stable had little need of him. Pensive won the Kentucky Derby and Preakness Stake, and Twilight Tear was a small host in herself, winning fourteen races and $167,555. So another good three-year-old would have been of little use to the stable.

"Just because you have a horse that can win," Jones explains it, "doesn't mean you win with him right away. You've got to save something till you get over to the next town. You want to hold a punch back for the right place." So Armed was saved, while Pensive and Twilight Tear, abetted by Sun Again, Pot o' Luck, and others, ran up an all-time record of $601,660 in stable earnings.

ARMED merely got a baptism, with little taken out of him. He won three of seven starts as a three-year-old in 1944, and in his first start at four he ran fifth. He couldn't have been rated above Grade D, which means only a cut above good selling platers.

Then, of a sudden, Armed was a tough, hard-hitting, all-out competitor, rapidly moving up to first-flight company. After that race on June 2, 1945, the race that bothered him, he was fighting every time for every yard. He shipped to Chicago and smashed through six straight victories. Despite some reversals, he went straight to the top.

At first he ran in moderate company, but on August 9 he won his first stakes, the Sheridan Handicap. He was back of the pace, crying to run, nearly pulling Doug Dodson out of the irons. When Dodson let him go, he stormed past his competitors and won by eight lengths. By this time he was ready for first-flight competition, but he wasn't able to manhandle it as he did later. He ran second four times straight, though he needed no excuse when he went up against Busher, the best filly for perhaps fifty years, nor when he tackled True North on his favorite hunting ground, the straight Widener chute at Belmont Park. Even so, he pushed that remarkable sprinter to six furlongs in 1:08 4/5 and was beaten by less than a length.

But at the end of the season there was no question about who ran the handicap division. Picking up three straight races, including the Washington Handicap, Armed came up for the big one in November.

This was the weight-for-age Pimlico Special at 1 3/16 miles. It is about as hard a race to win as you can find. There is no weight advantage for an inferior horse. To win, a horse has to be the best of his contemporaries.

Armed had his stablemate Pot o' Luck along, though Pot o' Luck turned out to be no help. The others were First Fiddle, winner of more than $300,000, the vaunted stretch runner Stymie, War Date and Gallorette, rated the best three-year-old fillies of the year after Busher and the Preakness winner, Polynesian. This was a field with class.

Armed ran it dizzy. He chased Polynesian and War Date limp, and he ran off from Stymie and First Fiddle at the end, winning by four lengths with his ears pricked. This was the clincher; after this, in any field, Armed would be the horse to beat. Once he had found himself, he ran first or second in his last fourteen starts at four—and ten times he was first.

He settled down in Florida to await the 1946 Hialeah Park meeting, with the $50,000 Widener Handicap in March as his goal. When he started getting ready, he picked up two minor races, and then got mixed up with Concordian in the McLennan, at 1 1/8 miles, in February.

Just to watch the race, it seemed Concordian was too good at the weights. But it turned out that Ben Jones, reasonably but wrongly, had planned the race in the expectation that Buzfuz would make a cutthroat duel of the first furlongs with Concordian, and that Armed could then come on and whip them both. But Buzfuz—possibly because Armed had softened him up in an earlier race—couldn't carry Concordian fast enough to blunt his speed. So the Murphy horse was left on the lead, away in front, with a quarter mile to go and nothing taken out of him.

IN the Widener, Armed did his own carrying, hammering away at Concordian for six furlongs. Then, when Dodson judged he had the leader limber enough, he crouched a little lower and pushed on Armed's neck. Armed went past the favorite like the Florida Sunbeam passing Corinth, Kentucky.

Armed paused at Tropical Park long enough to pick up both races of the Double Event Stakes, carrying top weight and leaving a new track record. Then he moved to Maryland for the spring campaign there.

Twice, in six-furlong events, he was beaten, lying back of the field to the stretch and trying to cut down his field with one great burst of speed and missing narrowly. But the first was a preparation for the richer Philadelphia Handicap, and the second was a tune-up for the Dixie, top handicap of Pimlico's spring season. In the richer races, with the blue chips down, Armed ran with the leaders early and then came on away.

In the Dixie, Armed was well up, with Stymie toiling along far back, biding his time. It seemed just a question of whether Stymie could make up the ground that separated them. But when Armed passed the half-mile pole, he let go with every gun in his battery, and though Stymie's celebrated closing power smothered the others, Armed won in a common gallop.

He met Stymie again in the sixtieth running of the coveted Suburban Handicap at Belmont Park on May 30, as well as Fighting Step, First Fiddle, Sirde, Polynesian, and others. It was, in fact, perhaps the best handicap field of the year. Twice before, Calumet had sent out the high weight for the Suburban. In 1942 Whirlaway went under to Market Wise, and in 1944 Sun Again had been stopped by Aletern. Now Armed was to see if the third time was the charm.

Fighting Step, winner of the 1945 American Derby, made the pace with the Preakness Winner Polynesian hard on his heels. But Armed was well up with the leaders, and he started his run on the sweeping turn into Belmont's long stretch. For a moment it seemed he might be blocked, but as Fighting Step and Polynesian swung into the stretch they opened out, and between them came Armed, at the full pitch of his stride. Fighting Step hung on grimly, but the battle became hopeless at the eighth pole, and Armed came away alone. He won by three lengths, with Reply Paid barely outlasting Stymie for third place.

THROUGH the Suburban, Armed had earned $174,350 for the 1946 season, and his three years of racing were worth $270,800. He had made thirty-three starts, of which he had won twenty-one and finished second in seven. This leaves him unplaced only five times, and three of these came when, as a three-year-old, he had not found himself.

Because Armed belongs to Calumet, there is an obvious temptation to compare him with Whirlaway, holder of the world record of $561,161 in earnings. What did Jimmy Jones think of the comparison? He answered with another question: "Do you think any of these horses Armed has beaten are as good as Market Wise or Alsab? Stymie is good. So is First Fiddle. But I think Whirly beat better ones. And there are races in Whirlaway's record that Armed can hardly match—not yet, at least."

Certainly Armed is the more versatile. Whirlaway had a long tail and a short mind. Ben Jones had to do most of his thinking for him; Armed needs only exercise, not psychology. Whirlaway had to run his races just one way, dropping far out of it and

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then coming with an unmatchable burst of speed at the end. He could run fast from the gate, but he couldn't win that way. Once he tried looking Our Boots in the eye in the Blue Grass Stakes, and Our Boots beat him thirty yards.

Armed can run from behind almost as well as Whirlaway, though perhaps even he cannot quite equal the rush of Whirlaway's mighty finish runs. But he can run close to the pace, he can run just back of it, and still have something left at the end. He can, in other words, be handled as the situation seems to demand and still win.

Whirlaway, despite his magnificent ability, was erratic; Armed is as steady as Gibraltar. He doesn't fret, jumps at no shadows, knows his job and does it. Whirlaway was a headache; Armed is a joy.

However Armed may compare with Whirlaway or other handicap champions of the past, he certainly stands out over his contemporaries. After the Suburban, when Johnny Longden slipped down from First Fiddle, someone asked him if he had any excuse. Longden had a good one.

"There's not a horse in America that can beat the winner," he said.

THE END

MUSICAL DEAD END KID

Continued from Page 25

He worked harder to learn. He played in Broadway restaurants; he haunted Carnegie Hall to hear the great musicians; he took lessons with Sigismond Stojowski, a compatriot and friend of Paderewski. Later Paderewski heard him and remarked, "He is very talented." For a time he pounded the piano at the Mikado Inn, a roadhouse at Harmon-on-Hudson. He shared a room with two other lads, one of them Eddie Bennett, the mascot of the Yankees. Eddie's talk about the stars of those days, Ruth, Meusel, Shawkey, and the others, was lapped up by Oscar, but it never weaned him away from his first baseball love, the Pittsburgh Pirates. He insists that he is at heart a National League fan, but if there is nothing better than a broadcast of an American League game, what's a fellow going to do? Not listen at all?

Being a curious and restless chap, Oscar found himself spending his time in odd occupations. He doesn't remember them all. One was acting as a shill for a Chinatown tour. Once in a while he got a steady job. He went to work for Ben Bernie's band when it played at Ciro's, a night spot that was having a vogue in New York. From Ciro's he went to London with Rudy Wiedoeft's band. In 1928, back in New York, he made his bow in a new career—as actor. He played the part of Jerry, the song writer in Arthur Hopkins' stage hit, Burlesque.

By this time Oscar was, in fact, a song writer. He wrote quite a few songs. His biggest hit was Lady, Play Your Mandolin. Other tunes of his that the older generation may remember are How Lovable and Sweet, Blame It on My Youth, Sweeping the Cobwebs off the Moon. His lyricist for some tunes was a little fellow who turned out to be a showman of parts—one Billy Rose.

OSCAR went out to Hollywood to play Jerry in the movie version of Burlesque. He stayed out West for a while, assisting a producer of hoss operas and then writing music for the movies. He wrote music for Street Girl, Nothing Sacred, The Awful Truth, and Charlie Chan at the Opera, among others. At Jerome Kern's recommendation, he was commissioned to do the score for a Fred Stone musical comedy, Ripples, which had a fair success in New York.

He shuttled between New York and Hollywood. He wrote the music and conducted the pit orchestra for the spectacular George Kaufman-Moss Hart production, The American Way. Occasionally he played at Gershwin concerts. After playing Gershwin's piano concerto with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra at the Lewisohn Stadium in 1932, he received a gift of a treasured wrist watch from George. He shows the watch proudly, and adds, "I've been late by this watch for every important appointment since then."

He became Gershwin's close friend. In a way, he became a second personality of Gershwin. When George wrote new music, Oscar went through all the creative agonies. For months on end he lived in Gershwin's shadow. He was adviser, critic, confidant, and court jester to George.

He managed to make a living by playing the piano on radio shows and writing occasional music. He was eating at the Gershwin home most of the time, anyhow.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Any day, now, we expect to see signs in the rapidly reappearing travel bureaus reading: SEE EUROPE UNDER THE NEW MANAGEMENT.

—Helen Swanson Bamberger.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

In Hollywood he would set himself up at Harpo Marx's place and eat and sleep there for months on end. Harpo once declined to invite him to his house, but Oscar came to stay anyhow. Indignant, he refused to acknowledge Harpo as his host. That did not deter him from bringing his own guests to dinner at Harpo's table.

Oscar composed some of his best extended works for symphonic orchestra in Hollywood. Among them was his piano concerto. He took it to Otto Klemperer, then conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Several days later he went back for the verdict.

STAGE DOOR
FIFI LARUE

"Well, all right, but you're playing with fire."

LIBERTY

Klemperer began, "You have talent."

Oscar broke in, "Then you're not going to play it?"

"How did you know?" Klemperer wanted to know.

"Whenever they tell me I have a talent, I know they're not going to play my music," Oscar replied.

The concerto has been played. Arturo Toscanini conducted it recently with Oscar as soloist. Oscar says that was one of the most terrifying experiences of his career. There were no gags with Toscanini.

THE concerto led to a strange encounter with Dimitri Mitropoulos, conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony and the Philadelphia Orchestra summer outdoor concerts. The concerto's opening measures are for piano alone. When the time came for the concerto to begin, Oscar waited for the downbeat, usually the conductor's signal to the players to start. Mitropoulos turned to him and smiled. He returned the smile. Mitropoulos nodded and smiled again. Not to be outdone, Oscar returned the second smile. They kept grinning at each other while the audience waited. "Finally it dawned on me," Oscar says, "that that smile was the signal to begin."

In Hollywood he began studying with Arnold Schoenberg, one of the great musical theorists of all time. It was a tremendous experience for Oscar—and probably for Schoenberg.

One day Schoenberg, who had probably put up with his share of Oscar's gags, said innocently to him, "Why are there no jokes in your music?"

In New York or in Hollywood, Oscar stayed up late, haunted the cafés and drank coffee endlessly, chain-smoked cigarettes and made his wry cracks. He became a Broadway version of Dr. Johnson. He protests today that not all the gags attributed to him were his. Columnists got into the habit, he says, of pinning on him any bad gags they picked up.

But his fame at this time was still limited, even though he was known to café society and to the show-business crowd. With his debut on Information, Please in 1938, he was catapulted into national prominence. He was brilliant, sharp-tongued, and indiscreet. There was the time when the pianist played a tune from Tannhäuser, and the experts were asked to identify it. Levant spotted it immediately. Clifton Fadiman, the emcee, said his card identified it as something else. Indignantly, Oscar dismissed Fadiman with the remark, "You're nuts."

The success on Information, Please led to new Hollywood engagements at a star's pay. Oscar played in Rhythm on the River with Bing Crosby, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, and Rhapsody in Blue, the story of Gershwin. In Rhapsody in Blue, Oscar played himself so well that he emerged as the one real, credible character in the picture.

He became top box office on the concert platform. When he played as piano soloist with the major orchestras, he packed them in. His appearance at the Lewisohn Stadium last summer drew 23,000 people. He went on tour as a recitalist, playing Bach and Beethoven as well as Gershwin and other moderns and introducing each number with spoken comment.

"The trouble with that," he said, "was that while I was playing Bach or Beethoven, I found myself thinking up the next gag."

OSCAR is one of the most nervous musicians at large. The only man who exceeds his jitters is Vladimir Horowitz, who cancels concerts at the last minute more often than any other major pianist. When Horowitz canceled a recital at short notice last year and a young pianist got tremendous publicity by filling in for him, Oscar observed, "A smart young pianist could make a career just by substituting for Horowitz and me."

This nervousness probably led to his departure from Information, Please. People connected with the program imply that Oscar's jitters became unendurable. He himself says he had to leave Information, Please because a man can't keep on doing the same thing.

He has been married twice. The first marriage didn't take. When asked why his first wife divorced him, he said, "Incompatibility—and besides, I think she hated me."

The second marriage in 1939 has been a happy one. His wife is June Gale, former movie actress and a beautiful gal with brains. She knows how to handle Oscar and he knows it. "When we first married, I was the boss for a month," he says, "but I gave it up, and we've been happy ever since."

They have three daughters: Marcia, five; Lorna, three; Amanda, one. Before the first two were born, Mrs. Levant insisted each time she wanted to name the baby Amanda. Oscar held out; he didn't like the name. Before the youngest arrived, he gave up. "Boy or girl," he said, "you can name this one Amanda."

He takes his family responsibilities seriously. He confesses that he is a soft touch for his children; no discipline at all. He even spends most of the summer with his family at his place in Connecticut, though he's not comfortable in the country. The city's night lights must be in his blood. "Anyhow," he observes, "what have you got in the country except incessant nature?"

A night bird by habit, he sleeps until noon, breakfasts at two, and after midnight wanders from night spot to night spot. At Lindy's, the Stork Club, or even a one-arm eating joint, he drinks coffee and talks.

PROBABLY one of the most amusing conversations took place one night when he ran into Frank Frisch, high-tempered manager of the Pirates. Frisch was out of sorts because his team was losing, and wanted to forget baseball. Oscar was in one of his gloomy moods and wanted to forget music. Frisch, who is a music lover and owns an enormous record collection, kept talking about music, and Oscar kept cross-examining Frisch about the stumbling Pirates. The truth is that Oscar normally would rather talk about music than anything else.

When he wrote his best-selling book, A Smattering of Ignorance, he wound up with a crack made by Brahms: "If there is anybody here I have forgotten to insult, I apologize." Well, Oscar never needs to apologize to himself. When in good form, insulting friend and foe, his principal target is always Oscar Levant. And that is a sign of his essential humility.

He can't stand pretentious bores, and when they ask for it, he lets them have it. Once, after conducting one of his own compositions, he had a backstage visit from an eminent conductor.

"You don't know how to bow," the conductor said. "You must learn how to bow."

He gave the conductor a look and replied, "You bow beautifully. I'd rather see you bow than hear you conduct."

Another time a prying acquaintance asked what was the first thing he did when he got up in the morning. Oscar did not hesitate. "First I brush my teeth," he said, "then I sharpen my tongue."

THE END

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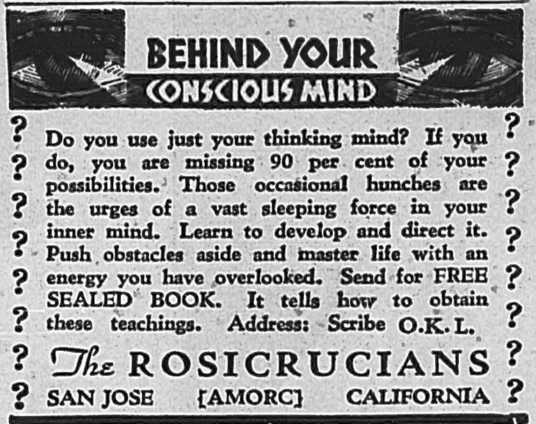

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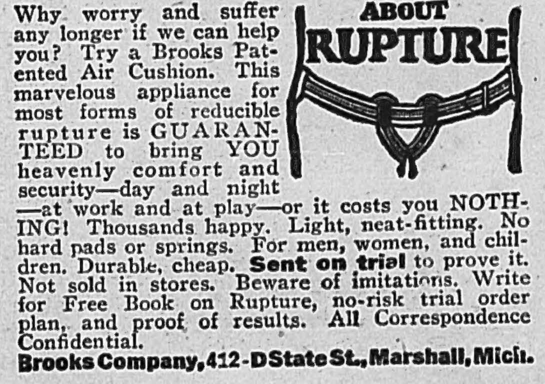

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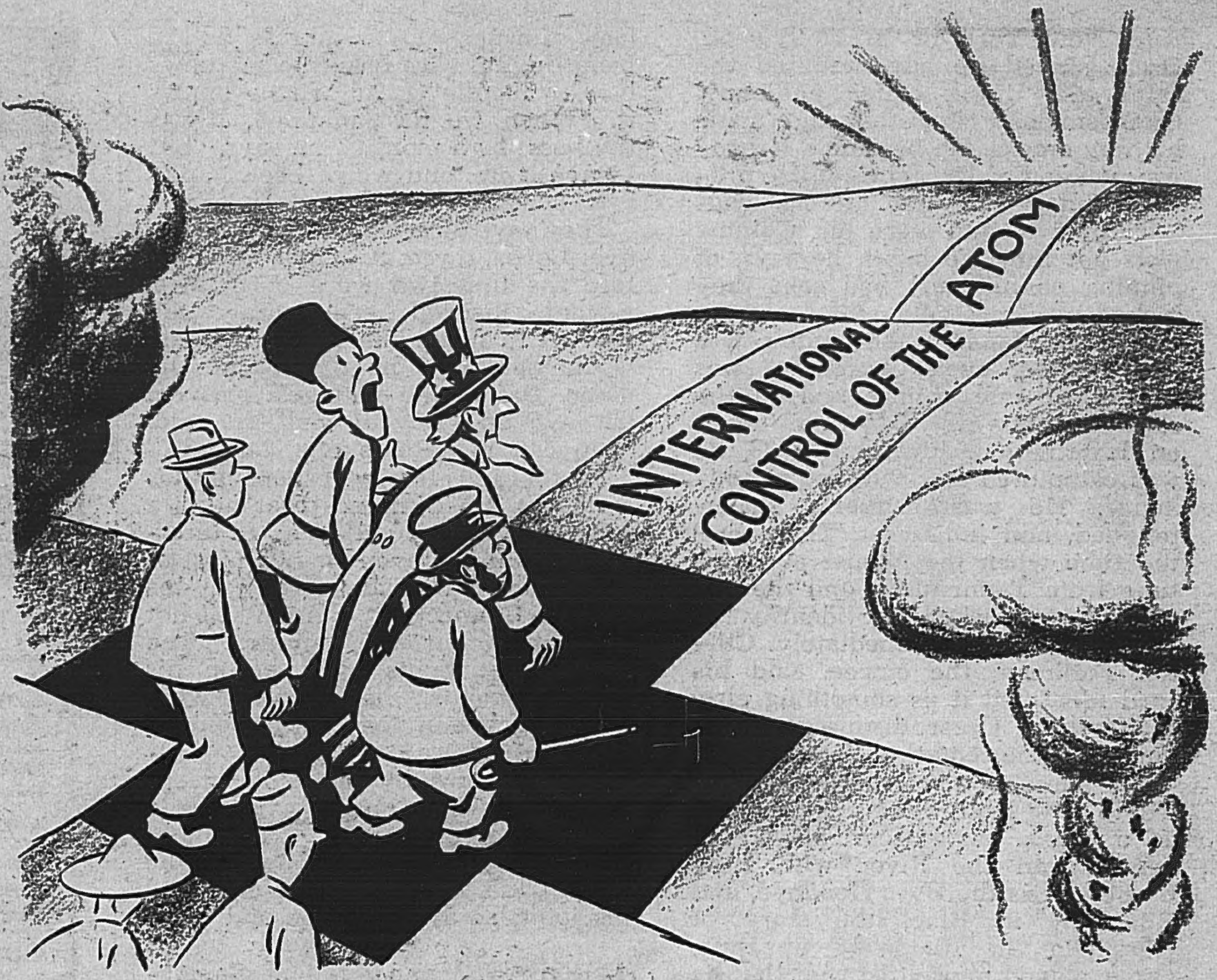


Only one safe road.

ON GIVING UP THE ATOM BOMB

No doubt the people and the government of the Soviet Union are just as scared of the atom bomb as we are. In fact, they're probably more scared because we've got it and they haven't. Why, therefore, do they reject America's unprecedented gesture to turn over the secrets of atomic energy to a world authority, provided it is empowered not only to develop the atom for peaceful use but also to seek out illegal uses and on its own initiative administer punishment? The Russians want to retain a veto over such inspection and punishment by reserving this authority to the Security Council itself.

On the face of it, the Russian attitude seems puzzling. Inspection and punishment without any strings attached would seem to afford protection to the Russians as well as others. However, it isn't puzzling when we realize the Russians figure they, at least, already have such inspection. They keep themselves quite well informed on atomic activities and are confident they can continue to keep up-to-date through the army of spies they maintain in this and other lands. On the other hand, nobody can find out what goes on in Russia. Their secret police see to that. Our chances of maintaining an effective surveillance of Russian armament activities through secret agents is slim indeed.

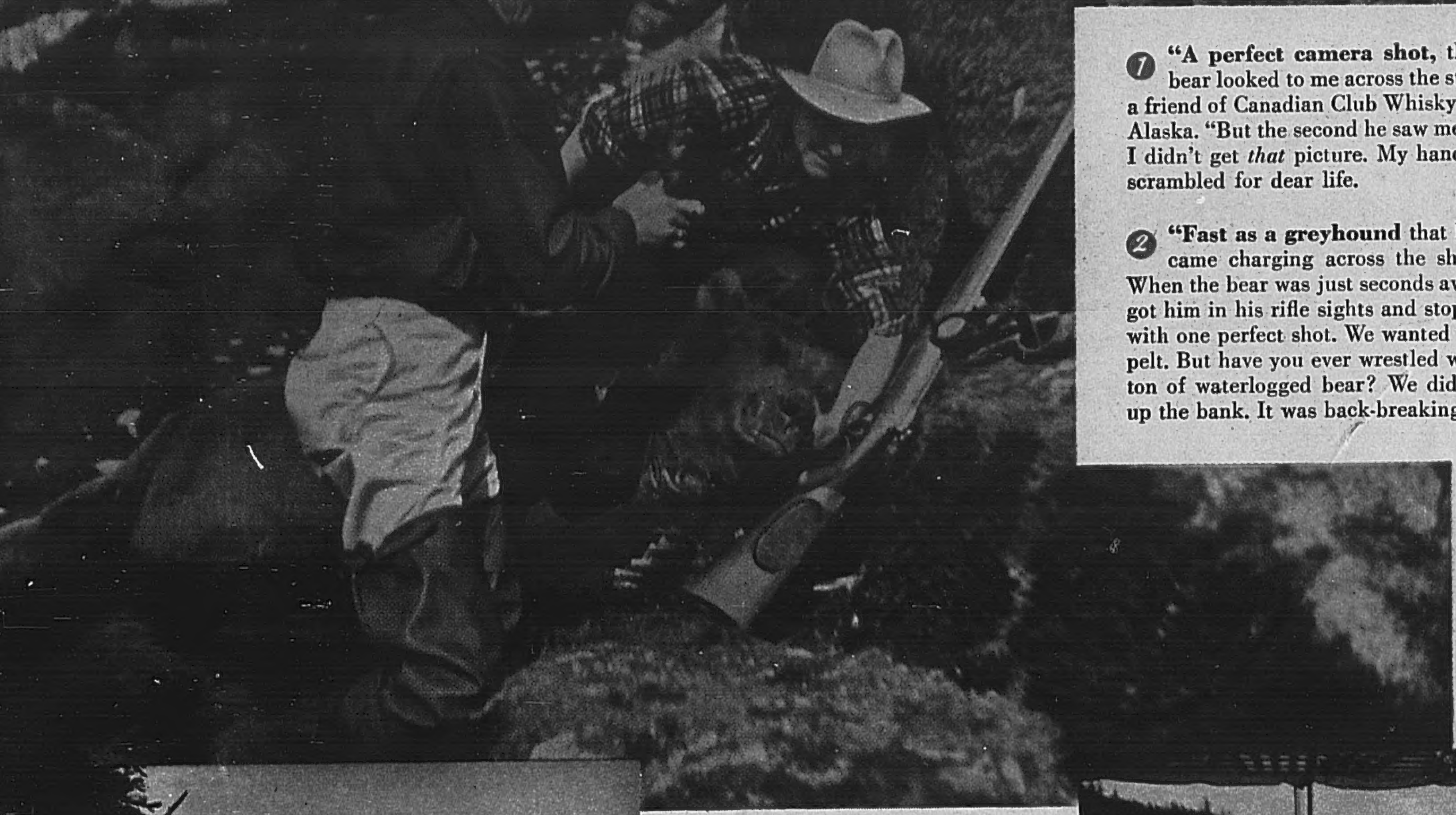
The Russians would like to have the atom secrets if they could get them, but apparently not at the cost of throwing open their own activities to prying eyes. Sooner or later, they figure, they'll find out all about atoms anyway, either through their own scientists or through spying. As far as we are concerned, the advantage of getting this whole question of nuclear power open and aboveboard is obvious. In return for our "know-how" we avoid the uncertainty of not knowing who is working where on what kind of infernal atomic machine and how far they have progressed with it. We won't run the danger of some day being caught by surprise. However, before we relinquish the secret we've got to have airtight assurance that control of the atom is in the hands of an international body with unquestioned authority and power to prevent its misuse. The Soviet counterproposal is not acceptable. The mere agreement by other nations not to use atomic energy for warfare is not enough.

When we called the Pacific tests "Operation Crossroads," we weren't kidding. Atomic energy brings all nations to a crossroads. The time has come for each to give up enough of its sovereignty to assure control of the atom. Russia stands at this crossroads with the rest of us. Will she persist in pursuing alone a road which can lead only to destruction?

Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL

"5 Seconds More and the bear would have had MY PELT"



① **"A perfect camera shot,** that's how the bear looked to me across the stream," writes a friend of Canadian Club Whisky from Juneau, Alaska. "But the second he saw me, he attacked. I didn't get *that* picture. My hand shook and I scrambled for dear life.

② **"Fast as a greyhound** that big, mad bear came charging across the shallow stream. When the bear was just seconds away, my friend got him in his rifle sights and stopped him cold with one perfect shot. We wanted the fine, thick pelt. But have you ever wrestled with a quarter-ton of waterlogged bear? We did, lugging him up the bank. It was back-breaking work.

③ **"Was I proud** when we got that pelt back to camp! My friend laughed and insisted I accept the pelt as a gift from him.

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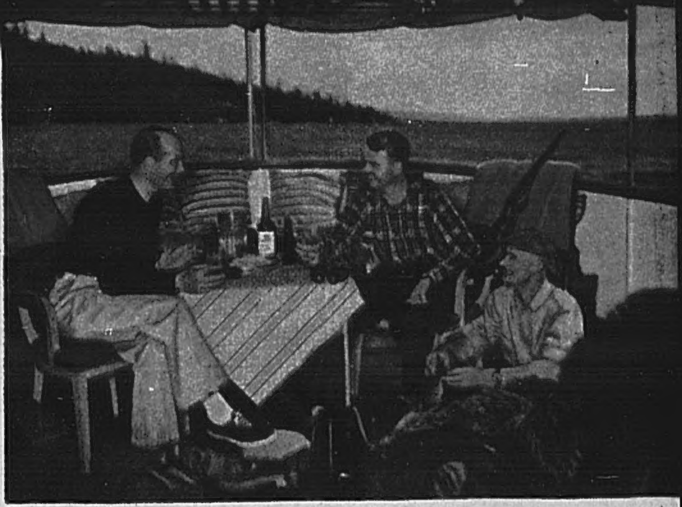

⑤ **"That huge skin** flew home with me by Pan American Clipper. My friend's farewell words were 'Let's do it again soon. We might even improve on this trip the next time if you bring an extra bottle of Canadian Club!'"

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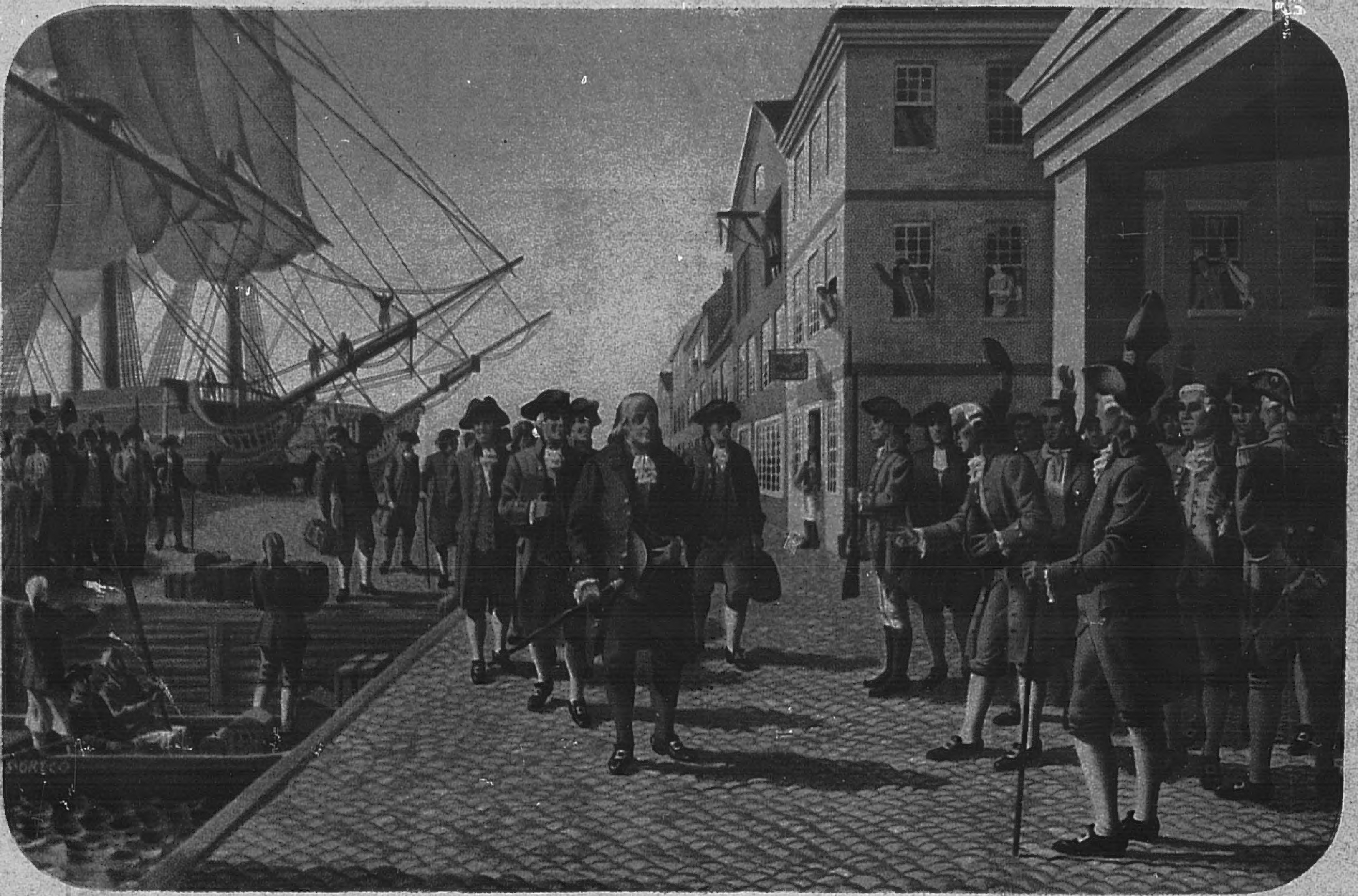

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S TRIUMPHAL ARRIVAL AT PHILADELPHIA FROM EUROPE, SEPTEMBER 14, 1786*

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

"We landed at Market Street wharf, where we were received by a crowd of people with huzzas, and accompanied by acclamations quite to my door..."

—ENTRY IN FRANKLIN'S *JOURNAL*, SEPTEMBER 14, 1786

Nurtured by the congenial atmosphere of Colonial Philadelphia, great personalities flowered. They created proud traditions, such as that famed heritage of hospitality, sustained today by Philadelphia Blend, "The Heritage Whisky." Here is a whisky of noble character, mild, and of winning flavor. You might justly reserve such whisky for special occasions, yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia, regularly and often.

Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY

Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Continental Distilling Corporation
Philadelphia, Pa.

*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED FOR "PHILADELPHIA"—*THE HERITAGE WHISKY*—FAMOUS SINCE 1894